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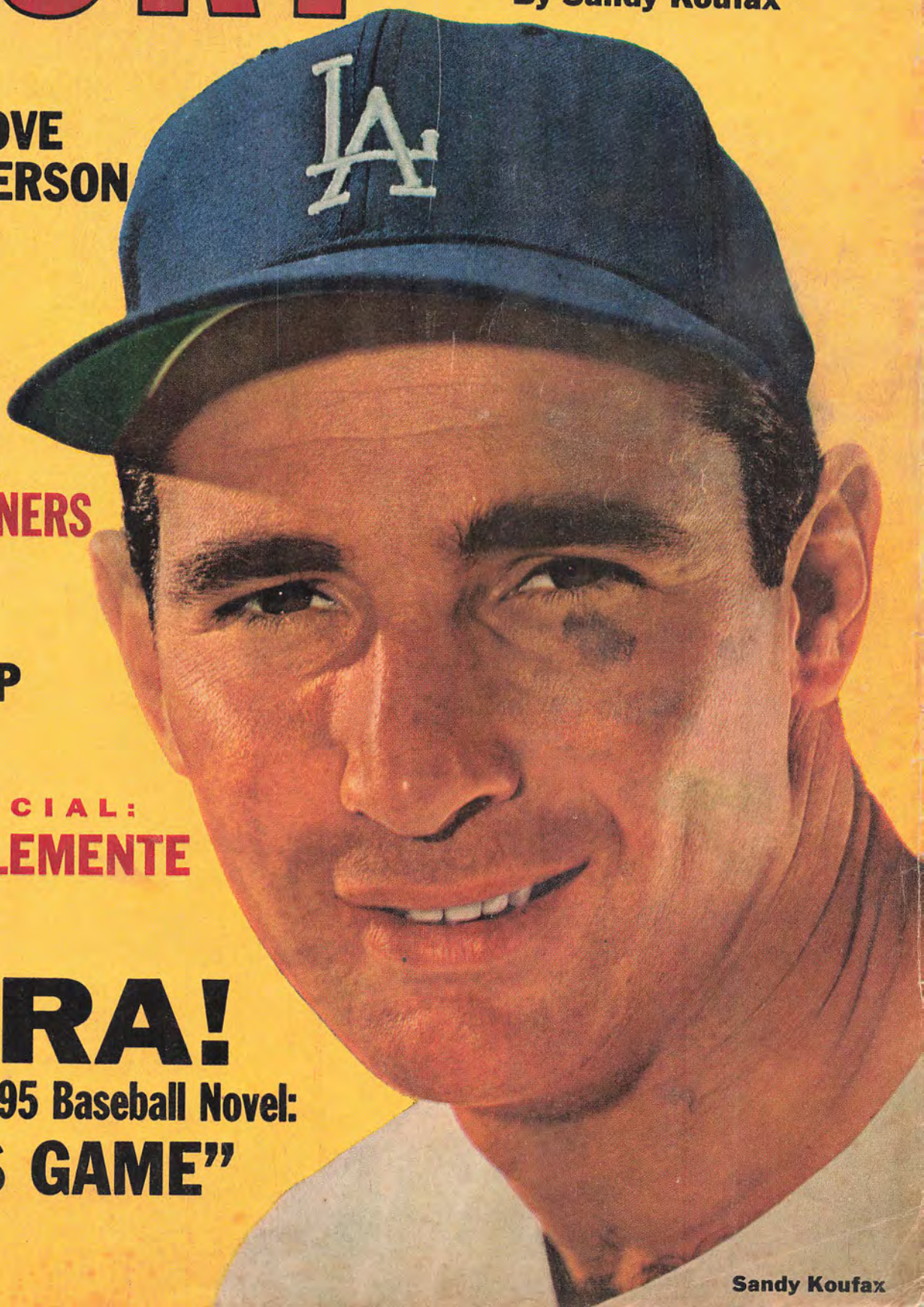
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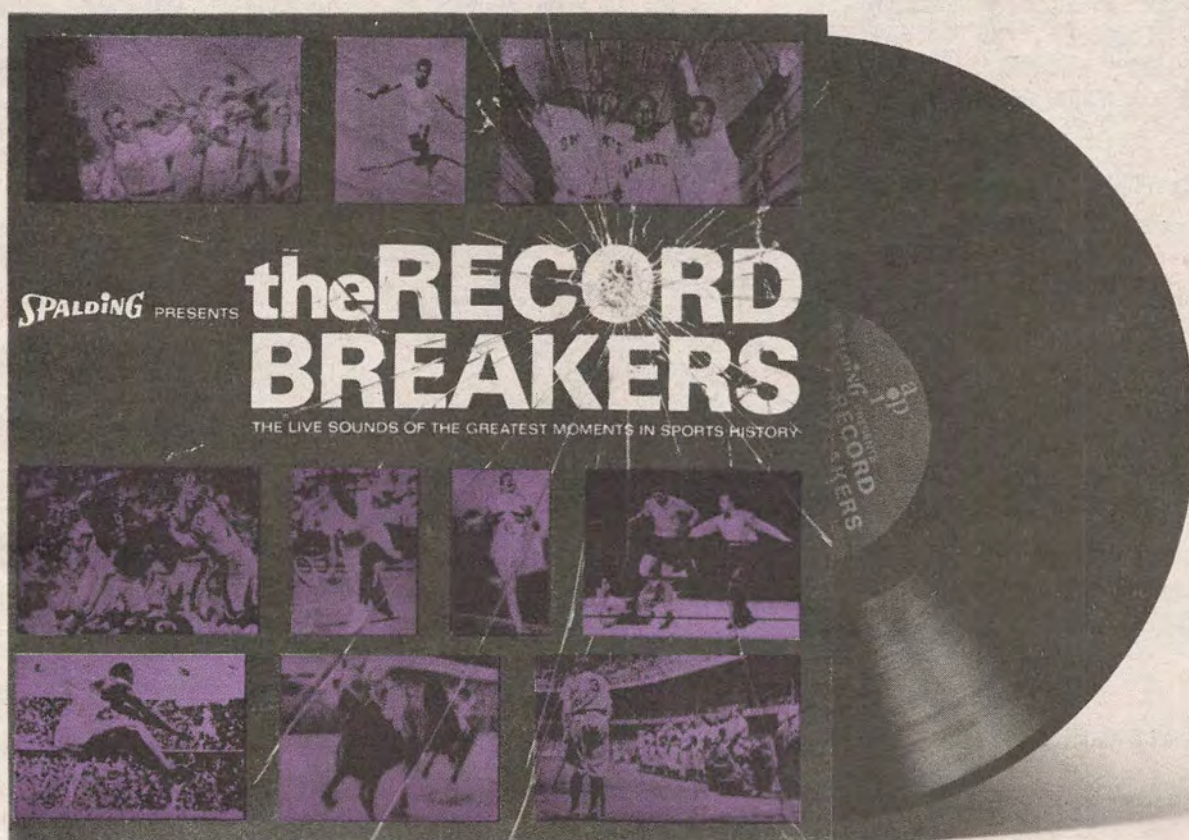
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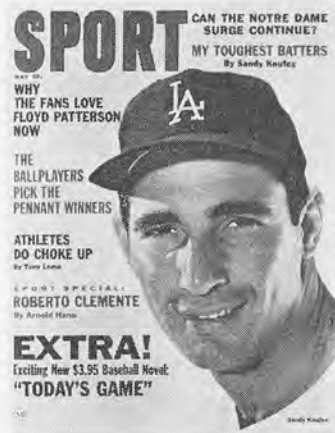
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SANDY KOUFAX
by Ozzie Sweet

SPORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, New York, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Gerald A. Bartell, Chairman of the Board and Publisher; Lee B. Bartell, President and Treasurer; Frederick A. Klein, Executive Vice President and Associate Publisher-General Manager; Melvin M. Bartell, Vice President-Secretary; Macfadden Publications, Inc.; Con Donovan, Jr., Vice President-Advertising; Sol N. Himmelman, Vice President-Circulation; Jack J. Podell, Vice President-Editorial. Advertising offices also at 221 No. LaSalle Street, Chicago; and 711 South Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: In the U. S., and Possessions: one year, \$5.00; two years, \$9.00; three years, \$13.00. Add \$.50 per subscription year for Canada. All other countries, \$7.00 per year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Eight weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish a stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to: SPORT, Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.

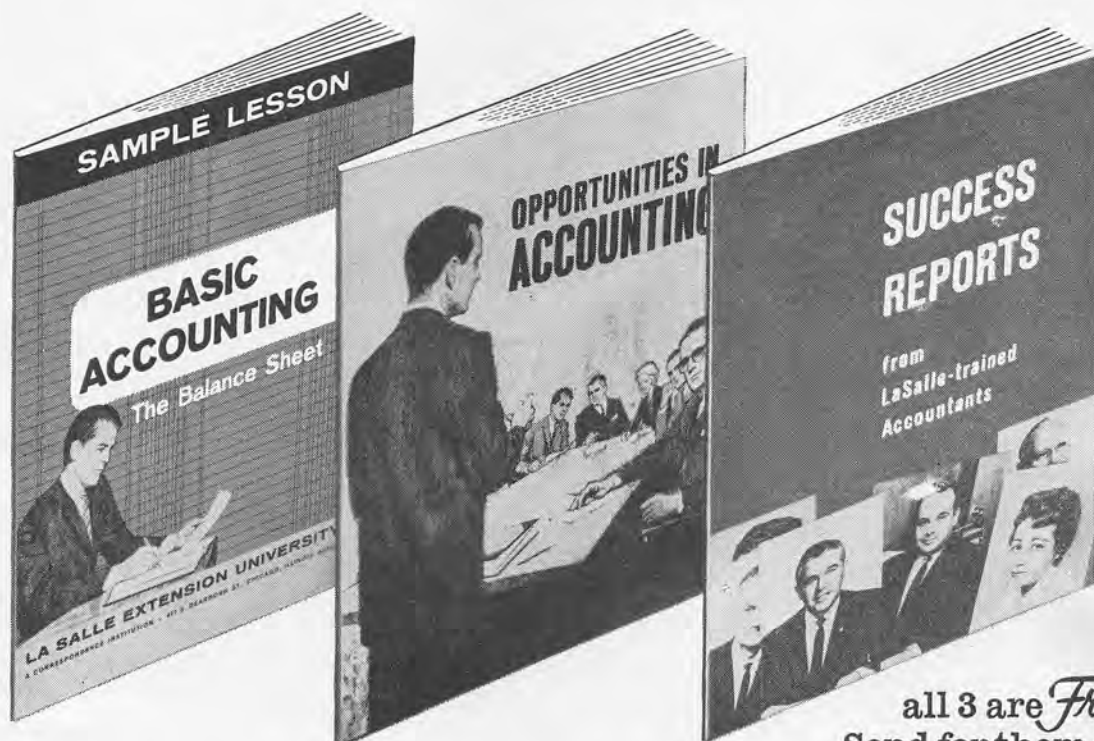
FOREIGN editions handled through international Division of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Gerald A. Bartell, President; Sol Himmelman, Sales Director.

ENTERED as Second Class Matter July 25, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other Post Offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados según la Convención Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artística. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. by Art Color Printing Co. Member Sport-Saga Men's Group.



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SPORT TALK

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

One result of the operation Whitey Ford had on his arm this past winter was that he no longer perspires on his left side. This made him a big hit in spring workouts as people watched Ford's right sleeve darken with sweat while his left sleeve remained fresh. "I'm outdrawing the Seminole Indians," Whitey said. "I'm the only guy

who can get ten days out of one five-day deodorant pad."

Don Blasingame had an agreement with Joe Cunningham when both were with the Cardinals that whoever married first would pay the other \$50. Blasingame had to make the payoff. He gave Cunningham 5000 pennies in a bucket, which was also full of oil, grease and molasses.

Sonny Jurgensen, who is playing a

lot of tennis in Florida as therapy for the shoulder he injured last season, says he was happy to test his throwing arm this spring: "I threw some passes to sportscasters Eddie Gallaher and Jim Gibbons and they looked like they had their hands on backwards."

Pete Ward, happy with his salary raise, was talking about his father's salary with the old Montreal Maroons hockey team 30 years ago: "He never got less than \$7500 and he once signed a three-year pact for \$21,000."

Leon Wagner, who is wearing contact lenses this spring, was being kidded by a teammate: "Wags, do you see that fly sitting on top of the scoreboard out there?" Wagner squinted and said, "You mean the one on the right with the short front leg?"

Knickerbockers Willis Reed, Em Bryant and Bob Boozer were at a drug store counter when the waitress asked if they were basketball players. "Yeah," Reed said, "we're Harlem Globetrotters." Bryant said, "You ever hear of Meadowlark Lemon?" "No," said the waitress, "we only have orange lemon."

WEST COAST STORY

Leon Wagner went into a rather dangerous off-season job last winter, helping supervise children at playgrounds in Los Angeles. Now this does not sound as dangerous, say, as Charley Tolar's off-season job, which is fighting oil-field fires with explosives. But Wagner worked in playgrounds used by as many as 100 kids and supervised by no more than two adults, one often a woman. And some of those kids smoked marijuana, carried knives and even guns.

This is why the Los Angeles Recreation Department's Special Problems Unit hired a guy like the 6-1, 200-pound Wagner and a group of other large athletes and ex-athletes. "You might be able to handle six of those 120-pounders," Wags says with a chuckle, "but there's not much you can do if two car loads of 'em pull up on you. I didn't have much trouble, though, none of 'em gave me a real bad time."

Leon Wagner made an important decision this winter—to make a career of low-paying but highly fulfilling social work. He also says he's changing his baseball style: "I'm not going for home runs; I want to hit .330 this year."



However, he had to wonder when he first went on the job. Six teenage boys were being detained for mugging an old man the day Wagner reported. The old man was brought in from the hospital, heavily swathed in bandages, to sign a complaint against the youths. "Hey," one of the boys said when the man walked in, "they really did a nice job on you at the hospital! They fixed you up good after what we did to you." His cohorts laughed.

Then Wagner was introduced to the playground supervisor as a special agent who would be checking various recreation areas to try and put an end to this kind of incident. "So you're Daddy Wags!" the boys chorused. They smiled, got up and began circling Wagner. "You're the guy who's gonna straighten us out!"

"They don't give a darn," Wags says, "because they're not afraid of anything. All they want to do is get a reputation, be big in their gang."

The biggest problem Wagner faced initially occurred at the weekly dances held for the kids. The boys were frisked for weapons, marijuana and booze when they entered the dance. "We couldn't figure out how come an hour after they got inside they were high. Or when a fight broke out how come they went in clean and suddenly had weapons. Then one night a fight broke out and I noticed all the boys running to the girls. So we searched the girls and in one pocket-book we found six marijuana cigarettes, eight knives and a gun."

They threatened to revoke the cards of anyone found carrying these things in the future, and for the most part trouble ended. "Those kids don't want to lose the right to come to the playgrounds," Wagner said, "because this is their home, this is where all their friends come and where they get the affection from each other that they miss at home. These really aren't bad kids; they just need affection. You can't push 'em, I found. You talk to 'em like adults and you gain their respect. That's the only way you can do it."

Wagner likes the work, even though the pay is small, and plans to make a career out of it when his playing days are over. "I don't need a lot of money," he says. "I have my clothing store (Get your rags at Daddy Wags') and my partner and I just opened a new record store. My partner runs those, and when I have to quit baseball I can adjust my standard of living. I want to work with these kids because I can help 'em."



Historian Garwood Freely says Itsuba Hakesawa, shown in the rare photo at right, and not Masanori Murakami, left, was the first Japanese in the U.S. big leagues.

BANZAI, FOLD FLICK!

Writers and fans have been very hard on baseball Commissioner Ford Frick for a long time. He has been known as a do-nothing commissioner, a man who would not act unless directed by the major-league-team owners. But now, in his lame-duck season, Mr. Frick has taken a position. He did not care whether the 20 team owners liked it or not. When a dispute arose between American baseball and Japanese baseball and a decision had to be made, Ford Frick chose—American baseball!

The dispute involved the rights to Japanese pitcher Masanori Murakami, who won 11 games for a Giant farm team and one for the big-league club in 1964. The Giants claim they bought Murakami for \$10,000.

Joe Stanka, a former White Sox pitcher who became a big star in Japan, represented the Japanese in talks with Frick and said, "Murakami was told by a third party we had given up all rights to him. It wasn't so. We paid the kid a \$60,000 bonus to sign and paid about \$10,000 to send him over here. Do you think we'd ever give him up for \$10,000?"

Frick's answer was to sever ballmatic relations with Japan. "I have sent out a bulletin to every one of our clubs that there will be no further relations with Japanese baseball," Frick said, "until this thing is settled."

Now this took great courage, although Mr. Frick may not have realized just how much. For Murakami was not the first Japanese to play major-league ball in this country, as erroneously reported. According to a fascinating new book, *The Inscrutable Mind And How It Works: A History*, by award-winning historian Garwood Freely, a ballplayer named Itsuba Hakesawa was the first Japanese to reach the majors here.

Hakesawa arrived in California in 1940, a 19-year-old with such a great

record in Japan that he was known as the Emperor's favorite ballplayer. Having been impressed by Babe Ruth's last tour of his homeland, Hakesawa (who liked to call himself "Luthy" Hakesawa) was determined to become an American League star. He spoke almost no English and the Nisei relatives he stayed with didn't know how to get him a tryout. But since Hakesawa looked very young and was quite small (barely 5-6), the Nisei got him on a local Little League team. Naturally he was outstanding and in a few weeks a scout signed him to a contract in the Yuma League. Hakesawa batted .320 and was a speedy defensive sensation.

The next year, 1941, Hakesawa was hitting .378 in the Yuma League when a St. Louis Browns scout bought his contract in September. The scout, old Cisco Muldoon, said, "I don't know whether you can cut the bigs, Luthy, but our fans will love you. Both of 'em." He smiled and jabbed Luthy in the ribs. Luthy just doubled over.

There were five games left to play when Hakesawa reached St. Louis. In the season's final game, in the top of the first, a good crowd saw Hakesawa make a fine leaping catch on a wet field. He landed in a mud puddle that blackened the back of his uniform. When he batted, Hakesawa walked and stole second with a head-first slide that blackened the front of his uniform. That was when fans started saying, "He's an exciting player, that dirty Jap!" Luthy understood the last two words, which he kept hearing for eight more innings. After the game Hakesawa went directly to the airport and flew to Japan, feeling disgraced. Garwood Freely claims Emperor Hirohito was so upset that this was one reason why Pearl Harbor was bombed three months later.

We do have some small doubts about the story, but we do admire Ford Frick's courage.

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SPORT TALK

JIMMIE (007) DYKES

Jimmie Dykes, who began his professional baseball career in 1917, announced his retirement from the game this winter. Immediately people started telling Jimmie Dykes stories, and the best one we came across revealed how clever he was as a manager who checked on his players.

Dykes was not an ultra-firm disciplinarian and some of his players who liked to go out nights did not like to come back till morning. Dykes soon realized what was going on and cracked down. He fined several players for breaking curfew on three successive nights.

The playboys were dumfounded, because Dykes was never in the lobby when they came in and they knew he wasn't checking beds. They couldn't understand how he knew they were guilty.

The fact was that Jimmie would give the hotel elevator operator a new baseball when he went upstairs at midnight. The elevator man would simply ask all the players who came in after 12 to sign his ball.

"That ball gave me all the evidence I needed," Jimmie says, "and in their own handwriting, too."

TALES OF TWO TOUGHS

After a number of basketball stars, including Oscar Robertson and Bob Pettit, were hurt early this past season, several team officials complained that the game was getting too rough. One thing nobody was complaining about was the fights that used to break out around the league. This season was a rather quiet one as far as court brawls go. This is probably fine with the players, although they love to talk about brawls, elaborating and embellishing them because they seem funny in retrospect.

We were sitting around with a bunch of players who were telling tough tales a while back and Ray Scott, the Detroit Piston cornerman, was humorously recalling a couple of his favorite fighters. Shelly McMillan was an aggressive player who didn't mind looking for trouble, apparently, while Nat (Sweetwater) Clifton was an aggressive player who never looked for trouble but was ever ready when it came.

"McMillan had this real bad thing for Win Wilfong," Scott was saying, "when Win won the MVP in the NIT over Shelly some years ago. Shelly even had a picture of Win in his room that he was throwing a knife at. And as soon as they got into the league, Shelly worked him over real good three or four times."

"But the fight Shelly had with Johnny Green, I remember, was really funny," Scott said. "Shelly was just dancing around and Johnny Green was throwing roundhouse rights and lefts. As soon as somebody grabbed John, Shelly moved in for the kill and landed about four or five shots. But Shelly was really a pretty good fighter, he could handle himself real good. He knocked Joe Grabowski's tooth out. Of course, he waited until Dickie McGuire ran out and grabbed Joe before he stepped in." Ray laughed, "He was a winner."

Clifton also was a winner and he had such a reputation as a guy who could

take care of himself that he was very seldom tested. "But Danny Finn, who was a little guy and kind of a kook, challenged Sweets one time," Scott said. "I'll meet you after the game, Sweets," Danny said. The only trouble was that Danny came out of the locker room after the game with his bag in his hand and when he saw Sweets standing there, he wouldn't let go of his bag."

The best Clifton story we heard came from Joe Lapchick, who coached the Knickerbockers when Sweetwater broke into the NBA. It seems that Sweets, a big, friendly guy who was the first Negro signed by the league, was pushed all over the place his rookie season. Lapchick told him he had to be more aggressive, get rough, but Clifton said he didn't think he should be rough, that he wanted to make a good impression.

"In sports," Joe said, "there's no such thing as color. A man has to make it on his ability. And you have to keep those guys off you. Push 'em back, use your elbows . . . you may even have to throw a few punches. Can you fight?"

"Fight?" Sweets said. "I'm terrible."

Opponents kept taking advantage of Clifton right through the season.

Finally, during the exhibition season of his sophomore year, a big rough Celtic named "Cowboy" Bob Harris got to Clifton. Harris hit him in the face with an elbow, so Sweets angrily told him off, and headed up court.

But Harris yelled and ran after him, with the rest of the Celtics in close pursuit as if to help. Clifton turned, threw a left, a right and Harris fell asleep. The other Celtics stopped abruptly as Sweetwater said, "C'mon—all of you."

That's when people lost interest in testing Clifton, who was asked by Lapchick why he'd said he was a terrible fighter.

"Well, I didn't mean that, coach," Sweets said. "What I meant was, when I get mad I'm terrible—I can fight ten guys."

WHAT, MISS, IS YOUR LINE?

After winning two big golf tournaments, the Thunderbird and the Buick Open, back to back, Tony Lema (see the story on page 56) was in great demand. Says Tony: "I got a phone call from the producers of *What's My Line?* asking me if I'd be interested in going on their program. It tickled my ego, of course. I was in touch with a nice young lady from New York and my appearance was scheduled right after the PGA, which was coming up. I kept waiting for my appearance to be verified, and then Bobby Nichols won the PGA. That's when the young lady called me back."

"Mr. Lema," she said, "we think that perhaps we'll save your appearance for a future date when what you do is more current."

"And who have you got instead?"

"Well, uh . . . Bobby Nichols, I believe. But we do look forward to your visit."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, miss. You let me know exactly when you want me, and I'll make sure I go out and win the tournament just before."

"Would you do that, Mr. Lema?" she said earnestly. "We'd be delighted."

See you next month.

—BERRY STAINBACK

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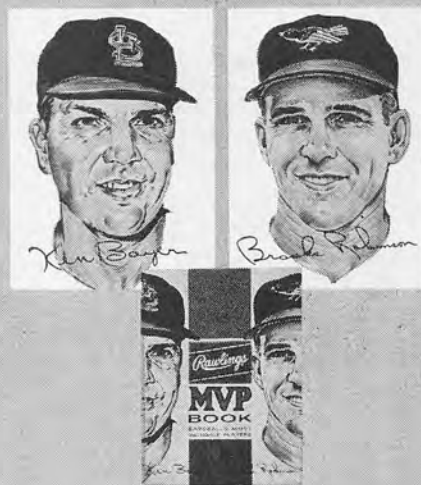
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ASK THE EXPERTS



Merle Harmon broadcasts Braves' baseball games and Big Ten football games for WEMP in Milwaukee

Who completed the most forward passes during 1964, Frank Ryan, George Blanda, Tobin Rote, or Johnny Unitas?

—Jimmy Smith, Brooklyn, New York

Blanda completed 262 to 174 for Ryan, 158 for Unitas and 75 for Rote. Of the four, Ryan had the best percentage, 52.1%, and the most touch-down passes.

What is Sandy Koufax' pitching record since he's been in the major leagues?

—Larry Larson, Two Harbors, Minnesota

In ten big-league seasons, Sandy has won 112 and lost 70. He won as many as 25 games in 1963, and for the past three seasons he has led the National League in earned-run average.



Ernie Harwell, who's aired big-league ball for 17 years, does Tiger games for WJR in Detroit

How many yards did the Baltimore Colts' Lenny Moore run for in the 1963 and 1964 seasons?

—Bob Allen, Perth Amboy, New Jersey

Moore was 50th among National Football League rushers in '63 with 136 yards on 27 carries. He ran for two touchdowns. Ninth in '64, Lenny ran 157 times for 584 yards and 14 touchdowns.

What was Ted Williams' lifetime batting average and what were some of his other batting statistics?

—Greg Cross, St. Louis, Missouri

The Red Sox' leftfielder batted .344 for his major-league career, getting as high as .406 in 1941. Williams hit 521 home runs, drove in 1839 runs, and had a slugging average of .645.



Boston's Curt Gowdy covers sports for WHDH, airs Red Sox games, and does specials for ABC and NBC

Who was the NCAA major college passing leader in 1963? Also, who ranked higher, Roger Staubach or Larry Rakestraw?

—Arthur Henderson, Fall River, Massachusetts

Don Trull was the passing leader, followed by George Mira, Jerry Rhome, and Bill Munson. Staubach was sixth with 107 completions in 161 attempts. Rakestraw was ninth, completing 103 in 209 tries.

How does Dick Radatz' minor-league earned-run average compare with his major-league ERA?

—Michael Conselatore, Brooklyn, New York

Radatz has been a better major-league pitcher. He had earned-run averages of 3.04, 3.79, 3.50, and 2.28 in the minors. In three seasons with Boston, his ERAs have been: 2.23, 1.98, and 2.29.

**This is a regular feature. Send questions to
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Selected ones will be used.**



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TIME OUT

WITH THE EDITORS

A REMEDY FOR THE RECESSION IN BASEBALL INTEREST

On the threshold of a new season, baseball faces what, in last month's *SPORT*, we called its "biggest crisis." The crisis centers over one central issue, an issue that dwarfs all others. It is an issue that the new commissioner of baseball, who will be chosen soon, will have to face immediately. And that issue is a decline in popularity.

Make no mistake about it, baseball today is nowhere the "National Pastime" it was 30, 20, even ten years ago. Despite major-league expansion from east to west and north to south, baseball as a spectator sport is in a major recession. And don't be fooled by the rosy optimism of official baseballdom. The rot has set in.

We don't propose here to go into the reasons for the recession. They are many, most of them having to do with the narrow policies and shortsightedness of baseball's ruling hierarchy. We are most interested in remedies, and we want to propose one.

The step that we *know* will help revive baseball interest is simplicity in itself. It requires no heavy soul-searching, no long preparation. All it requires is guts. It is, the adoption of an inter-league schedule—the American League playing a certain amount of games each season with the National League.

Why hasn't an inter-league schedule yet been adopted? Because the opposition is entrenched and powerful. Some conservative baseball men believe that inter-league play will shake the very traditions of the game. In answer to this, we say that nothing can shake those traditions any more, not after all the uprooting of traditional franchises that has been going on in the last decade. Other critics point to the National Football League, which restricts inter-division play to only two games per season. All right, but the NFL teams now play only two games against each other in their own division. We think baseball fans are becoming increasingly restless with 18-game series between teams.

But the major opposition has come from the National League. American League clubowners are all for it. For a change it is the National League, heretofore the more progressive of the two leagues, that is balking. They own a position of superiority now, and of relative prosperity, so why rock the boat by allowing the American League to share the wealth? We submit that it is this type of thinking that has caused baseball's grave recession.

A number of methods have already been suggested for inter-league play. Leo DeOrsey, formerly director of the Washington Senators, has fashioned an American League schedule that calls for six home games and six away with each of the other nine teams, plus four games—two home, two away—with each National League team. Fred Haney of the Los Angeles Angels has suggested two particular dates—possibly July 1 and August 1—in which the two leagues would play each other in a two-game series, position for position. Thus if the New York Yankees were first on July 1, they would play a two-game series with the team that was in first place in the National League at that time, the games to count in the standings. Gabe Paul of the Cleveland Indians has suggested each team play three or four games with every team in the other league.

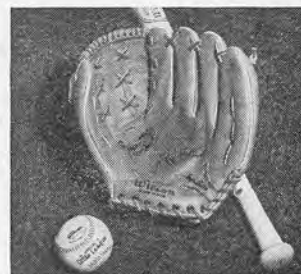
We are not concerned about the type of schedule that could be adopted. We think a workable inter-league schedule *can* be adopted, and should be. And we think this should be the new commissioner's first order of business. He should plan, direct, force, if necessary, an inter-league schedule to begin in 1966. Of course this is not a be-all and cure-all to baseball's troubles. But it is a major first step, we think, to the comeback of the National Pastime.

Ron Santo's rally-stopper

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LETTERS TO SPORT



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BEN LEAVES THEM KICKING

Ben Agajanian's AFL vs. NFL story in March *SPORT* was "sumthin' else"! Where the heck was this guy when he wasn't kicking extra points or field goals? It's a lead-pipe cinch he wasn't watching the game or he would have seen that the NFL is, and always will be, head and shoulders above the AFL.

NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle has stated that the NFL signed 75 percent of its 1964 draft choices. If this is so, then it doesn't leave many top-flight boys for the AFL.

Agajanian should stop blowing kisses and concentrate on the game. No wonder he has played with 14 different teams.

Davenport, Iowa John A. Tornquist

As a rabid New York football fan I have been able to see both the AFL Jets and the NFL Giants in action. Nobody in his right mind can tell me the likes of Dick Wood and Dainard Paulson compare with such NFL greats as Frank Gifford and Dick Lynch. Sorry, Ben, an "AFL-NFL World Series" just wouldn't materialize. After all, nobody would enjoy seeing the NFL win 40-0 every year, not even Pete Rozelle.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Larry Viener

Ben Agajanian said that six San Diego Chargers from the offensive and defensive units could make the Green Bay Packers team. Mr. Ben Agajanian is wrong. All 22 of the San Diego Chargers could make the Packer team.

Solana Beach, Calif. Larry Stonum

FLOOD OF APPRECIATION

For several years I have deeply admired Curt Flood. His story needed to be told and it is a credit to the staff of *SPORT* and to Al Stump that it was told so well.

Schenectady, N. Y. H. James Bedinger

EVERY WIFE A QUEEN

In the many years I have read *SPORT* from cover to cover, I have never read of a professional athlete who was not married to a wife that was not beautiful, petite, cute, glamorous, luscious, voluptuous, handsome, etc., etc.

How about a *SPORT* award for the first player who marries an ordinary plain Jane?

Delafield, Wis. H. H. Todhunter

We'll initiate the award if you feel brave enough to present it.

BENCHING BROOKS ROBINSON

"How to Play Third Base" should have been written by Clete Boyer.

Atlanta, Ga. Rickey Roland

NOT A HOOT FOR THE DEMONS

Bill Furlong is wrong in stating that George Mikan and the DePaul Demons of 1944-45 were the first really good

team of big men. That honor definitely belongs to the 1938 Temple Owls, which won the first NIT (then known as the National Writers Tournament). They beat Colorado 60-20 in the finals and earlier in the season beat Stanford and held Hank Luisetti to seven points.

Guarding Luisetti was 6-9 Don Henderson. His teammates included 6-7 Myer Bloom, 6-5 Roy Shields and Howie Black and Ed Boyle, both 6-3.

It was tragic that Henderson, as big and strong as Mikan, never got a chance to play pro ball. In World War II he was killed in a mission over Paris when the B-25 on which he was a tail-gunner was shot down.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Landon Manning

COUNTDOWN



Three years ago Arnold Hano stated that if, in five years, Jerry West was still playing at his remarkable pace, then he (Hano) would allow himself to "be burned in effigy."

Well, as of Feb. 6, Jerry was third in scoring as well as fifth or better in all other departments.

So get ready, Mr. Hano. In two years it will be my personal privilege to light the match.

Sepulveda, Calif. Bob Baker

HULL OF A GUY

Not only is Bobby Hull a great skater but he's human, too, signing all those autographs for kids (March *SPORT*). I enjoyed Jack Zanger's article about Bob very much. I feel I know the guy now. I enjoyed the article so much that I wrote a haiku about Bobby:

*Driving, dodging down
the skate-scarred ice . . . Bobby Hull
goals the Black Hawks' puck!*

Laconia, N. H. Larry Wiggin

CONVINCED

Before I read your story on Red Auerbach in March, I hated his guts. Now I hate him twice as much.

Midland, Pa. Danny Baich

MORE PRAISE—LESS SARCASM

Arnold Hano has done it again. Comparing Bob Bailey with other third-basemen in the National League, he seems to be trying to degrade their talents rather than boosting those of this good young ballplayer. In particular, Mr. Hano sees fit to satirize the

skills of both Richie Allen and Jim Ray Hart.

Giving credit where it is due, Bailey rightfully ranks No. 5 in his chosen and best position, third base. Considering the calibre of ballplayers above him, this is far from a disgrace—indeed, it is an honor. In the future I think it might be wiser for Mr. Hano to sacrifice a few of his pseudo-sarcastic and unamusing remarks for increased accuracy and understanding.

Farmingdale, N. Y. Andrew Fogarty

Arnold Hano has finally written a good article. I too believe too much pressure was put on Bailey and by the time he's 23 he'll be as good as Richie Allen was when he was 24. Keep up the good work, Mr. Hano, if it's possible.

Pittsburgh, Pa. Tom Miles

STAY LOOSE

In your March issue I counted, to my amazement, nine comics. I was beginning to think that *SPORT* had buried its sense of humor and had become strictly an editorial magazine. Heck, if I want editorials I'll go read the Wall Street Journal.

Tarkio, Mo. Day Miller

REASONABLE

I liked your Warren Spahn story because it told about his baseball career. And I liked it mostly because I come from Milwaukee.

Milwaukee, Wisc. Ted Balistreri

BASKETS—AND EXAMPLES—BY WEST

Bill Libby should be commended for the excellent article in March on Jerry West. I think other players should read this and, using Jerry as an example, try to put out more. West is not only a model player but also a model person.

Tenafly, N. J. Ralph Stanley

According to your story, Jerry West fought all night and the next day he scored 63 points. It might work for him but it doesn't work for me. The night before one of our high-school games my brother beat me up, but the next day I went scoreless.

Dunnville, Ont., Can. Jim Waters

KOPPETT FOR COMISH

Leonard Koppett's article on baseball's biggest crisis was exceptional. He not only stated the problems but also gave solutions, and good ones.

Although I respect *SPORT*'s choice of Bob Feller as Commissioner of baseball, I believe I've got a better nominee: Leonard Koppett.

Kitchener, Ont., Can. Alan Halberstadt

BUILDING CHARACTER

It seems the great American character builder, football, is rotting from the top down. This deterioration has appeared in the form of pro stars betting, college men signing pro contracts illegally and the Air Force Academy's embarrassing situation.

My younger brother will be a junior in high school next year and intends to play football. Unless I can convince him to alter his plans, I shall be keeping my valuables under careful scrutiny. Just kidding—but he will have to make his own cheat notes; it's part of the workout.

Leonia, N. J. Dave Clough

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT



**WILLIE
MAYS**



**FRANK
RYAN**



**TIM
McCARVER**

Baseball leads off next month's **SPORT** . . . The players tell who they want as the next Baseball Commissioner . . . Myron Cope reports on Tim McCarver of the St. Louis Cardinals, showing how a player keeps a team loose and laughing . . . Monte Irvin, who was Willie Mays' roommate when Willie was a rookie and remains his close friend today, offers some new and unusual stories about Mays . . . Dick Radatz is the subject of an outstanding **SPORT SPECIAL** . . . The impact Bo Belinsky and Dick Stuart have had on the Phillies is reported by a man who's been with them since the start of spring training . . . Wally Bunker of the Baltimore Orioles is profiled . . . The exploits of the 1948 Cleveland Indians, featuring Bill Veeck, Bob Feller and Satchel Paige, are reviewed . . . Ed Mathews' battle to get in shape for a comeback is shown in photos.

Also, in June **SPORT**, an incisive document in the aftermath of the Seattle University basketball scandal. The story, by Arnold Hano, is "Why Basketball Scandals Keep Happening" . . . There are stories on football stars Frank Ryan of the Cleveland Browns and Earl Faison of the San Diego Chargers . . . Four pages of photographs of golf's Arnold Palmer . . . A unique preview of the Sonny Liston-Cassius Clay heavyweight title fight.

Also next month, a special report on "What Makes A Champion?" . . . Plus, stories on auto racing's Dan Gurney, Olympic rifle champion Gary Anderson, young tennis stars Cliff and Nancy Richey and their parents who drive them relentlessly. . . . The **SPORT BONUS REPORT** features Yankee batting coach Wally Moses telling how to break a slump and Detroit Lion star Yale Lary telling how to punt . . . Much more, too, in June **SPORT**, with Willie Mays on the cover.



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MAY 18**



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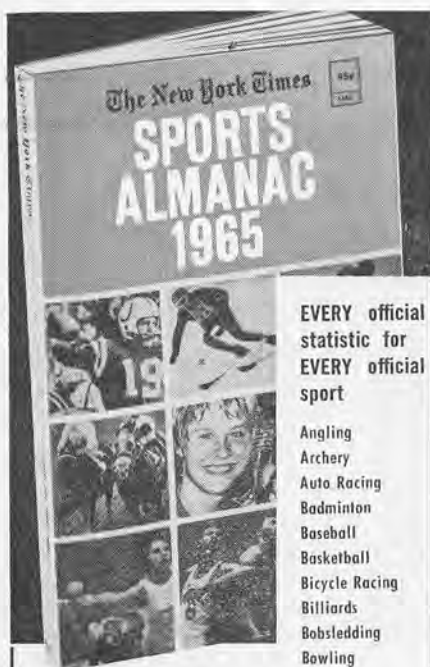
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From the sports staff of

The New York Times

SPORTS ALMANAC 1965

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Great Moments in Sport by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

SHOT IN THE DARK

BEGINNING IN 1929 THE Chicago Cubs seemed to settle into a pattern of winning a National League pennant every three years—'29, '32 and '35. But in 1938 manager Charlie Grimm didn't find much relief in the mathematical progression and on July 20, he resigned. The Cubs were in third place 6½ games out of first. "I've outlived my usefulness," Grimm told owner P. K. Wrigley. "Let Gabby take over."

Grimm was referring to catcher Gabby Hartnett, a happy choice as the new manager. Hartnett was a favorite in every town in the league as well as with his own ballplayers. Gabby was also, on many occasions, his own best hitter and, at age 38, was still one of the most feared sluggers in the game. Hartnett's new assignment wasn't an easy one. Pittsburgh had held the lead through most of the season. By mid-September the Cubs had crept to second but still at long range from the Pirates.

On Sunday, September 17, the Cubs lost the first game of a doubleheader to Brooklyn and the second game was called because of darkness with the score tied 5-5 at the end of five innings. This left Hartnett with a big decision—one that could influence the entire pennant race. His club now stood 3½ games out of first; with less than two weeks remaining, the Cubs needed every victory they could get. It was up to Hartnett to decide whether the Cubs would go back to Brooklyn to play off the tie game. The schedule made it convenient because the Cubs had an off-day following their series with Philadelphia. But after thinking about it for 24 hours, Gabby chose to leave the game unplayed. The Cubs had a crucial series with the Pirates in about a week and Hartnett wanted his pitchers as rested as possible.

It rained for three days in Philadelphia. When the skies finally cleared, the Cubs won a doubleheader from the Phillies, with Big Bill Lee winning his 20th game in the opener and his fourth straight shutout. The Pirates kept pace with a doubleheader victory of their own, but the next day the Cubs picked up a game and a half when they won two more from the last-place Phillies while the Pirates were losing to Cincinnati.

If the Cubs expected Pittsburgh to hand them the pennant, they guessed wrong. Chicago won two single games from St. Louis at the start of the season's final week but Pittsburgh kept pace. On the day before the big series, Chicago had another game with the Cardinals. They won again and now the climax of the season was going to be exactly that. Only 1½ games out of first, the Cubs were within striking range.

For the series' first game Hartnett went with Dizzy Dean, who hadn't started a game in a month and a half. Dean, at the tail end of his career, no longer had his blazing fastball nor his endurance and Hartnett was taking a calculated risk. By the end of five innings Dean, with a 2-0 lead, began to tire. Somehow the Pirates still couldn't hit him and it wasn't until the ninth that Hartnett called for a reliever. In strolled Lee, who had pitched and won the day before. After wild-pitching in one run, Lee struck out the final man and the Cubs now needed one more victory the next day to move into first.

The lead see-sawed several times, with the Cubs hanging in the game largely through four Pittsburgh errors. In the eighth, the Pirates led again, 5-3. By now the Pirates had rid themselves of the jitters and the Cubs had to rely on solid hitting. They got it. Tony Lazzeri batted for Lee, who had pitched in relief again, and doubled home Rip Collins. After a walk to third-baseman Stan Hack, Billy Herman drove home Billy Jurgens. The inning ended, 5-5. Darkness was slowly enveloping Wrigley Field, but the umpires decided one more inning could be played. If the score was tied at the end of nine innings, the game would have to be settled the next day.

Charlie Root, the sixth Cub pitcher, retired the Pirates easily. In the bottom of the ninth young Phil Cavaretta led off and drove one deep to center field, but Lloyd Waner pulled it in. Centerfielder Carl Reynolds grounded out. Gabby Hartnett stepped to the plate. All the Cubs' hopes rested on the squat, big-bellied manager. Hartnett swung mightily at the first pitch—and missed. Again pitcher Mace Brown fired across the plate and again Hartnett swung—and fouled it off. Brown wondered if he should waste a pitch or two and hope that Hartnett might be fooled into swinging because of the darkness. But Brown decided to throw up the best stuff he had. Gabby swung for the third time and the ball began to soar toward the ivy on the outfield walls. For an instant many of the fans didn't know what to do. They couldn't see the ball. Then as a cheer erupted from the bleachers where the ball landed, the spectators mobbed Hartnett. The *Chicago Tribune* wrote: "By the time he had rounded second, he couldn't have been recognized in the mass of Cub players, frenzied fans and excited ushers, but for that red face which shone out even in the gray shadows."

Chicago went on to lose four straight to the Yankees but even a World Series victory would have been anti-climactic for the Cubs. To Gabby Hartnett his shot-in-the-dark would always be "the happiest moment of my life."



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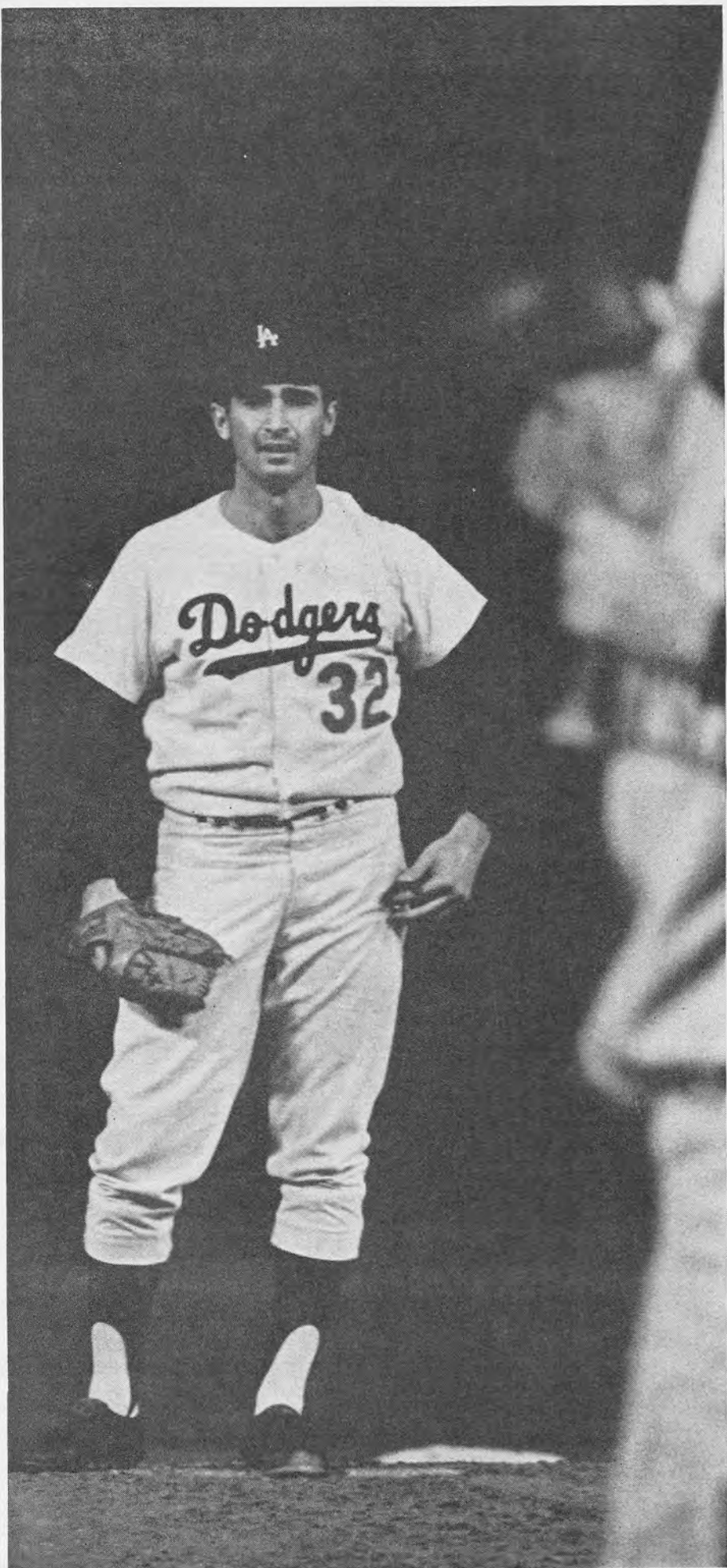
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Army



MAYS

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Some National League batters say they merely go through the motions when batting against Sandy Koufax of the Los Angeles Dodgers. "When Sandy's right," says his teammate, Don Drysdale, "I'm surprised when anybody hits the ball off him at all. I'm surprised when he doesn't strike everybody out. I wouldn't be surprised if he pitched a no-hitter every time he went out there."

Batting against Koufax is indeed frustrating. He is the pitcher of the Sixties. Some people, in fact, insist he is the best lefthander of all time, but Sandy disagrees.

"You do it one year, two years, even three years," he says, "it isn't like doing it for 10 or 20 years like Warren Spahn did it. I'd like to be the best, but I'm not that good yet."

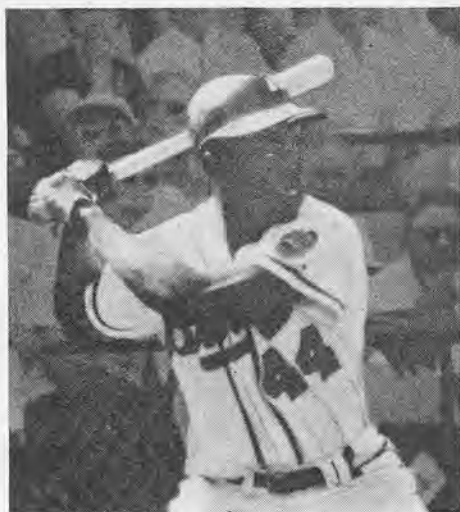
Maybe not, but consider the following:

Last season, with an earned-run average of 1.74, he won the National League ERA title for the third successive season. Only one man, Grover Cleveland Alexander in 1915-16-17, ever did that before.

Last season, when he pitched a no-hit, no-run game against the Phillies, it was the third of his career. Only one other man in the 20th Century, Bob Feller, ever had that many.

Last season he struck out ten or more batters in ten games, giving him a record 61 such games in his career. The previous record, held by Feller and Rube Waddell, was 54.

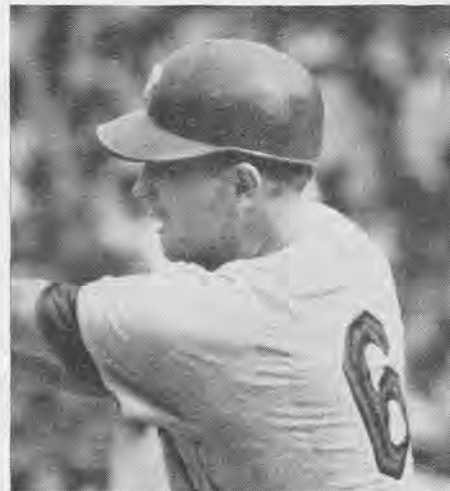
Still, Koufax has trials as well as success. And here he analyzes the batters who give him the most trouble.



AARON



F. ROBINSON



CALLISON

My Toughest Batters

By Sandy Koufax

with Milton Gross

IN MY OPINION the best hitter in baseball is Henry Aaron. It's no wonder his name starts with AA. He not only leads the alphabet. He also leads my list of the toughest batters.

There's only one way to pitch to Henry—with nobody on base. Then, you try to make him keep the ball in the park. I keep thinking of a game against him in Milwaukee a couple of years ago. I faced Hank four times and he got three hits, but I beat the Braves, 2-1. The three times he hit safely off me, there was nobody on base. The fourth time there were two on. You'll never appreciate the sense of relief I experienced getting him out that time when he could have blown the game wide open.

Aaron hits the fastball and breaking ball real well. Some righthanders may give him a little trouble with a breaking ball, but I can't because he's so quick. Further, he's hard to fool with a changeup because he waits so long on the pitch. He's got good plate coverage and can hit the ball on the outside corner.

Let me sum up Henry this way: With most other hitters, if I make the pitch I'm trying to make I feel I'll get them out. With Henry I can't be sure. He has so much power, he can be fooled and still get enough of the ball to get on. Besides, he runs so well he can beat out nubburs. Sometimes he'll go for the bad ball, but never the real bad one and the bad one he does go after he always has a good chance of hitting.

There's only one way to classify Bob Clemente and that's as the strangest hitter in all baseball. Figure him one way and he'll kill you another. You can be having your best day against everybody else and he'll treat you as though you had nothing.

It's so hard to say what he's going to hit or what should be thrown to him. He's very strong and is extremely quick with his hands. You look at him swinging,

sometimes on his front foot, sometimes on his rear, sometimes with both feet off the ground and you're inclined to think: "This guy can't hit the ball." That's the biggest mistake you can make and I've made a few of them against him.

The longest ball I've ever seen hit to the opposite field was hit off me by Clemente at the Los Angeles Coliseum in 1961. It was a fastball on the outside corner and he drove it out of the park; not just over the fence, but he knocked it way out. I didn't think a righthanded hitter could hit a ball out of the field just at that point, but Clemente did.

What makes Bob the kind of hitter I don't want to see at bat with runners on is that he's liable to hit anything. He could hit a pitchout for a home run. A lot of pitchers will try to jam him, but if you try that you've got to get it way inside. You can't throw him two of the same pitches in a row. He may look terrible on the first and hit the darndest shot you'll ever see on the next. You wonder if he's looking for you to repeat the pitch in the same place, but I hardly think so. He's so unorthodox you just can't figure out a way to pitch to him.

People have asked me if Willie Mays has a weakness because I've had some success against him. But they seem to forget he's had success against me, too. The thing you always must remember about Mays is that you never relax with him—at bat or on the bases.

There was one game last year, for instance, where I had a 1-0 lead and when Willie came up I walked him. Almost immediately, he stole second. Tom Haller hit a groundball single and the score was tied.

When Mays is up there my concern is making good pitches. I try occasionally to get good pitches inside on him, but I can't stay there. I've got to move the ball around. You can't pitch any of the hitters consistently in one place or else they're going to start looking.

My Toughest Batters

continued



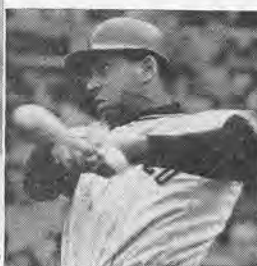
JOHNSON



CLEMENTE



WILLIAMS



CEPEDA

You've got to give the hitter credit for thinking all the time.

Add that to his unbelievable strength and you can imagine the kind of thing that goes on in a pitcher's mind when Mays is at the plate. If he just gets a piece of the ball he can put it out of the park. He can be fooled, but his hands are quick enough to put the pitch over the infield. Besides, depending upon the game situation, you've got to be thinking that Mays, like all good hitters, will be going for the pump if he can have a good cut at the ball.

Sometimes Willie will look bad swinging. He'll twist himself into a pretzel, lose his cap and wind up resting on his ankles and knees. But that's only when he has less than two strikes. With two strikes Willie is going to make sure. He'll wait a little longer. Every hitter, in fact, becomes tougher with two strikes. With two strikes the swing is more defensive, not as big.

Last year Johnny Callison began using a heavy bat, a 40-ouncer, I believe. It figured that the heavy bat would slow down his swing, but it didn't. In the All-Star Game, for instance, he pulled a Dick Radatz pitch for a game-winning home run.

The home run off fastball ace Radatz, proved, if there had been any doubt, that Callison could still get around as well on the fastball. Further, the heavier bat, which he adopted because of some trouble he had hitting off-speed pitches, helped him become a better breaking-ball hitter.

Johnny doesn't strike out much. He makes contact with some piece of the ball. In addition he poses a problem for the defense because he's fast running to first base. There's always the threat of a bunt and naturally enough that threat can draw the defense out of position.

The first time last season I pitched against Callison I tried him with the usual off-speed pitches and he hit them better than he ever had. I tried him with the fastballs and he hit them as well as he ever had. And, sorrowfully for me, he's getting better.

In the pitchers' fraternity, we enjoy a kind of a gag. The funny thing is that the joke's on us. We say that if we're really lucky when pitching against Frank Robinson, we may be able to make him hit the scoreboard. The scoreboard is the highest part of the ballpark in Cincinnati.

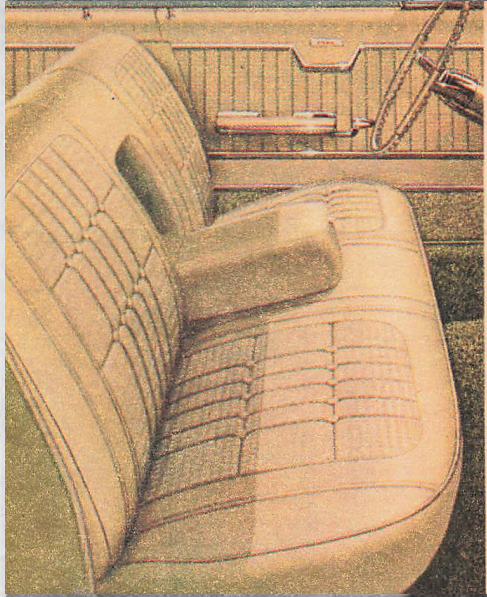
Robinson is strong and Robinson's bat is quick. One of the things you try to do to a power hitter is make him hit the ball to the opposite field. But in Robinson's home ballpark the fences are in reach in every direction, left, right and center. And Robinson can reach them. Indeed.

What makes Robinson additionally troublesome is that he's hitting behind Vada Pinson and Vada is so very fast. Robinson, of course, is fast, too; if you need a double play, he's hard to double up. It is also difficult to strike him out despite his big swing. If there's any prescription against Robinson, it's going in and out with the fastball. But you can get your heart broken at the same time.

The news about Orlando Cepeda, I'm afraid to say, is bad for the pitchers. I don't imagine I'm revealing any trade secrets when I say that for years we tried to pitch Cepeda up and in. It often worked. But Cepeda spent the winter learning how to hit those kind of pitches. Who knows how we'll get him out now?

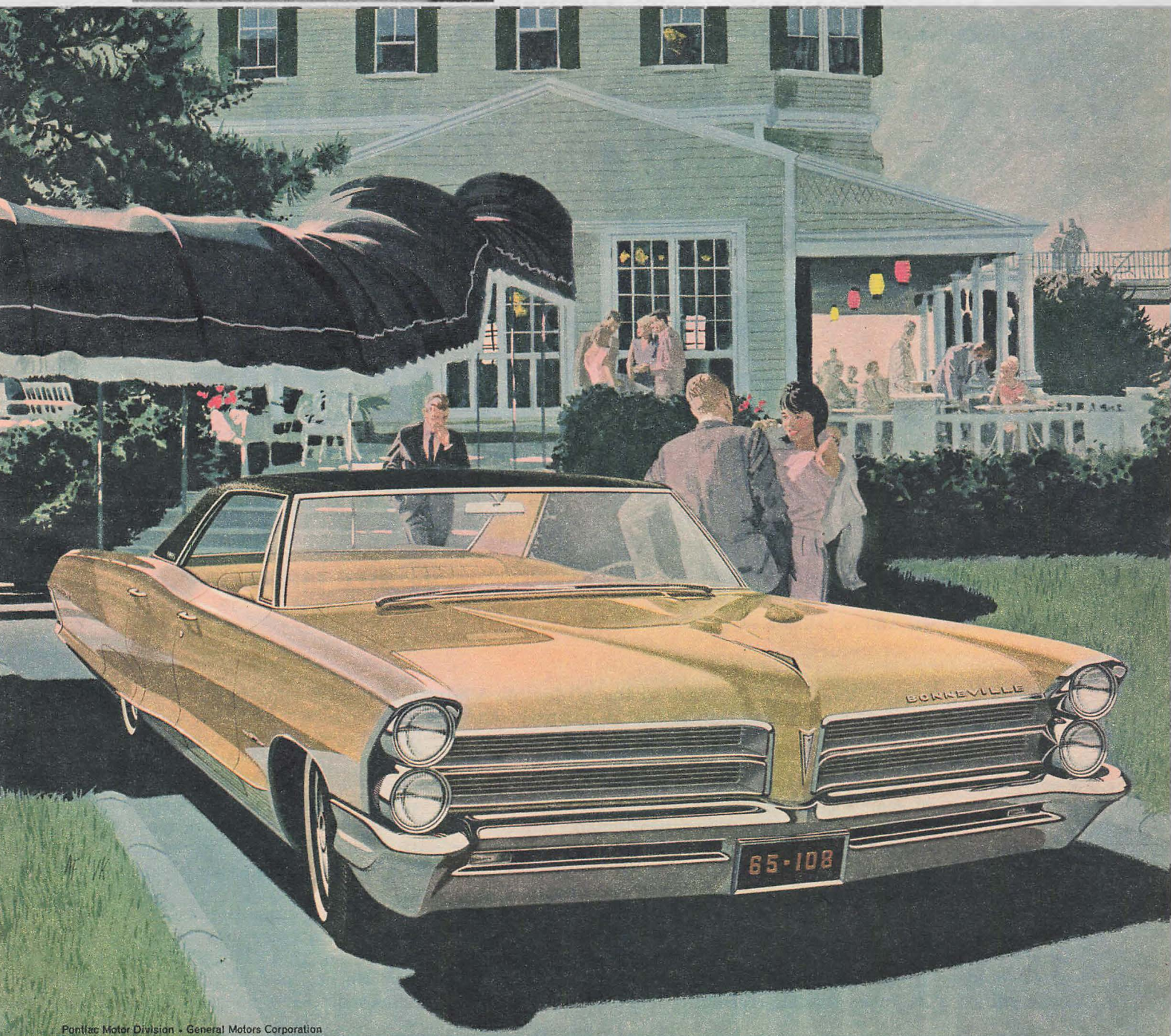
Orlando is probably as strong or stronger than anybody in the league. He can hit with power to the opposite field. He is exceptionally dangerous at hitting high outside pitches. He is also a pretty good breaking ball hitter.

Although Cepeda stands away from the plate and a little bit more closed than a lot of hitters, he goes in after the ball, which gives him good coverage on the outside of the plate. Still, throwing down and outside to him, away from his power, is probably a decent way to pitch to him (→ TO PAGE 100)



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Tommy Mason of the Minnesota Vikings is the object of envy on and off the football field. He runs hard and he lives hard and he thrives wherever the scene is swinging

Vernon J. Biever



Mason, No. 20, was All-Pro halfback in 1963.

PRO FOOTBALL STAR ON THE PROWL

By **BILL LIBBY**

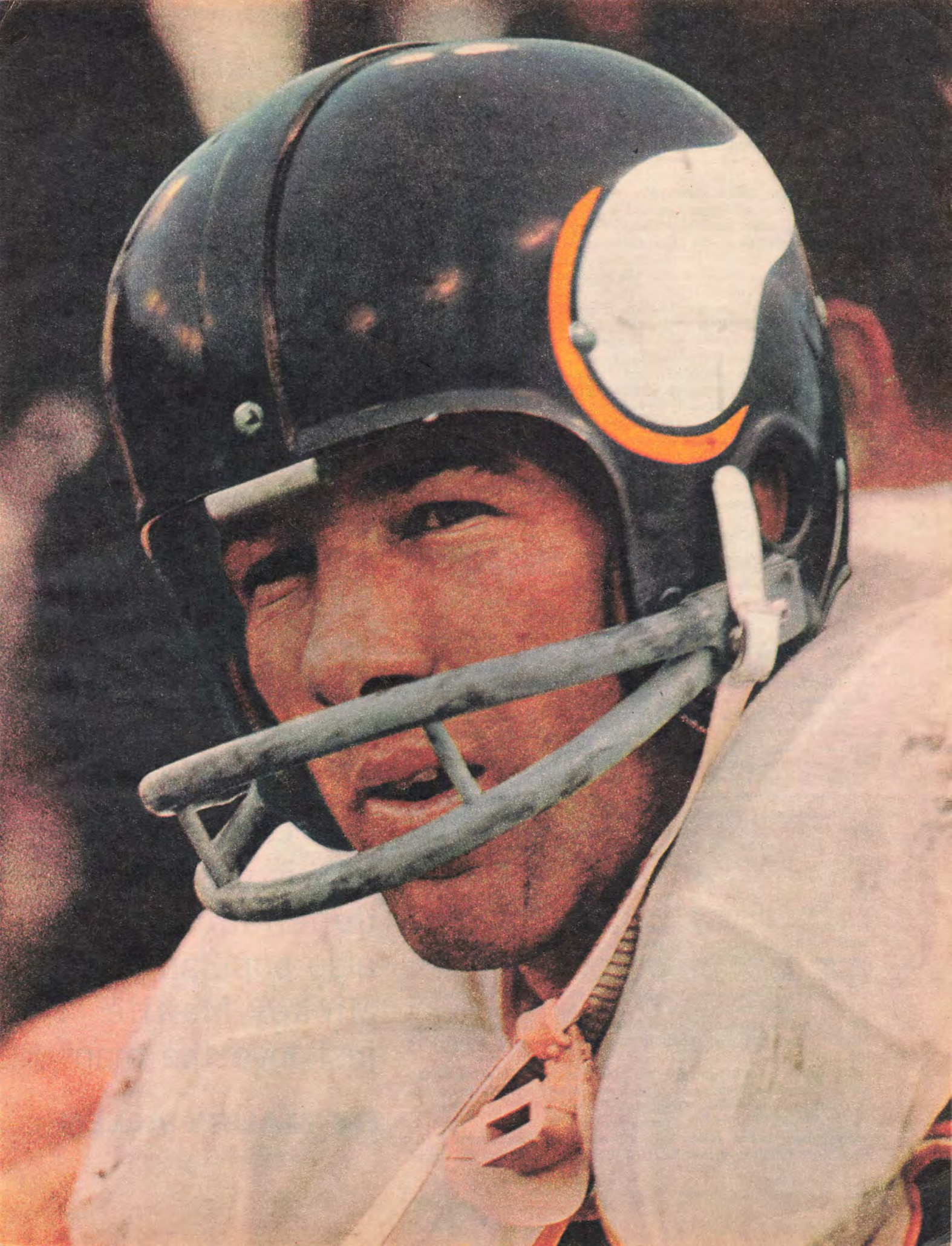
"He is," says Norm Van Brocklin, coach of the Minnesota Vikings, "our best runner, our best pass-receiver, our best blocker, and, if he was a defensive back, he'd be our best pass-defender. He's the best football player in the National League." Dutch Van Brocklin, a hard man, a man who rarely compliments, is talking about Tommy Mason.

"He is not only a helluva football player," says an NFL star, "but he is also football's leading lover and one of sport's greatest swingers." The NFL star, too, is talking about Tommy Mason.

Tommy Mason is a swinging southern gentleman. Indeed. He is a ruggedly handsome, guitar-playing, country-singing philosopher and charmer, who dresses with casual elegance, drives a battleship of an automobile, goes out only with beautiful women and owns an island and a plantation in the Bahamas.

Six months a year Tommy Mason plays exceptional football to support his expensive tastes in recreation and high finance. He plays it for the Minnesota Vikings, a relatively new team, which has risen rapidly into championship contention. Thomas Cyril Mason, the Vikings' first draft choice, the Vikings' first All-Pro, has been a key figure in the rise. He has, in four pro seasons, gained 2224 yards rushing, receiving and returning punts and kickoffs. (—→ TO PAGE 97)

Color by Lee Balterman



NEW YORK, Feb. 18—Elston Howard signed his 1965 New York Yankee contract today, making him the highest salaried catcher in baseball history. Howard's new contract is for an estimated \$70,000.

This is how Elston Howard earns his money. During one 30-hour period last September the Yankees played two double-headers. Howard got three singles, two doubles and a game-winning home run in the 11th inning. He scored four runs, batted in four runs, caught ten pitchers and played all 38 innings. New York won all four games; the pennant race, which still had been in doubt, was over.

Following his iron-man heroics, Howard sat by his locker. He rubbed his thighs long and hard, with the same appreciation Van Cliburn has when he massages his fingers. But Howard didn't want to give the wrong impression. "There's a little soreness in here," he conceded, "but I'm not really tired. I don't know about other people on this team, but I get my rest. This is my job and I have a family to support."

Elston Howard is a professional baseball player, the way some people are doctors, lawyers or dog catchers. He works at his job with honesty and dignity. "Baseball," he says, "has given me a good life. Nobody has to remind me to take care of myself."

Last season Howard not only took care of himself, he took care of the Yankees as well. He hit .313, had 15 home runs and batted in 83 runs. In a Yankee season notable for Mickey Mantle's legs, Whitey Ford's hip and the off years of Tony Kubek, Clete Boyer, Tom Tresh and Joe Pepitone, Howard stood apart. "Without him," said general manager Ralph Houk, "we wouldn't have come close to winning the pennant."

Howard is 35 years old and expects to be catching regularly "when I'm 40." If Elston's expectations come true, the Yankees are fortunate they still have five years to find a replacement. At the moment there isn't much to choose from. "We know we have a weakness in catching depth," said new Yankee manager Johnny Keane this winter. "I don't know what we'd do if we lost Howard."

This is Howard's 11th year as a major-leaguer and as a Yankee; theoretically, the years should have begun taking their toll. Yet, if anything, Elston seems to be getting stronger. In '64 he played 150 games, 14 more than ever before. Howard has slipped in only one visible way—speed. "Catching does that to you," he says. "When I broke in I used to be a base-stealer."

But Howard's slowness afoot is a trivial point. Catchers are paid to prevent stolen bases, not produce them.

At the forefront of Howard's invaluable assets is his ability to steady and inspire young pitchers like Jim Bouton and Al Downing. "You see him catching those doubleheaders," says Bouton, "and you have to give a little extra of yourself. He never gets discouraged and he never lets you get discouraged. You may have just given up three huge home runs in a row. He'll walk out to the mound, pat your backside and say, 'Bear down, you got good stuff.' He is the Cadillac of catchers. He is the standard others are measured against."

Howard's teammates regard him with genuine affection. Mickey Mantle makes you aware of the depth of this feeling. "I haven't had a roommate since Billy Martin left the club," says Mantle, "but if I did, it would be Elston Howard. I just love the man."

It's taken a long time for the public to raise Howard to the same superhero plane as Mantle, Roger Maris and Whitey Ford. But he's up there now. "He gets so many gifts," says Bouton, "we call him Freddie the Freeloader."

Everybody seems taken with the man. This past January the New York chapter of the Baseball Writers Association of Amer-

ELSTON HOWARD PORTRAIT OF A KEY YANKEE

Baseball's highest paid catcher in history is durable and dependable. He's also popular. Says Mickey Mantle: "I just love the man"

BY MAURY ALLEN

Color by Walter Iooss, Jr.



ELSTON HOWARD

CONTINUED



Fred Kaplan

Howard, left above, has played in nine World Series during his ten years as a Yankee. They have provided healthy bonuses to a salary that has soared to \$70,000.

ica presented him with its coveted annual Good Guy Award.

A white cab driver takes you to Howard's \$75,000 home in Teaneck, New Jersey, stands by while you ring the bell and says, "Say hello for me. He is one beautiful man."

A counterwoman in a nearby luncheonette fills your cup of coffee. "You're doing a story on Elston Howard for SPORT Magazine? I hope you say nice things about him. We're proud to have him in the neighborhood."

People have been saying nice things about Elston Gene Howard almost since the day he was born in St. Louis on February 23, 1930. He was the only child of Wayman Hill Howard, a high-school principal, and Emmaline Webb, a college-trained dietician. They lived in a segregated neighborhood called Compton Hill. "It was middle class as Negro neighborhoods go," says Howard.

Howard's father is now a high-school principal in New Madrid, Missouri, a small town 90 miles from St. Louis. "They really love him out there," says Elston. "They named one of those small villages nearby after him. It's called Howardville and Johnny Sain once went through it. He asked me if it was named after me. I said, 'No, just my father.'"

The senior Howard was a close friend of famed botanist George Washington Carver. Elston's uncle, Marshall Webb, was the first Negro foreman for a meat packing company in St. Louis and three of Marshall's children are school teachers. "Education was an important thing in my home," says Howard. "I didn't go to college because I turned to baseball but I want my kids to get a college education."

Elston was exceptional in high-school athletics, starring in football (at end), track (shot put), and basketball (forward) and compiling a .500 batting average in baseball. His mother wanted him to study medicine in college, but that was forgotten when he accepted an offer from the Kansas City Monarchs for \$600 a month. "I wanted to try baseball," he says, "and we all had in the back of our minds the major leagues. Jackie Robinson had been signed by the Dodgers and that is all Negro players talked about."

The one-year tour with the Monarchs taught Howard a valuable lesson: He realized he didn't want to play baseball in the Negro leagues. "We would start out at 6 o'clock after a doubleheader in one town," says Howard, "bounce along for ten or 12 hours and arrive in the next town in time for two more games. We would eat cold hamburgers in the bus. Sometimes we would drive an awful long distance to find a garage which would allow Negroes in the bathroom."

Today Howard lives in suburban splendor in a custom-made nine-room Colonial in the attractive town of Teaneck, some 15 minutes by Cadillac from Yankee Stadium. Like they say, he's got it made.

If there has been any criticism of Elston Howard in recent years, it has come from people who wish he were a little more active in the "cause." He has become more involved, but in a manner suitable to his temperament. "I can't go down to Mississippi or (—> TO PAGE 108)



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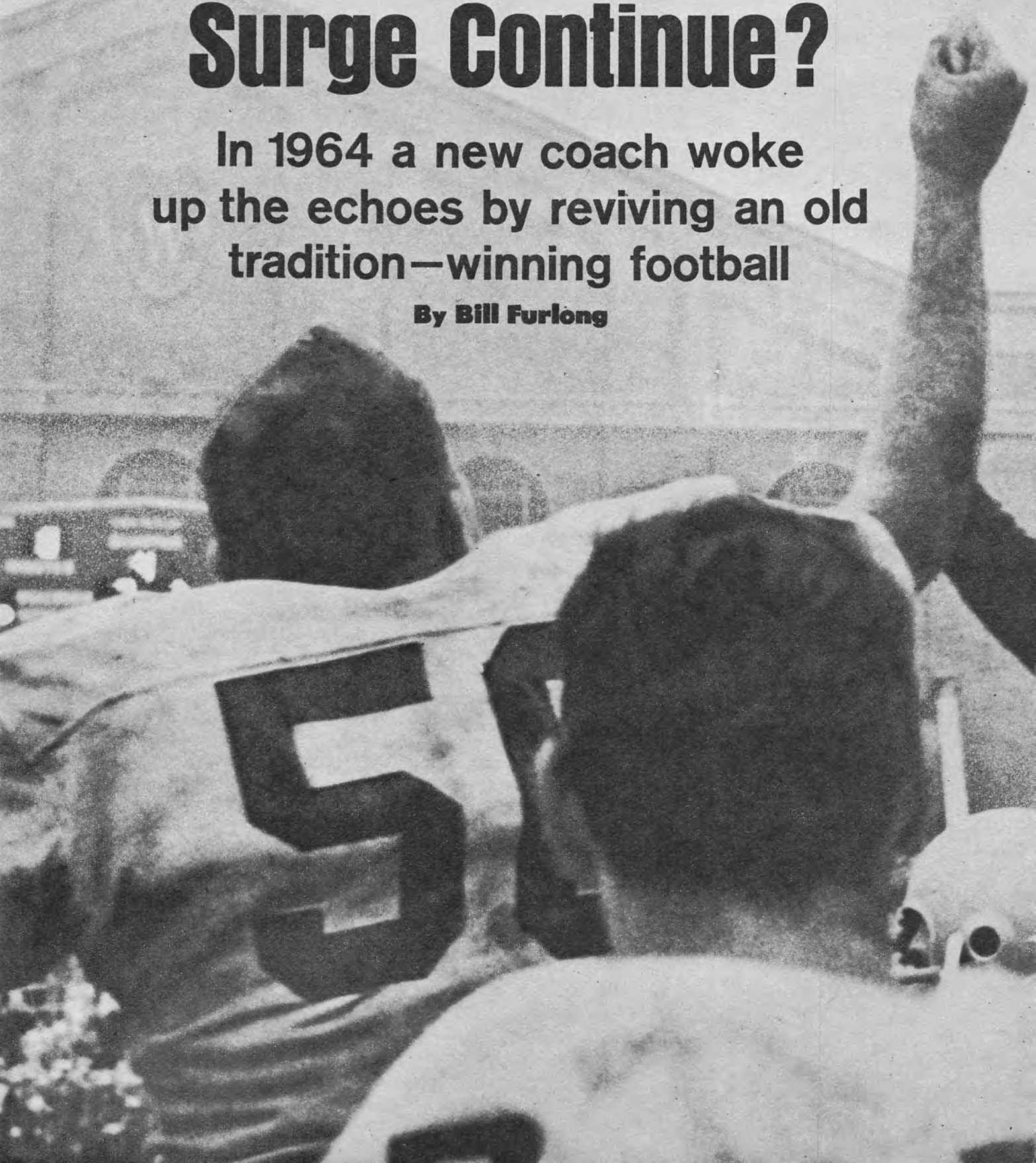
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KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13202

Can The Notre Dame Surge Continue?

In 1964 a new coach woke up the echoes by reviving an old tradition—winning football

By Bill Furlong



"It's dark outside and cold," wrote Father Hesburgh. "There is a strange quiet on campus..." It was the evening after Notre Dame lost to the University of Southern California, 20-17, with 1:34 remaining in the season. "...Southern California had done it to us before, and we have done it to them, too, but somehow the world went on, the sun rose again the next morning, and people began to dream of next year..."

Notre Dame Scholastic

YEARS FROM NOW NOTRE DAME will look at 1964 as merely an episode in its football history. The season was bizarre, exhilarating, almost stunning in its incredulity, but an episode nevertheless. Its significance is less in its drama than in being the turning point from shadow into sunshine for the Fighting Irish. For years, the shadows had been deepening around Notre Dame football. The Irish had not had a winning season in five years. Not only were they losing regularly, they were losing badly; in defeat Notre Dame could not console itself that it nevertheless offered "excellence" on the football field. The sense on campus was one of mystery: "Where is it now," wrote the 19th century poet, "the glory and the dream?"



Then in 1964 the sun broke through and Notre Dame was bathed in glory once again. It was more than anybody might have dreamed. Parseghian prayed publicly for a 5-5 season and prayed privately for a 6-4 season. When the Irish lost the final game of the season to USC in the final quarter they wound up with a 9-1 record ("I prefer to think of it as a 9 and $\frac{3}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{4}$ record," says Parseghian). The turnabout was attributed to some mystical, some occult power of Parseghian. If that fades, goes the thinking, Notre Dame fades. But Notre Dame will not fade—at least from excellence. Because the turnabout was due to a number of factors: modest, mundane, meaningful—the artless roots of success. Among them are (1) organization, (2) the proper use of personnel, (3) the uses of strategy, and (4) the stimulus of spirit. Parseghian labored with these tools to build a permanent foundation. His aim was "excellence;" his result was triumph.

From the very first, his impact on campus was almost electric. Parseghian is an intensely physical man and he moves in a continuing nimbus of excitement. He wears clip-on ties, shoes without laces, and trousers with elastic waist bands so that he can save a few moments. "Seems like I'm always in a rush," he says. "I'm always in a rush. Don't know where I'm goin' but I'm always in a RUSH!" The feverish excitement of his "rush" inspired a fever of success at Notre Dame. Yet it was not the style alone but also the substance that created confidence. The men of Notre Dame simply liked the way Parseghian worked.

One of his first moves, for instance, was to ask John Ray and Bernie Crimmins to join his staff. Both had been candidates for the head job. (Ray accepted, Crimmins didn't—"but the thing this tells you about Parseghian is that he's not afraid to hire the men who might succeed him," says one friend.) Parseghian threw open spring practice to everyone in the school, not just to those on football scholarships. He immersed himself in the rough-and-tumble give-and-take of practice. He ran pass patterns, led calisthenics, drove for blocks on the offensive line. "I can't coach from a tower," he says. "I must be in the huddle. I must be in the line."

Coach Ara Parseghian, left, will find it difficult to replace star receiver Jack Snow, right.





Notre Dame may have to do more rushing this year. If so, a lot will depend on Nick Eddy, No. 47 above, a slashing halfback.

I must be in the action. I must be—I must feel a part of it." By the end of spring training, he'd so inspired his team with the need for never giving up on nailing the ball-carrier that Notre Dame men were paraphrasing the Declaration of Independence: "Life, liberty, and the happiness of Pursuit!"

The excitement he generated was contagious. Said one player: "The first time I met him, I knew he was a man I could play for." A student wrote in the *Notre Dame Scholastic* that he'd received the news of Parseghian's arrival "in much the same way as I imagine Americans must have received news of V-J day after suffering through World War II." Said one alumnus: "He goes after a weak spot like a surgeon. In many ways he's a better organizer than Leahy. He evaluates talent like a computer." Says the Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, executive vice-president of the university: "Ara has certainly won the hearts of everybody down here with his dynamism and his organizational ability."

While Parseghian was stimulating hope and excitement on campus, he was also hiring assistant coaches and organizing his staff, and launching a recruiting drive that would preserve the future. There was no chronological order to all this. Take the matter of recruiting. It had to start the moment Parseghian took

the job. It couldn't wait until everything else was tidied up. One immensely important factor was where to place the chief emphasis of recruiting last year. The 1963 freshman team recruited by Hugh Devore, Parseghian's predecessor, was heavily populated with excellent linemen. Devore's success was reflected in last year's defensive team: all four linemen and one first-string linebacker were sophomores.

So Parseghian's problem was finding backs. First of all he had to find replacements for the five passers and fullbacks who would be seniors in 1964. He also sought out halfbacks who were more streamlined than those recruited by Joe Kuharich, head coach from 1959 through 1962. Kuharich appeared to prefer the huge, heavy halfback. At one point Joe had in his backfield a pair of running backs—Jim Snowden and Paul Costa—whose combined weight was about 500 pounds. Parseghian much prefers the lighter, faster halfback—the whippet instead of the St. Bernard.

"We like to get the boys who can run and who may put on some muscle and grow up into a little heavier halfback," says Parseghian, "rather than the boy who's already big and still has to learn how to run." The result: One insider estimates "70 to 75 percent of the best prospects on the freshman (→ TO PAGE 105)



HAROLD EVERETT GREER is a lean, long-legged backcourt quarterback who epitomizes the run-and-shoot school of basketball. No one in basketball is more deadly than Hal Greer at sprinting down the middle of the court on a fast break, stopping just beyond the key-hole and scoring a jump shot. Next to a stuff shot by Wilt Chamberlain, it may be the surest two points in basketball. "Hal," says Dolph Schayes, coach of Greer's Philadelphia 76ers, "has the finest middle distance shot in the game. From 15-to-18 feet, Greer is more deadly than Big O (Oscar Robertson)."

At 178 pounds, and six feet, three inches, Greer frequently gives away 40 pounds and six inches to NBA adversaries assigned to shutting off the middle. The key to Greer's success, therefore, is maneuverability and speed. Particularly speed. "I must be quick, always, always quick," says Greer. "The day I slow down I'm finished."

One February evening in 1965, Hal Greer proved his point. The instep of his left foot was bruised and his right ankle was badly sprained. Playing in the Philadelphia Arena against the Los Angeles Lakers, Greer obviously had no speed. As a result, his split second moves behind those split second picks vanished and Greer floundered. He scored only four of 18 shots, hardly the accuracy of a man who generally scores 20 or so points a game. Frustrated, he lost poise and composure and began assaulting the referee, Richard Powers, instead of the Lakers.

Once, Greer got a step on his man and drove hard up the middle for a short jumper. Darrall Imhoff, 6-10, slid over to block the shot and Greer went sprawling to the floor. Hearing no whistle, Greer told Powers: "You're blind." (Later, Greer insisted he had told Powers: "You're beautiful" and when the assembled lip readers at the press table disagreed, Hal cracked, "Your synchronization must have been off.") Powers called a technical and Schayes took Greer out of the game. From the bench Greer scowled and muttered at Powers. Powers muttered back. "All you have to do is put the ball in the basket," he said. "Every time you have a lousy night, you put the blame on us. Whenever Greer's going cold, it's always our fault." Greer waved his hands in the air and buried his face in a warm-up jacket.

A week later, Greer sat in the den of his comfortable greystone home in the West Oak Lane section of Philadelphia and said, "Aw, Powers and I always have trouble. But Powers isn't bothering me now.

HAL GREER: "THE DAY I SLOW DOWN I'M FINISHED"

*As the No. 1 man in
Philadelphia's backcourt,
Hal must score, feed
and guard such superstars
as Oscar Robertson.
Few men in the league do so
many things so well*

By TOM FOX

Color by Martin Blumenthal

It's this ankle I'm worried about." Greer had been playing poorly for a week. "Resting is the smart thing," Greer said, "but I can't stand being idle. I've been playing basketball so long that when I'm not in there I go crazy."

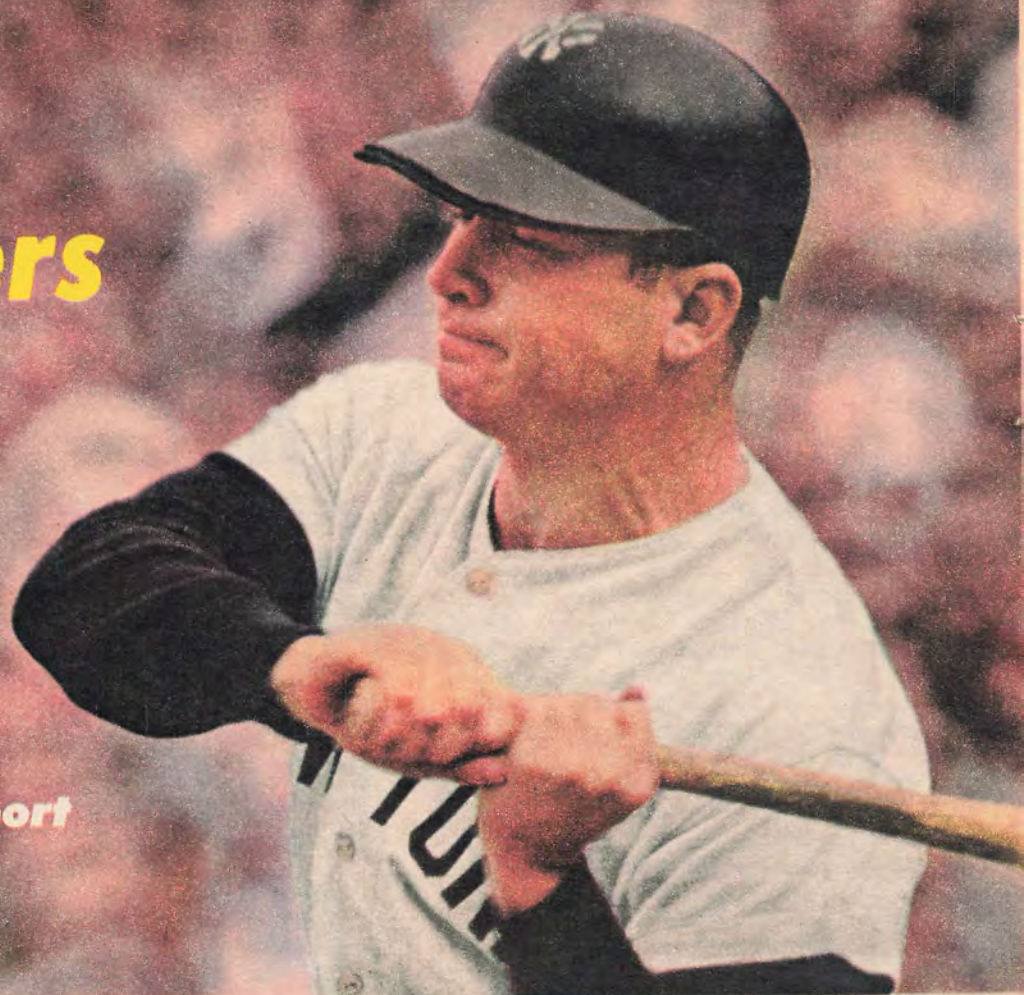
He was wearing a dark blue turtleneck sweater, black slacks, a pair of black loafers and white sweat-socks ("My relaxing get-up," he explained). For more than an hour, Hal had been watching the telecast of the Army-Navy basketball game from Annapolis, but, he allowed, it "bored" him because "those kids just don't shoot." Hal Greer does shoot. Going into the final month of the NBA season, he was seventh in the league in scoring with a 20-point average. Further, he was eighth in the league in foul-shooting accuracy. He also was seventh in the NBA assists, many of them coming on his fast-break quarterbacking.

When the Army-Navy game ended, Hal snapped off the TV and walked over to a stack of records. He picked out a Donald Byrd album, a progressive jazz arrangement of some Old South spirituals, and slipped the record onto a stereo. "Listen," he said, bringing a finger to his lips. "We've got speakers in every room except the kitchen . . . ssh . . . ssh." The brassy, hand-clapping beat of *I'm Trying To Get Home* thumped through the five-room house and Hal, limping, pointed out the speakers in each room. "My brother Charles built this set-up," Hal said. "Charles works for the Government out in Columbus, Ohio, but he's always fooling around with hi-fis and stereos. He built this out at his place and then brought it here on a vacation. Listen to that tone."

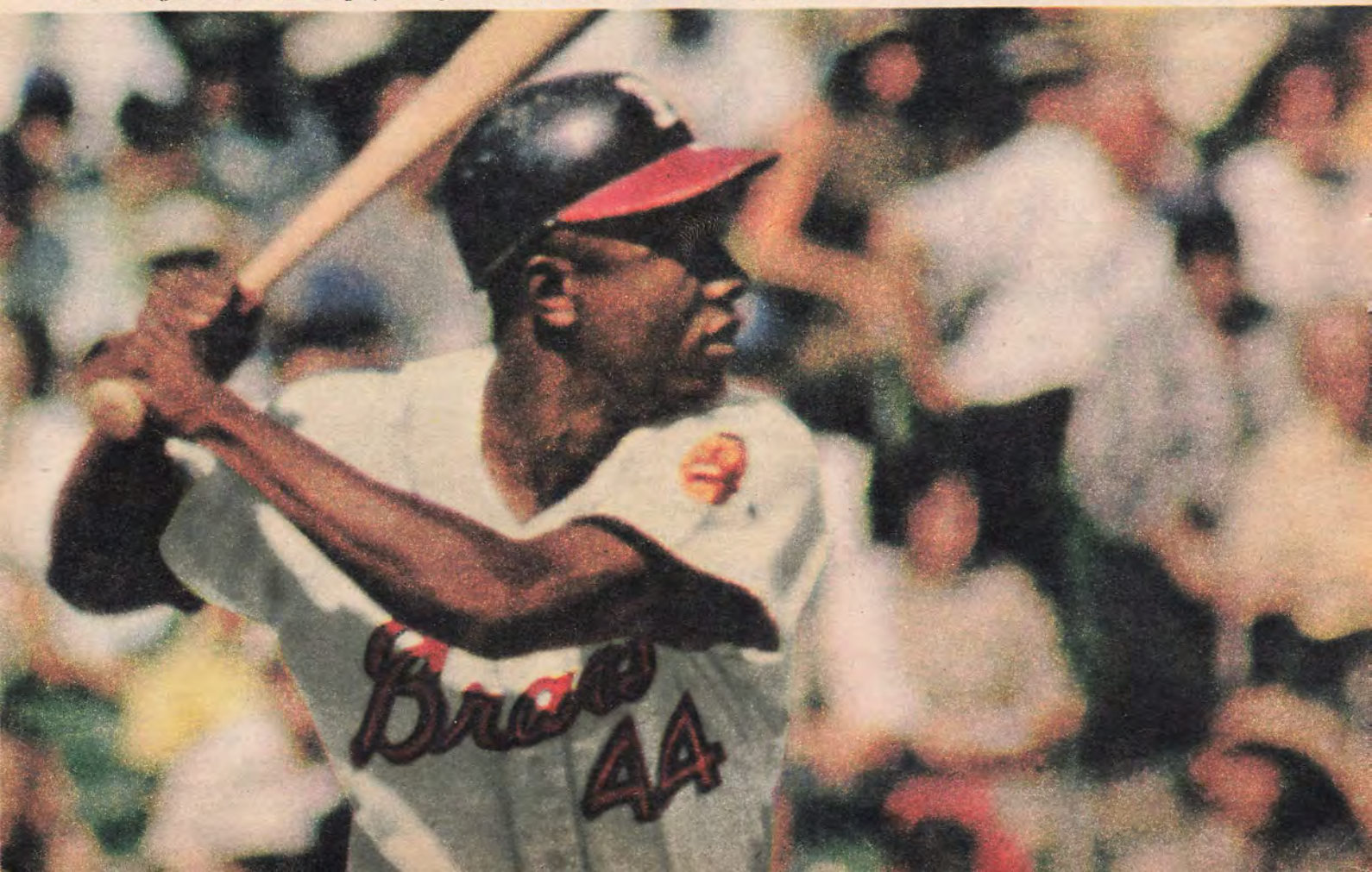
Charles Greer, stereo buff, is one of six surviving Greer brothers who grew up in Huntington, West Virginia, where, Hal remembers, basketball was played "all year 'round, day and night—every day and every night. Why, I can't even remember not having a basketball in my hands." Hal's father, William Garfield Greer, supported a family of seven boys and two girls by working on diesel engines in a Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad round house in Huntington. And all of Will Greer's deductible dependents took to sports on their first fast break out of the playpen. "We had baskets on the back of the doors in every bedroom in the house, including my father's bedroom," Hal said. "At night before we went to bed, we would move all the furniture into one corner and play games—strictly one-on-one. Sometimes my mother got awfully mad but she (→ TO PAGE 103)

The Ballplayers Pick The Pennant Winners

By The Editors Of Sport



The voting revealed that the players regard Mickey Mantle, *above*, and Hank Aaron as the best all-round hitters in their leagues.



*The Yankees won't run
away with the AL pennant and the
Phillies will have a tough
battle too, but they will meet
in the World Series. So
say the ballplayers in our 13th
annual exclusive poll*

THE BALLPLAYERS have been fairly confident of their ability as prognosticators of the pennant races during the first 12 years of our exclusive annual poll. They have felt generally assured of being half right because they invariably pick the Yankees to win in the American League. The Yankees, of course, don't like to make their predicting colleagues look bad. Predicting the National League finish is something else, because the NL changes winners the way New Year's Eve changes calendars.

But this year the ballplayers aren't all that sure about the Yankees. Last season they gave New York 160 first-place votes to 15 for the runner-up team. This year the Yankees received 119 first-place votes, but the runner-up Orioles drew 79 and the third-place White Sox had 49. In other words, for the first time in years more ballplayers felt the Yankees would not win than those who felt they would.

New York's loss of prestige was reflected in the voting for leaders in the individual categories. Mantle was again chosen as the league's most-valuable-player by a commanding margin—94 votes to 22 each for runners-up Brooks Robinson and Boog Powell. Mantle also finished a distant second to Harmon Killebrew in the home-run leader voting (171 votes to 30) and tied for fourth (behind Tony Oliva with 82 and Al Kaline with 52) in the leading-hitter voting (he and Carl Yastrzemski received 30 votes apiece). But no other Yankee finished in the top three of the individual-category voting, where, in the past, New York placed numerous candidates.

Baltimore, on the other hand, placed Robinson behind Mantle as leading hitter

PENNANT PREDICTIONS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	*TOT. PTS.
1. YANKEES	119	84	50	9	2	1	2422
2. ORIOLES	79	91	48	37	5	3	2269
3. WHITE SOX	49	58	93	39	18	4	3	1	2170
4. TIGERS	5	8	14	32	67	72	41	21	3	...	1660
5. TWINS	5	10	27	61	69	53	30	8	1	...	1649
6. INDIANS	6	12	27	60	39	54	43	21	1	...	1588
7. ANGELS	...	1	5	24	32	42	77	54	14	4	1121
8. RED SOX	1	6	22	18	51	110	52	3	913
9. SENATORS	...	1	3	8	13	37	100	103	513
10. ATHLETICS	1	...	2	9	12	92	147	420

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	*TOT. PTS.
1. PHILLIES	93	45	45	44	22	9	5	1	2239
2. CARDINALS	44	86	70	33	21	6	...	1	2163
3. GIANTS	45	39	54	60	52	14	1	2039
4. REDS	30	45	41	54	60	27	7	2034
5. DODGERS	28	18	22	35	51	72	32	5	1	...	1676
6. BRAVES	25	26	29	31	40	56	42	9	8	...	1662
7. PIRATES	2	3	4	6	11	63	122	42	11	...	1138
8. CUBS	2	1	5	14	33	171	36	2	846
9. ASTROS	1	1	14	35	170	43	555
10. METS	1	...	6	40	217	320

*Ten points awarded for first, nine for second, etc.
Note: Players did not pick for each position.

INDIVIDUAL SELECTIONS

AMERICAN LEAGUE	CATEGORIES	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Mickey Mantle	Most Valuable Player	Willie Mays
Tony Oliva	Leading Hitter	Hank Aaron
Harmon Killebrew	Home-Run Leader	Willie Mays
Dean Chance	Leading Pitcher	Sandy Koufax
Bruce Howard	Top Rookie	(Tie) Tommy Helms Joe Morgan

Dean Chance



Willie Mays

David Sutton



Sandy Koufax

and Powell behind Mantle as the home-run leader.

Far and away the best pitcher in the league, according to the players, is Dean Chance. He received 119 votes to 32 for Gary Peters (which perhaps makes Peters the best lefthander) and 21 for Camilo Pascual.

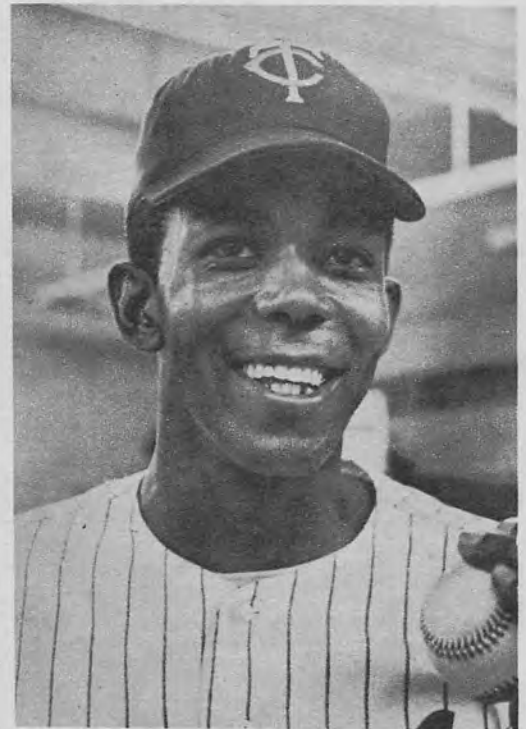
This was the first time a top-rookie category was included on the ballot and more than 30 rookies received votes. Ten rookies voted for themselves. In the AL, White Sox rookie pitcher Bruce Howard won the poll, edging the Tigers' outfield hopeful, Jim Northrup, by a vote and potential teammate Ken Berry, also an outfielder, by two votes. The NL voting placed two infield hopefuls, Tommy Helms of Cincinnati and Joe Morgan of Houston, in a tie for the rookie leadership.

The players feel the NL pennant race will be almost as close as last season's—but with a different winner. The Phillies finished 76 points ahead of the Cardinals in the voting, with the Giants and Reds virtually tied for third.

Philadelphia showed strength in the individual-category voting as Johnny Callison finished only nine votes behind Willie Mays for MVP (Hank Aaron was only three votes behind Callison), while Dick Stuart came in third among home-run hitters and Jim Bunning fourth among pitchers.

Aaron was again voted the league's leading hitter and second-best home-run hitter. Mays was way ahead in the home-run voting, but Sandy Koufax had the most decisive ballot total of all. In the

Tony Oliva



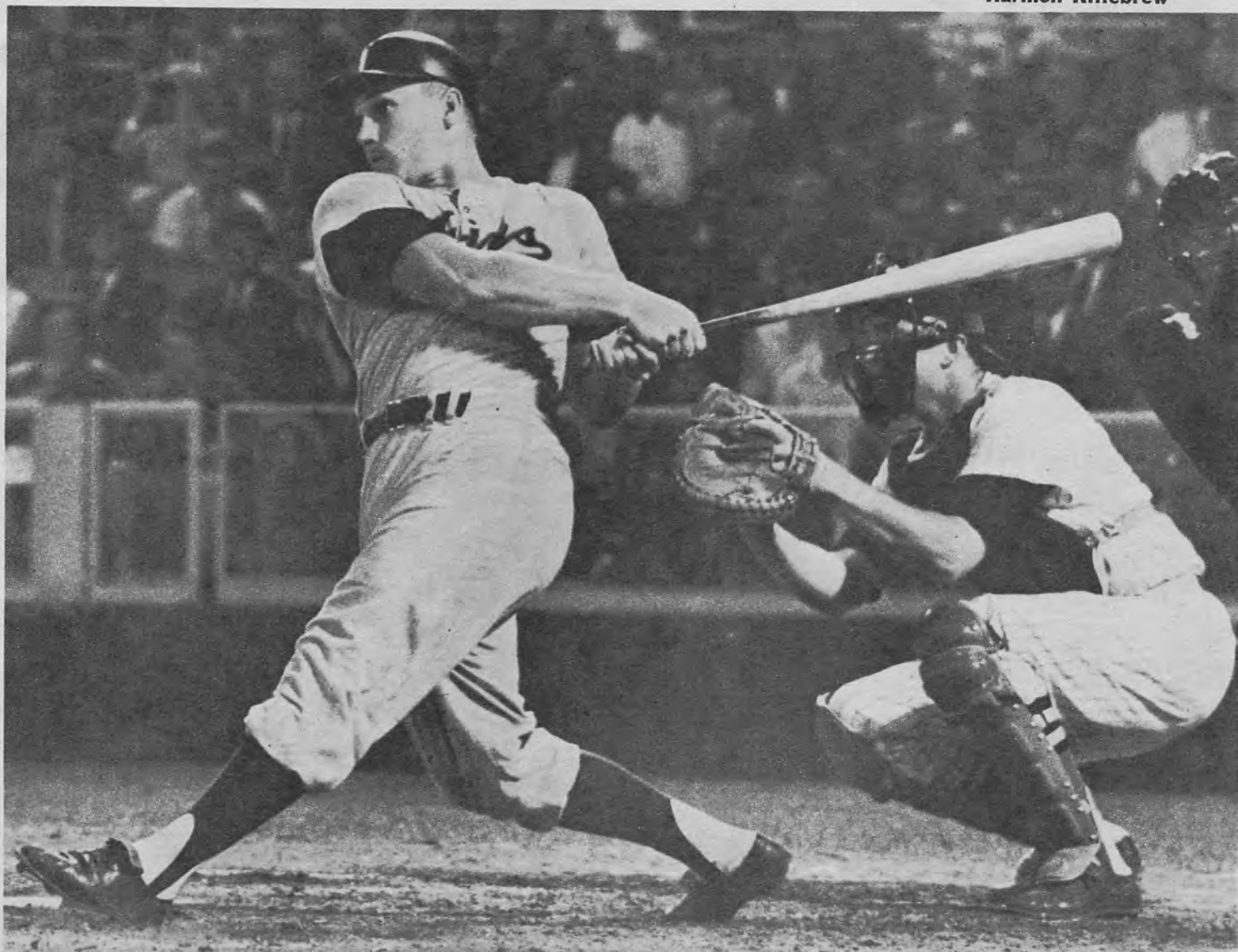
leading-pitcher category, Koufax received 183 votes to 25 for runner-up Juan Marichal (the league's best righthander apparently). Koufax's righthanded counterpart on the Dodgers, Don Drysdale, was voted the third-best pitcher being named on 15 ballots.

Despite having two of the league's top four pitchers, Los Angeles is regarded as a fifth-place team by the players, who also feel San Francisco's hitters ("The Giants' bats should take them all the way," commented one player) will make them a contender. While finishing third in the poll, the Giants actually received one more first-place vote than the second-place Cardinals.

The players' comments were not nearly as pithy as a year ago. However, a Pirate who picked his team to win in the NL did write, "Believe it or not." And a Phillie laughed at our typist who listed under Individual Selections on the ballots: Leading Hittler. His choice? "Adolf."

An American League bullpen operative had the most fun in the Comments space, writing that he, himself, "may possibly 'sneak' to the top as the leading pitcher, home-run hitter, percentage hitter, most valuable player and prognosticator in the American League!" At least, according to the consensus, he should be correct in one category. He picked the Yankees to win the pennant.

Harmon Killebrew





Bold Lad, *left*, won all but two races as a two-year-old.

*Bold Lad seemed
certain to be the top
horse of 1965.*

*Then, early one morning, all
the certainty vanished*

The Struggles Of A Derby Horse

By Jack Mann

SOME KIND of American record for positive thinking was established at Hialeah on Lincoln's birthday, 1965.

It wasn't done on the racetrack, where men send their brains and guts and hopes out on horses that have no chance, or in the grandstand, where people bet on them. It happened in a gloomy little cafe on the losers' side of the street.

They call a lot of race tracks "parks," but only Hialeah is attractive and commodious enough to merit the term. It is lily ponds and flamingos and pink tile and happy people.

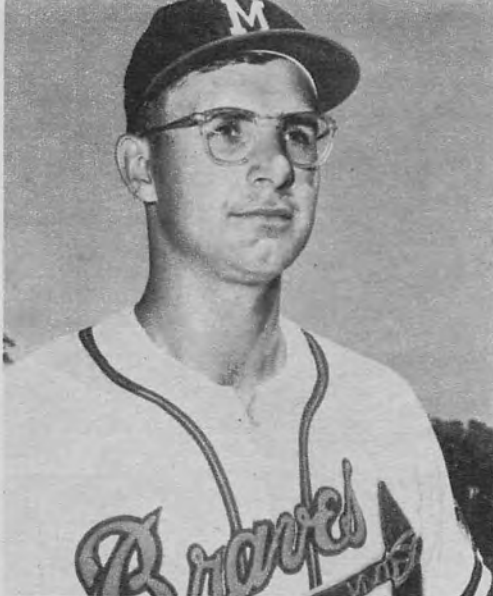
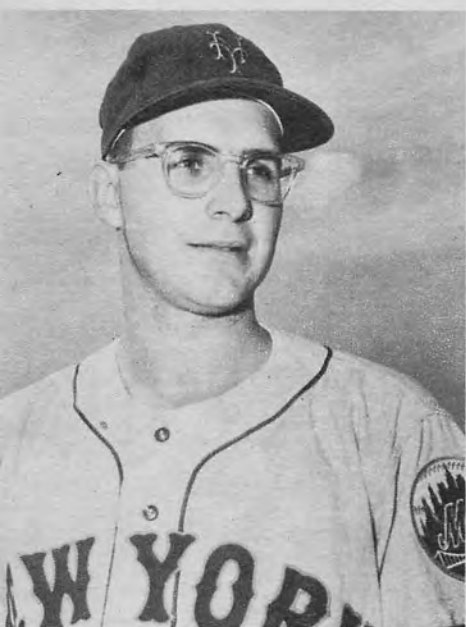
It is also Palm Avenue, out on the back side. It is tawdry gin mills like the Hot Tip Bar, and foul-mouthed women, and the lucky winos are the ones who have jobs mucking manure out of stalls.

Here, Bill Winfrey, who trains horses for Wheatley Stable, sat in the morning and told how old he was. "I'll be 49 in August," he said, and smiled wanly. "I'm sort of looking forward to being 50. I don't know why."

There are men who are undismayed by advancing age, and the Churchills and Stengels and Max Hirsches tell us there should be many more. But what made Bill Winfrey's optimism remarkable was the fact that he felt 100 years old, and sick.

A few minutes earlier he had seen, or thought he had seen, his Derby (→ TO PAGE 80)





MY LIFE AS A

By Ken MacKenzie



When he wrote this story Ken had been owned by five major-league teams in four seasons: the Braves, Mets, Cardinals, Giants and Astros. He'd also spent time in the minors and considered pitching in Japan. At 30 he was certainly one of sport's ranking traveling men.

FIVE YEARS is a lifetime for a fringe ballplayer. Five years in the major leagues. That is what it takes to become eligible for pension benefits and while most major-league players consider it a milestone, I wonder why. Certainly, at age 50, 125 dollars a month isn't exactly easy street and if you are going to set goals you would naturally set higher ones.

Last summer, though, when it looked as if I were through in the major leagues, I became a little less cynical about the five-year pension. The San Francisco Giants were apparently ready to release me, providing they could not sell or deal me to



Herb Schorfman

Here is a look at an unpublicized side of baseball life, written by a man who has experienced it. Ken MacKenzie is a pitcher who wouldn't dare try to guess today where he'll be working tomorrow. That's part of his story

FRINGE PLAYER

another club. I thought I might stay in Japan and I talked about it with Cookie Lavagetto, a Giant coach.

"Cookie, do you think I ought to go to Japan if I got the chance to play there?" (I had him cornered in his locker needlessly. You don't have to corner Cookie if you want help.)

"Will the Giants let you go?"

"Well, they initiated the conversation with the two men from Japan who are here. I doubt if they would have let me talk to them if they wouldn't let me go."

"Oh, well let's see. That's different." He took off his glasses and scratched his head lustily—enjoyment. Now he could advise for the road was clear. "How much time have you in the big leagues?"

"Right at three years but I don't think that getting five years in the majors is my lifetime ambition."

"What would they pay you?"

"I don't know. We didn't talk salary but they asked about my family—children and ages and stuff, where we lived. They'd supply a home. I assume that I'd make a pretty good salary."

"You wouldn't want to go for peanuts—unless you just wanted to tour the country. You'd have to make a pretty good salary to make it worthwhile. You have three years in the pension; you need two more for five. If you get five in that's worth about \$40,000 to you." (I hadn't considered it that way. \$125 a month for 20 years is 30 and if you let it ride, it would be more than 40—more like 60 probably.) "I think you should try to stay in the big leagues, Mac. You can help some club. Why don't you contact some other clubs? That wouldn't hurt. But, if you go to Japan you probably won't play in the States any more."

The man had said the key words: "You can help some club." You grab for any encouraging flicker. Not many of the fringers ever "quit" the game. Mostly nobody wants them any more and they get released

or traded into oblivion. Until oblivion, though, there's hope in every move. And the moves are many. When Houston bought my contract (conditionally) in the fall of 1964, it became the fourth National League club to own me in 15 months—the fifth in four years. That happens on the fringe. Good ballplayers do not get traded or sold often. Good ballplayers live an entirely different life.

A certain anxiety is always with a fringe player. In spring training, say, when you are making your first overnight trip there is always the burning curiosity to find out who you are going to room with. Who you room with lets you know who the traveling secretary thinks is going to make the club. Invariably, veteran rooms with veteran, rookie with rookie, maybe with maybe.

Crowding into the line at the hotel desk you catch glimpses of the list, get jostled out of view and wedge in again. It gets easier as some men get keys and leave. The more ambitious check for mail and calls. We're only going to be here one night but custom is custom. In three minutes it's over and the lobby is clear. Sometimes. Sometimes it's not over in three minutes for a "fringe." Like last year, when I was with the Giants and I found myself left alone at the desk. I gave the sheet one last look—my name wasn't there.

"I don't see my name on this list. The name is MacKenzie. Ken MacKenzie."

"Are you with the team?" said the clerk.

"I think so. I'm here anyway."

"I mean, are you a player?"

"Yes, I am."

"I'll have to check with Mr. Bergonzi. We don't have you listed. It'll just take a minute."

It took more than a minute, of course, and after a page they presumably found him.

Herb Scharfman



Says MacKenzie: "You grab for any encouraging flicker. Not many of the 'fringers' ever quit the game. Mostly, nobody wants them any more and they get released into oblivion. But until that oblivion, there's hope in every move." He had hope, therefore, when he became a Houston Astro in the fall.

Herb Scharfman



"Yes, here we are," the clerk said on his return. "You're in 316, here's your key."

The next time we stayed overnight was on the way north. This time I hadn't been forgotten—my name was pencilled in at the bottom of the list. This was not important to anyone but me, of course. When you are battling to make a ballclub, details become enormous and the realization that there is even the possibility that you may be an afterthought is discouraging and depressing.

Then, on April 19, before the first road trip of the season, the club distributed aluminum three-suitcase suitcases (they weigh less for air travel). There weren't enough to go around so I didn't get one. (Was the clubhouse man speculating on the eventual make-up of the team?) I had not pitched anything but batting practice since the first week of the spring season. Already I was beginning to feel like the extra—the 26th—man.

For me, the highlight of the first month of the season came on May 3 in Los Angeles. Rain and wet grounds in Chicago had held us up and manager Al Dark called for workouts for 11 o'clock on Friday and Saturday—May 1 and May 2. I pitched 20 minutes of batting practice (this had become almost ritualistic) the first day. The next morning I pitched 20 minutes again—about 100 pitches! I felt good and control was such that a couple of the regulars even asked for breaking stuff. That night, during the middle innings of the game, Dark stopped in front of me on the bench (I had become a relief pitcher who didn't even get to sit in the bullpen!) and asked:

"Can you pitch to Willie Davis?"

"Sure."

"Go down there and start throwing then."

Davis was the third hitter. Our pitching coach, Larry Jansen, asked incredulously: "Does he want you?"

My arm felt good as I loosened up. I didn't get in, though. I warmed up again in the last inning. Again, no call. I didn't get into the game but that was the closest to being useful that I had been in what seemed like ages. Sunday, just before the game, Dark stopped me in the dugout and asked me how I had felt the night before.

"Fine."

"I appreciate it," he said.

"Anytime."

"Well, we don't expect that. I know you've been throwing a lot."

I had hoped they expected more.

By May 4 what was once the "fearsome foursome" (those who hadn't appeared in a game) had boiled away to the "terrible two"—Gaylord Perry and I. I had a definite edge on him. I had warmed up four times (we called them "scares") to his one. So we made a bet (a dinner). Last one in was the stinker—but winner. I won the bet.

I still thought I could pitch for the Giants and certainly, if not for them, for some other team in the

National League. I couldn't complain about not pitching while the club was winning but did Dark have to be so obvious in his handling of favorites? He was going to use Ron Herbel whenever he could make him look good—to get him started—and Billy Pierce. Prejudiced—well, that's the way it was. Jim Duffalo, Perry, and myself were being treated, as my wife Gretchen said, like "minor-leaguers." (Somehow she and I had gotten to thinking of ourselves as "major-leaguers!") If Dark didn't think I could do the job, I thought he ought to get rid of me. (It was just ten days before the "cut"—the day when they would trim the 28-man squad to the final 25-man team. I still hadn't pitched.)

Meanwhile, the relationship at home was getting tenser each day. Instead of overlooking a caustic comment by my wife, I would rebut—ergo, an argument:

"Gretchen, I don't *know* what's happening. I'm just a player (?)."

"Why don't you ask Alvin Dark or Chub Feeney?"

With disgust: "Gretchen, you *know* that they won't tell anybody anything until it happens."

Having friends for dinner or going to friends for dinner was even more difficult. Most of the fellows (friends from school usually) enjoy baseball and are, I would say, pretty knowledgeable about the game. Keeping the conversation away from it was as hard for them as for me. It finally got to the point that I was such bad company that we either ducked or declined invitations.

And there was irritation with the kids. To Kenny, 3½: "Why can't you just have breakfast and be quiet?" To Geoffrey, the younger one: "Geoffrey, don't touch. Geoffrey, get down, *Geoffrey!*" And, in exasperation: "Gretchen, put him in the high chair! Gret, I have to go or I'll get caught in the traffic." (At 10 o'clock?)

Why did I leave so early? Was I afraid someone would take my uniform?

Gretchen's plea—"Find something out" finally prevailed. On May 8 I asked Larry Jansen: "Larry, what do you think they're going to do with me?"

"Ken, I don't know a thing."

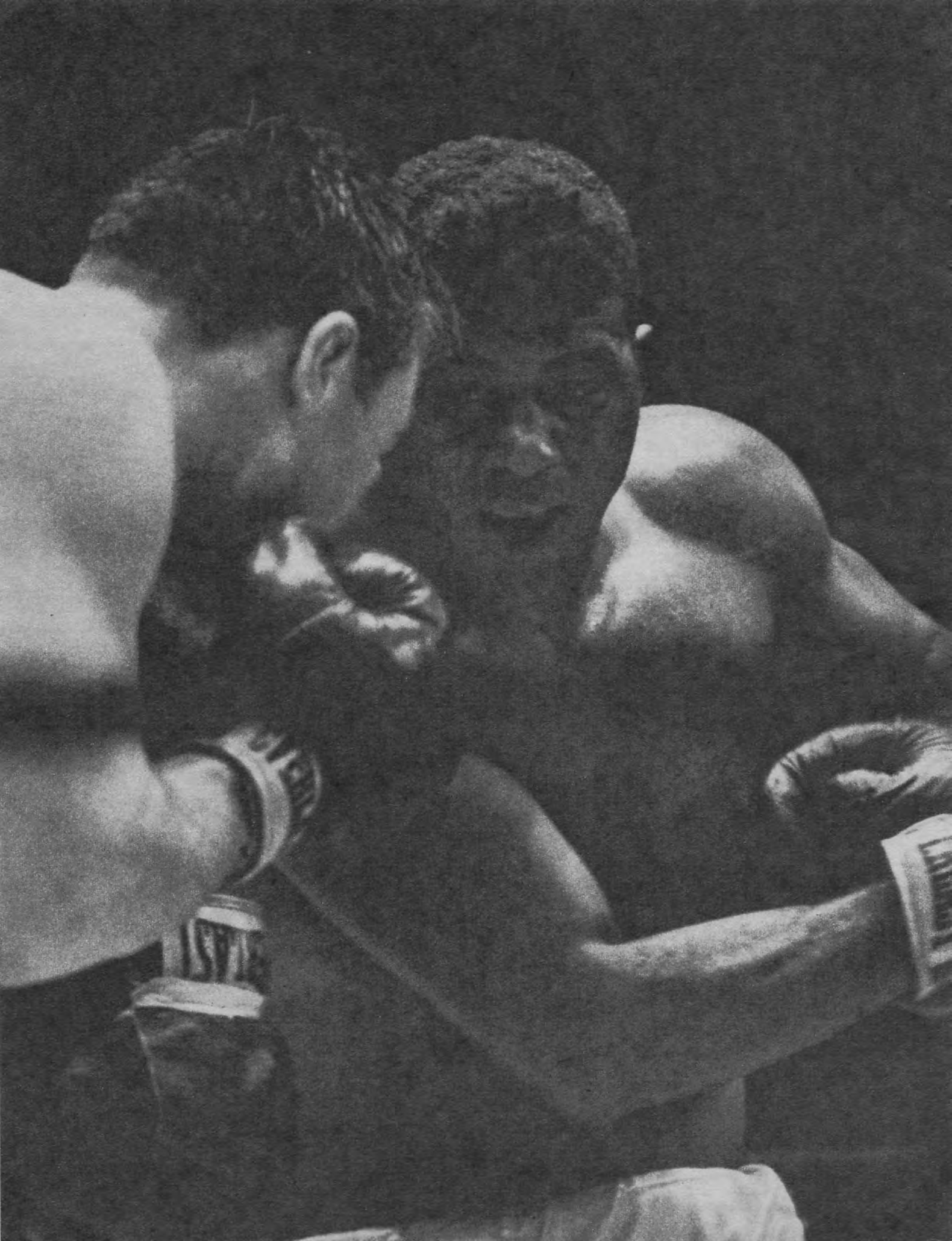
I accepted this as a candidly honest answer.

The next day, Saturday, May 9, I stopped Alvin in the clubhouse. "Al, can I talk with you for a minute?"

"Sure, Ken, come on in the office." How did he know that what I wanted to talk to him about needed to be said in his office, I wondered. I followed him in and closed the door. This would be the first conversation with him since I had dinner with him and Bobby Malkmus in Milwaukee, my first day in the big leagues in May 1960—just four years ago.

"Have a seat," he said.

"I just wanted to take some of the pressure off you," I said. "I realize that I don't fit into your plans but I thought you ought to know how I felt. I don't know what you're going to do with me but I certainly hope you don't want me to go to Tacoma. (→ TO PAGE 83)



Why The Fans Love Floyd Patterson Now

ON FEBRUARY 2, 1965, as Floyd Patterson walked toward Madison Square Garden, people called out to him: "Hiya, Champ." "Way to go, Champ." "You showed them, Champ." Patterson acknowledged it all with his familiar boyish smile. "You're all the way back now," a man said, and Floyd's smile faded; he felt his constant compulsion to be honest with himself and with the man. "Not all the way," said Patterson. "I've come back a long way, but I haven't come back that far yet."

In a sense both men were right. The night before—February 1, 1965—Floyd had won a hard-fought 12-round decision from youthful, powerful George Chuvalo. To most of the 19,100 fans who had jammed the Garden, Patterson *had* come back all the way. All the way from the embarrassment of two first-round knockouts by Sonny Liston. All the way from pity and scorn to renewed respect and admiration.

But to Patterson the comeback will not be at all complete until he can be rightfully called "Champ." This, of course, won't come until he defeats either Cassius Clay or Sonny Liston—whoever holds the heavyweight title Floyd held twice in the period November 1956 to September 1962.

To most observers, the odds against Floyd's regaining his crown again are staggering. Clay is eight years younger than the 30-year-old Patterson and appears to be superior in speed, durability and punching power. As for a Liston-Patterson rematch, past history can't be ignored. Yet if all this is true, it is also true that Floyd will be an overwhelming sentimental favorite no matter whom he fights. Once ridiculed as a "cheese champ" who fought "select setups," Patterson is now viewed as the man who can prolong boxing's precarious life. Clay's loudmouth blatherings and Black Muslim preaching have worn thin and who can look up to Liston when he continues to get in trouble?

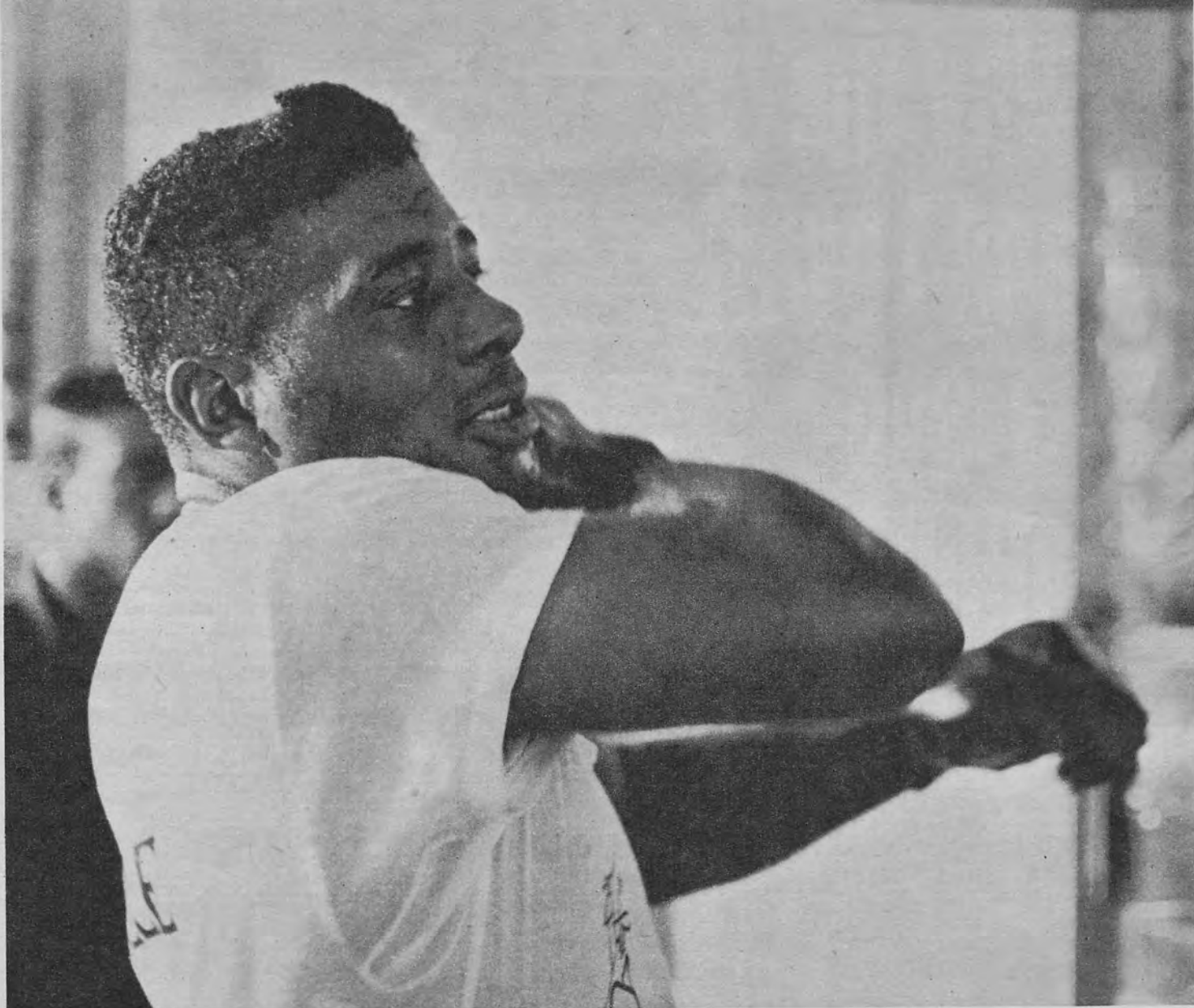
Patterson's appearance in the Garden stirs frenzied interest and Floyd is given credit for reviving boxing. People who once sneered at Floyd's mild, unassuming manner now admire this very quality. Even before the first round against Chuvalo, Floyd has the fans in his corner. Now he must fight to keep them there.

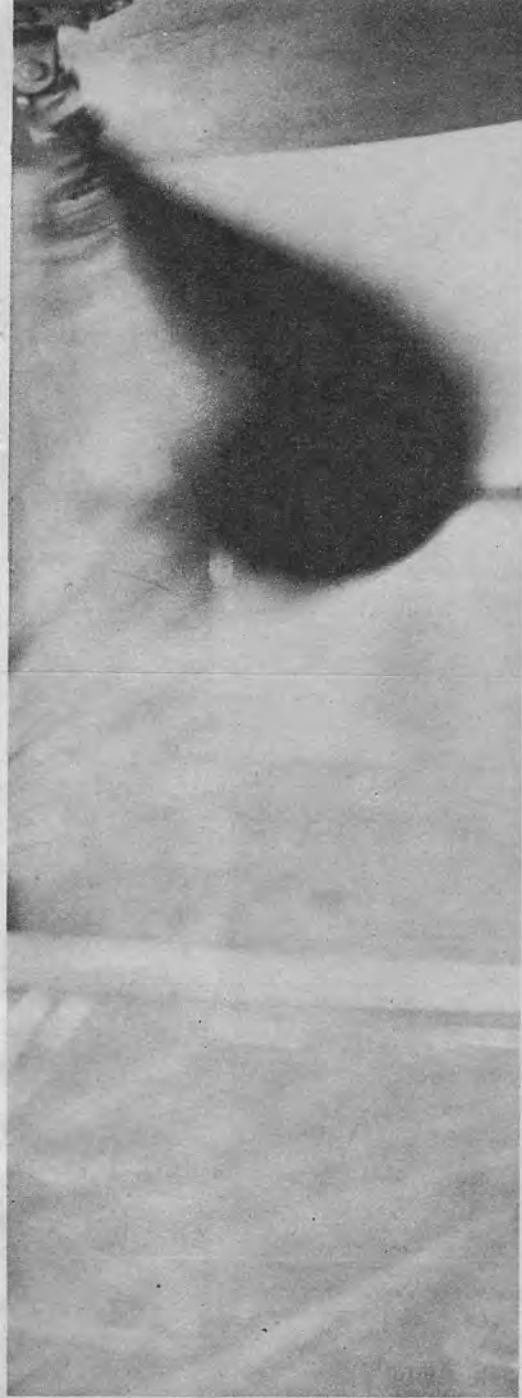


PHOTOS BY
MARVIN E. NEWMAN

Why The Fans Love Floyd Patterson Now

continued





Why do the fans love Floyd Patterson now? For a starter, because he is a warm, sensitive, strong man, and they admire this. They are fed up with the Clays and Listons. They have learned that a true tough man does not have to boast or scowl. True toughness—courage—is Floyd Patterson, beaten twice by Liston, still fighting—not for money (he has enough for a luxurious lifetime) but to prove something. Patterson, the fans have finally realized, has real courage and they love his courage. Moreover, he is now an underdog and the fans traditionally love underdogs. In all, Patterson has become the most popular fighter today.

"Nobody care much about me fighting Sonny Liston," Clay said shortly after Patterson beat Chuvalo. "We both villains.

"Now with the Rabbit," continued Clay, using his pet name for Patterson, "it is entirely different. *Everybody* love Patterson because he got this nice, humble manner and he is so loving and everything. They all going to be cheering him and booing me."

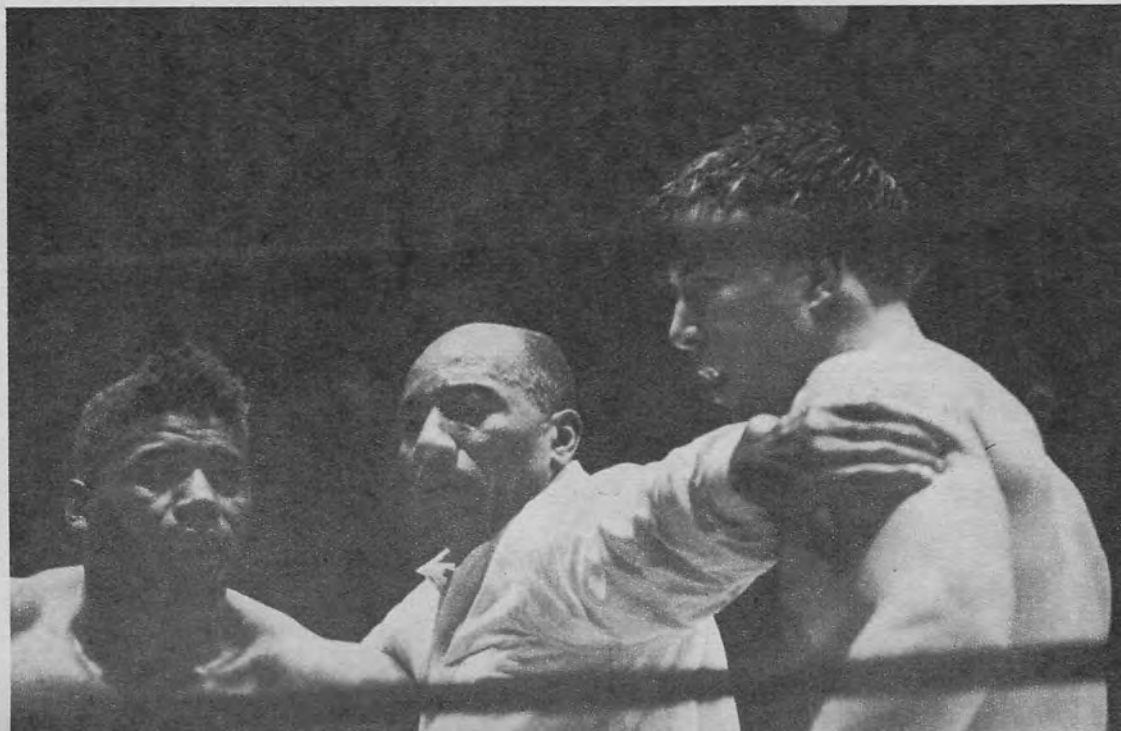
Training diligently against the speed bag, *above*, and the heavy bag, *at right*, Patterson gives no indication that his left hand is injured. After the Chuvalo fight Floyd will reveal that he bruised it training for an earlier fight. It still bothers him, but he doesn't want a postponement. On a "promotion" tour for the fight, Clay, *yelling at far left*, visits Patterson's camp. Cassius comes calling with carrots and cabbage for "the Rabbit" and is noisy as usual. He calls Floyd an "Uncle Tom Negro" and sympathetic fans rally behind Floyd.



Why The Fans Love Floyd Patterson Now continued



Patterson, *left in both photos*, has trained to fight Chuvalo's way—in close. But Floyd finds the Canadian too strong a body-puncher and decides during the fight to strike at long range, *above*. Though the tactic costs Patterson some power and hinders his chances for a knockout, he accumulates many valuable points.



Clay did the color commentary of the Patterson-Chuvalo fight for theatre TV, so he knows full well of Patterson's newly found popularity. As Floyd piled up an early lead in the bruising battle, the roar of the crowd in his behalf built to a crescendo. In the sixth and seventh rounds Floyd was visibly hurt with violent body blows and the crowd moaned. But Patterson refused to go down and he came back strong. In the late rounds the mob began chanting as though Patterson were a football team, not a fighter: "Let's go, Floyd! Let's go, Floyd!"

After the fight, Patterson demonstrated he could be appreciative of the affection as he once had been sensitive to criticism. "That noise was like listening to beautiful music," said Floyd. "To hear those people cheering for me was wonderful. Once I didn't think I'd ever hear it again. Now I want to hear more of it." He will. The fans now love him.



The officials disagree on Patterson's margin of victory, but the decision is still unanimous. Amidst a thunderous roar of approval, Floyd raises his arm in triumph, *above*. Many oldtimers call it the greatest ovation for a fighter in Garden history. In the dressing-room interview, *at right*, Floyd is a gracious winner and says he is astounded by the sellout crowd. And he reveals a little of what has been gnawing at him for years; he asks rhetorically, "I can take a punch now, can't I?"





WAYNE CAUSEY'S LAW OF SURVIVAL

*One fact, above all others, influences
the Kansas City infielder: Sit on the bench
and another man may take away your job*

By WELLS TWOMBLY



ONE EVENING last summer, a Minnesota Twin base-runner with the physique of a young mule came crashing into second base. The force of the ensuing collision all but undressed Wayne Causey, the Kansas City shortstop. A sparse little warrior with a set of permanently gritted teeth, Causey stood his ground. The ball was jarred loose from his glove. The glove was kicked off his hand. His hand was nearly kicked off his arm.

Causey immediately stood upright. He brushed the dust off his golden knickers and retrieved his glove. He waved enthusiastically to Athletics manager Mel McGaha to let him know there would be no need to warm up a substitute.

Biting back the pain, Causey finished the game. In the clubhouse afterward, the A's trainer examined the knot of twisted tendons and bruised blood vessels in Causey's elbow and yelled for a physician.

"Two weeks," said the doctor. "Ten days, if you heal fast."

"Oh, shucks," said Causey, who rarely speaks emphatically, even in emergencies. It wouldn't take anywhere near that long to get well. He'd be back in a week, maybe less. The doctor closed his black bag and shook his head. That would be a medical impossibility. But he didn't know his patient, only his injury.

The quality that sets James Wayne Causey apart from his co-workers is his acute determination to see his name printed in the box score of every game the Athletics play. Having researched the subject thoroughly, the 28-year-old infielder has come to the opinion that tragic things happen to players who malingering on the bench, nursing silly little ailments like a "hyper-extension" of the left elbow.

He has evolved Causey's Law of Survival: "If you're sick, you belong in a hospital. If you're well enough to walk around, then you should be able to play. I'm no big hero. I'm not trying to show anybody up. I just don't want to lose my job because of some little injury. A man has to look ahead."

When you examine the man's case history, you see the towering wisdom of Causey's Law. It's been proven often. For instance, the day

Of Causey, No. 2 at left, Kansas City manager Mel McGaha says, "He's one of those rare, versatile players who can execute whatever the manager orders."

after Causey was mowed down in Minnesota, the A's called up Bert Campaneris, a prodigy they had playing shortstop down on their Southern League plantation at Birmingham. In the first inning of Campaneris' first game, Minnesota's Jim Kaat threw Campaneris a fastball, the only pitch he'd ever seen in the American League. He flogged it 365 feet for a home run. On the bench, Causey thought he could feel the swelling go down in his elbow.

In the seventh inning, Campaneris did it again, sending one of Kaat's curveballs soaring more than 380-feet for another home run. Suddenly, Causey found he could move his arm without a speck of pain. In fact, if manager McGaha wanted a pinch-hitter in the ninth, he'd be available.

The next afternoon Wayne was out taking infield practice. Three days after the injury that was supposed to keep him out for two weeks, he was pinch-hitting. On the fourth day, Causey had muscled back into the starting lineup at third base.

"I couldn't wait any longer," he explained. "When Bert hit those two shots off Kaat, who doesn't give up many home runs, I knew my vacation was over."

Causey qualifies as an international expert on the harm injuries can do a career. When the Baltimore Orioles turned him over to Kansas City before the 1961 season, he was regarded strictly as a utility infielder, a victim of baseball's caste system that says once an athlete is typed he can rise no higher. But Causey scored a break-through, because somebody else got hurt.

When the regular man broke down halfway through the 1961 campaign, Hank Bauer, then Kansas City's manager, called Causey in and told him third base was his until he stopped hitting. He batted .276.

He stayed on the job right through the start of the following season. Then somebody hit an easy roller straight at him. Admittedly trying to make a snap play look incredible, Causey leaped at the ball head first, jamming his shoulder. Figuring that he had been playing well, he decided he could afford some time off. He figured wrong. He never got back to third base.

Kansas City had picked up Ed Charles from Milwaukee in a trade and when Causey at last announced that he was cured, his vacancy had been filled. The situation impressed him greatly.

Eventually, fate snuggled up to Causey again. This time he'd formulated his Law. The first week of the 1963 schedule, shortstop Dick Howser took an enthusiastic cut in batting practice, missed the ball and tore loose a rib cartilage. By the time Howser healed, Causey was a fully accredited major-league shortstop and he was hitting .386. "Right then I decided that they would have to shoot me full of bullets to take the job away from me," he says.

Causey hit .400 in April and .378 in May. Then along came June and he ran dry, batting only .215. The hot streak was about as close as James Wayne Causey, oldest son of a Louisiana warehouse keeper, has ever come to being a celebrity, a condition which his manager personally deploras.

"To read the papers you wouldn't even know there was such a guy as Wayne Causey. And it's a pity, because he's one of the smartest hitters in the league," says McGaha. "He's one of those rare, versatile players who can execute whatever the manager orders. He's basically a line-drive hitter, although occasion-

ally he'll give you the long ball. He's a good bunter and the best hit-and-run man on the club."

It is astonishing that Causey has been so neglected by the nation's press. Even during that hot streak, he received only a pint or two of ink. Despite the June slump in 1963, he managed a .280 average, the gaudiest figure on the Kansas City roster. Only one other American League shortstop—Los Angeles' Jim Fregosi (.287)—outhit him. Last summer, Causey's .281 average was again the highest recorded by any Kansas City employee. And again, only one other shortstop, Boston's Ed Bressoud at .293, did better.

There are a number of valid reasons why Causey is probably the most anonymous star in baseball. They have nothing to do with his athletic ability.

Kansas City baseball writer Joe McGuff describes Causey this way: "Wayne doesn't hit home runs, he doesn't talk behind the manager's back, he doesn't slug sportswriters and he's a dedicated family man who wouldn't go out after curfew unless his hotel room was on fire."

Causey comes from Monroe, Louisiana, a bustling little northeastern Louisiana community of 52,000 souls that proudly identifies itself as the "Natural Gas Capitol of the World." He never had a permanent home elsewhere until this spring when he decided to move to Kansas City to take advantage of the better business opportunities in the big city. He married the former Patsy Dean from nearby Farmersville, Louisiana, less than a year after he graduated from Neville High School and accepted a \$30,000 bonus from the Baltimore Orioles.

Causey went straight from high school to the Orioles. That was ten years ago. "Heck, I was just 18 and I had no business being where I was," Causey says. "It almost ruined me for good. I was 5-10 and I weighed 170. But you couldn't convince me that I wasn't the new 'Baby Ruth.' Oh, I swung from the tops of my shoe laces at every pitch."

Just as soon as it was legally permissible, the Orioles packed Causey off to the minors to learn his profession. Eventually the word filtered down that Paul Richards no longer felt that he could make it as a first-rate major-league ballplayer. At one time, Baltimore even asked him to try pitching.

Causey ran a hand through his thick blond crew-cut and allowed as how he'd give it a shot. He went to Puerto Rico with the Miami club of the International League one spring day and shut out an Air Force team on three hits. A couple of days later he was sent to Vancouver to be re-converted into a shortstop.

About that time Causey began to get the first hazy glimmers of his Law of Survival. He'd been attending Northeast Louisiana State College in the off-season, one semester a year, figuring he might coach one day. Now it struck him that sports constitute a very uncertain field of endeavor. So he quickly switched to something solid—accounting.

"When I can't play anymore I want to be an eight-to-five, grey-flannel suit businessman. I owe it to my wife and my little boy and girl to be home," he says, gritting those teeth. "I'm making my plans now. I've seen too many guys quit baseball and not know what they're going to do with the rest of their lives. It won't happen to me."

No, indeed, it won't. Causey's Law of Survival forbids it.

The Making Of A Pro Football Hero

The Jets needed an attraction and Wahoo McDaniel, a good but not great linebacker, said he would become one. The campaign worked

By Jerry Izenberg

ON THE FLOODLIT night of September 12, 1964, the good life wrapped its fickle arms around Wahoo McDaniel's delicate 248-pound body right in the middle of the first football game ever played in Shea Stadium. It tip-toed up to him to the accompaniment of 52,000 voices. It whispered sweet nothings into his shell-like linebacker's ears even as the chant, "Wahoo . . . Wahoo . . . Wahoo" echoed again and again and again across the big ballpark. When they finally chronicle the season-by-season history of New York's American Football League franchise, they will be surprised to learn that in the year BN (Before Namath), the Jets did, indeed, have a hero.

He was an unlikely candidate. Wahoo McDaniel neither throws nor catches the football. He is a linebacker. Moreover, he is not the best linebacker in the league and nobody pretends he is. The Jets were his fourth professional team in four professional years. But he does possess a flair for the dramatic, a fiery temper and, most important of all, an uncanny appreciation for the printed word and a desire to contribute as much as possible to its place in the rise of Wahoo McDaniel.

He had come to the Jets in the winter of 1964 in a five-for-four deal with Denver. Wahoo, the smart money said, had a reputation of being World War III against ball-carriers. But he also had a reputation of being a fight between two fleas against pass-receivers.





Wahoo and his Indian feathers draw big on the wrestling circuit. Wahoo also wears the feathers for award presentations, *above*.

Still, on September 12, 1964, Ed Wahoo McDaniel became a hero. On the first play of the game, he tackled a Denver ball-carrier named Charley Mitchell and the announcer said "Tackle by Wahoo McDaniel." He said it again and again. Then he said, simply: "Tackle by Wahoo," and people started to shout like it was the Great Auburn Prison riot. He did it again. He did it again and you would have thought he were Jonas Salk, holding up a test tube. By the second half, the public address announcer was saying:

"Tackle by guess who?"

"Wahoo," the natives rumbled, "Wahoo."

To understand the magnitude of what happened that night, you have to go back to what had happened before. The team had been called the Titans and the only thing people knew about them was that they played in the Polo Grounds where, among other things, the clubhouse toilet leaked and they were owned by Harry Wismer. Collectively and individually, the Titans had generated all the emotional star appeal of Calvin Coolidge with laryngitis. A year after Sonny Werblin acquired them, they moved into Shea Stadium and the Jet Set was still looking for someone to cling to.

Meanwhile, back in Odessa, Texas, in a place called

Antler's Motel, Ed Wahoo McDaniel was stretched out on the bed, thinking terrible thoughts about a man named Calvin Kunz, Jr., and another, who called himself The Sheik.

When he is not playing football, Wahoo McDaniel is a wrestler and on this particular night he was supposed to wrestle The Sheik, a creature looked upon in some quarters as the essence of evil. It is not clear whether Wahoo was really thinking terrible things about The Sheik but wrestling being what it is, we will have to take his word for this. At any rate, it may be safely said that he was not thinking with Christian charity about Mr. Kunz.

Calvin Kunz was the president of the Denver Broncos, who at that time held the chattel mortgage on Wahoo's football soul, and he and Wahoo McDaniel were very far apart. To be specific, they were five grand apart, which is the figure Wahoo had hoped to add to his contract.

"Give me the dough," Wahoo had advised head coach Jack Faulkner, "or get rid of me."

"We'll see what we can do," Faulkner had told him. He did not make clear which half of the request he was considering. But just as Wahoo mentally had banged Cal Kunz, Jr. and The Sheik together for

the third time, the phone rang and it was Jack Faulkner telling Wahoo that he was going to make him very happy. He was going to send him to the Jets.

Weeb Ewbank, the Jets' coach, wanted Wahoo. Weeb remembered an incident involving Wahoo, an incident that occurred in 1960, when Ewbank was coaching the Baltimore Colts. Baltimore received the opening kickoff against the Dallas Cowboys and the ball lofted deep towards the goal in a lazy trajectory where a fellow named Scooter Scudero was waiting to catch it.

Scooter Scudero was a marvelously elusive returner of kicks. On this particular play he made a great amount of yardage. He made ten yards straight ahead and ten yards straight up and ten yards straight down and exit, Scooter Scudero. He had been knocked into the middle of next Thursday by a big, tough rookie named Wahoo McDaniel. It was, perhaps, the hardest Scooter Scudero had ever been hit. It may have been the hardest Wahoo McDaniel had ever hit. At least it was the first time Wahoo McDaniel had ever dislocated his shoulder while making a tackle.

Dallas had no use for Wahoo with a dislocated shoulder. Dallas cut him but Weeb Ewbank remembered that tackle and four years later, as coach of the Jets, he greeted Wahoo McDaniel expansively.

Wahoo brought a colorful background to the Jets. He was born in Oklahoma 27 years ago. His father, a Choctaw Indian named Hugh, was known as Big Wahoo. When little Wahoo and his two sisters were in grammar school, the family moved to Midland, Texas, which was just then beginning to feel the effects of one of America's biggest oil booms.

This was in 1947 and shortly after they got there, Mrs. McDaniel scrubbed little Wahoo up and sent him off to Cowder Junior High School. He was short and chubby and dark and the first day in class a kid pushed him and called him Pancho.

Now if you're looking for the easy life, you have to figure that one of the things not to be is an American Indian. Another one, in certain parts of the Southwest, is a Mexican-American. And when a bunch of kids decide you are a Mexican-Indian, then if you are short and chubby and alone, you can be in a hell of a lot of trouble. That's when the fights started.

"Nobody ever whipped me," Wahoo recalls," but a lot of kids tried. The next year, they let me play football. Then a lot of kids stopped trying."

Wahoo McDaniel was a defensive tackle in the eighth grade and a lot of kids who used to call him names were ball-carriers and before the season was very old a lot of beautiful friendships were established on the bottom of those pileups.

It was much the same at Midland High but a funny thing happened to Wahoo on his way to a war with the world. He lost his appendix and his tonsils in the same year. Suddenly, free of a variety of childhood illnesses, he began to grow. He went from 135 pounds to 185 in one year. By his senior season he weighed 205 pounds and played fullback. He was the biggest high-school back in the state of Texas and some people said the best. He led the state in ground gained and points scored.

After sifting through 60 scholarship offers, Wahoo McDaniel narrowed the field to (→ TO PAGE 95)

Martin Blumenthal

As a linebacker Wahoo, No. 54, is at his best tackling ball-carriers. He received credit for a great many tackles in the Jets' home ballpark last season, including some he didn't make. The fans loved every gimmick used to build up the new hero, however.



*"I know that choke is a dirty word any time you get around athletes,"
says golf's outspoken star. "You don't talk about it in the dugout or clubhouse.
But it's a fact of life that everybody at one time or another chokes."*

ATHLETES DO CHOKE



By TONY LEMA

with Murray Olderman

UP

WHEN I SIGHTED down the long tenth fairway at Brookline Country Club two summers ago and then whipped a drive, long and true, that cut it right down the middle, I knew right then that Mama Lema's little boy Tony was going to be the National Open champion.

We were starting the back nine on the last grueling day of the U.S. Open—the most prestigious tournament in golf—and I was in good position, only one stroke behind young Jackie Cupit, the leader. Such a spot is to a golfer what the World Series' seventh game is to a baseball player, what the 15th round of a heavyweight championship bout is to a prizefighter. The top. Win the U.S. Open and (→ TO PAGE 104)



the awakening of Lou Brock

*A bust with the Cubs, he came to the Cardinals
and began to star. "Without Lou," says one teammate,
"we might have made sixth—if we were lucky"*

By George Vecsey

THE MADNESS in Busch Stadium meant the same thing to all the men in the red and white uniforms. It meant they had just won the National League pennant after a desperate rally and it meant that the entire city of St. Louis was pouring down over the ramparts to maul them out of love.

All the other Cardinals had reached the dugout, minus a cap or crumpled from the crush, when Louis Clark Brock fought his way into the vicinity. He had been delayed by the youths who had jumped out of the left-field grandstand.

For Brock, the delay was a blessing. It gave him time to think.

"I could see all of them in the dugout," he recalls. "Four months before, I wasn't even on this club. Then we won the pennant and I hit .348 for them. I wanted to go down the steps and join them. The dugout was on my right but I kept walking to my left.

"I always try to put things together in a split second. I remember saying to myself: 'You showed them. You showed yourself. Now you belong.'"

The feeling of belonging was important to Brock. Four months earlier he had arrived in the St. Louis clubhouse from the Chicago Cubs and had felt the searching gaze of four dozen eyes whenever his back was turned.

Brock, 25, had joined a team that had almost won

the 1963 pennant and was in the process of not winning the 1964 pennant. He had been obtained—at the price of a capable starting pitcher, Ernie Broglio—to plug up the left-field hole that had been filled only periodically since Stan Musial slipped first into middle age, then into retirement.

But he had brought only potential with him from Chicago, and a .251 batting average, and a reputation as a sloppy outfielder, and a belief that he wasn't really the man the Cardinals wanted.

"They needed a lift," Brock says. "I had a history of not being able to help anybody. I think the ballplayers felt this. Nobody said anything to me but I could feel it. I used to wonder out loud if I would help them. Later, when we won the pennant, a lot of guys came up to me and said they had wondered the same thing. I give them credit for being able to admit it."

By then, the Cardinals were glad to admit it. They had won a pennant and then a World Series and the checks for \$8622.19 were as beautiful as they were unexpected. The Cardinals had seen Lou Brock steal 33 of his 43 bases after June 15, drive in 44 of his 58 runs, raise his batting average from .251 to .315.

"Without Lou," says first-baseman Bill White, "we might have made sixth—if we were lucky."

"They weren't in first when I got here," Brock says.





The Man who had played left field before Brock said it so many times it became automatic. "We finally got ourselves a leftfielder," Stan Musial said during September and October.

And manager John Keane, after he had switched from the Cards to the Yankees last fall, summed it up: "A lot of fellows had good years, or parts of good years. But from June 15 on, it was him. In the long haul, it was Lou Brock."

Lou Brock, a man with an urge to belong, has felt the urge from his growing-up days in Louisiana. As a boy he stepped with awe in the shadow of older fellows; as a 22-year-old making his major-league debut, he was in awe of the established players.

"I still can't swim," he volunteered one day last winter as he stared down at the metallic green Chicago River. "I used to hang around the big guys down home. I was the youngest, the smallest. When they went swimming, I'd stay in the shallow part. I wasn't going to get caught out there with the big guys."

When Brock tried out with the Cubs in 1959 and 1960, before signing in 1961 for a \$30,000 bonus, Chicago's Ernie Banks was one of the "big guys" of baseball. When Brock would take his swings, he would find the giddy Mr. Banks trailing him around the batting cage.

"You've really got it," Banks would announce. "You're going to hit .400 in the minor leagues and come back to the Cubbies—because you've really got it."

Brock took Banks seriously. He hit .361 at St. Cloud in 1961 and rejoined the Cubs late that season. "Ernie said that wasn't bad at all," Brock recalled.

Banks is the Pollyanna of baseball; his vision is rose-colored. "Ernie was my roommate for two years," Brock said. "He was real good for me. I used to worry about how good the pitchers were. He told me never to think that way. He said I should go to bed every

Brock, sliding left, always had speed. He did not make the most of it, though, until 1964. He stole a league-leading 43 bases during the season, 33 of them in his four months with the Cardinals.

SPORT

night thinking I could hit everybody. I used to fall asleep at night with Ernie asking me if I could hit Koufax, Drysdale, Podres. . . . I'd keep saying yes until I fell asleep."

Another of baseball's "big guys" who had long awed Brock was Musial. Brock in fact had grown up imitating Musial's strange batting stance. Then, late in 1961, Brock was playing center field for the Cubs and that strange stance was batting for the Cardinals. "Stan hit a line drive to me," Brock says. "I caught it and all I wanted to do was run away with the ball. That's how much it meant to me."

The Cubs were hoping that Brock would take his place with Banks and Musial before long. They saw the power and the speed of his 5-11, 170-pound body and decided to make him a major-leaguer, whether he was ready or not. This happened in 1962, Brock's second year as a professional ballplayer.

"The major leagues," Brock says in the eager tone of Ernie Banks. "The maaaaa-jor leagues. I thought I wasn't ready. When they kept me with the Cubs in 1962, I asked myself why they kept me. What am I doing here? I realize now I had the wrong attitude.

"It was both a blessing and a curse. I was learning with the best—but I was competing with the best. I didn't think I belonged. I let it hold me back."

The funny thing was, it didn't show. Conservatively well-dressed off the field, composed on the field, smiling quietly, speaking well with reporters, a Ray Charles album in his locker, laughing at Ernie Banks' comic routine, Brock looked like a young man about to grab a baseball by the stitches.

"Butterflies," he recalls. "I tried to laugh, that was my way not to show it. I kept wondering when they'd

find out about me, when they'd send me back."

His fielding didn't make him secure. The fans who sat above the ivy in Wrigley Field's bleachers called him "Brock, as in Rock." He overran groundballs and misplayed flyballs. He threw to the wrong base and juggled balls when he reached them.

Philadelphia manager Gene Mauch got on Brock right away. "He double-dribbles everything out there," Mauch said.

"He was trying to get me to think about my fielding," Brock says. "Then I'd really be in trouble. I understood what he was doing—but I thought about it anyway. I was afraid of getting tagged in the majors. Once they tag you, you never lose it. And I couldn't catch a grounder my first year—even a fly."

Right field in Wrigley Field faces the sun and the Cubs play only day games there. The Windy City's wind is almost as persistent and treacherous as San Francisco's. "I never really felt comfortable there," Brock said. "I always seemed to be doing something wrong."

"He was not a good outfielder in Chicago," says Bing Devine, who, as Cardinal general manager, traded for Brock last year. "He made a lot of mistakes. But he was under a lot of pressure out there. He was young and everybody was saying how great he'd be. Besides, I've never seen anybody play right field in Wrigley Field very well. It's a very tough field."

The sun and the wind didn't bother Brock on the bases, but "Brock, as in Rock" followed him there. He ran at the wrong time and his techniques weren't good. Brock's speed rates with Maury Wills and Willie Davis but he didn't do much. (→ TO PAGE 101)

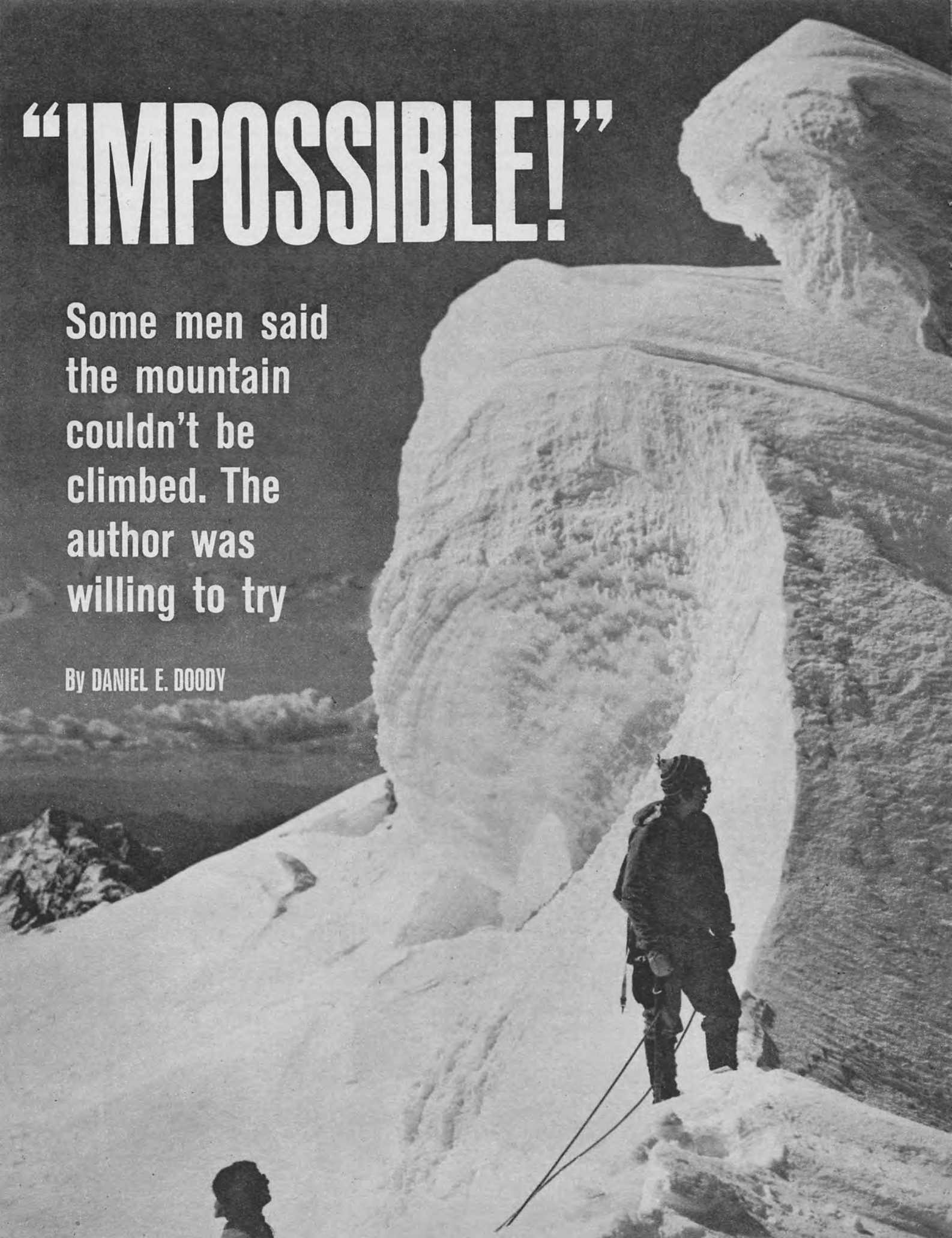
During the locker-room chaos, at right, after the Cardinals clinched the pennant, Brock, in sweatshirt, took active part in the fun. There was fun all year around the Cards, says Lou. "This," says Lou, "was the loosest team ever."




"IMPOSSIBLE!"

Some men said
the mountain
couldn't be
climbed. The
author was
willing to try

By DANIEL E. DOODY





The 20,300-foot summit of Copa is just a tiny pyramid of snow—typical of the Peruvian Andes. It was so small the members of the North American Andean Expedition had to take turns going to the top. Making matters worse, the last 100 feet was a dangerous knife-edged ridge of powder snow which might slip off at any minute, carrying anyone on it 3000 feet to the glacier below. I had to stop and think for a moment—what was I doing on it!

Well, less than a month before I had been punching a time clock in an eastern aero-space company, a ritual I began to despise. I grew tired of the white shirt and tie routine: a clock telling me when to work, when to eat, and when to go home; stacks of papers and lists of rules dictating what I did and how. I longed for freedom, the chance to pit myself against nature instead of an obstinate boss.

Talking with mountain-climbing friends, I found others who wished a break from conformity. They had already started planning an expedition which they invited me to join. Oddly, our group was scattered all over the country. One member, John Kendall, was even living in Rome. His brother Henry was in Boston, I was in Connecticut, Hank Abrons in New York and the remainder were Californians. Leigh Ortenburger, his wife Irene; Herb Hultgren, our doctor; and Graham Matthews, all live in the Bay Area. From Southern California came Tom Frost and Dorene Del Fium.

Thus spread out, early planning and preparation required a tremendous amount of correspondence. In addition to letters between team members, many of us were writing to manufacturers asking for donations or discounts. At times it seemed as though the expedition might be buried under an avalanche of paper. What a paradox—the road to freedom seemed to be paved with paperwork and red tape, the very things we wanted to escape.

But slowly, at times almost imperceptibly, progress was made. Food, clothing and equipment were assembled through donations and purchases. It was a close race and when the boat left New York, not everything was on it. The remainder went as air freight or was carried as personal baggage.

Customs officers couldn't quite understand Dorene carrying almost 50 packages of sauce mix. Finally all the equipment arrived in Lima.

But in Peru we were bogged down in further red-tape. A non-yielding customs officer stood between us and our equipment. Graham, veteran of five previous Peruvian expeditions, got stuck with the job of clearing customs. Day after day he fought, wrangled, pleaded, and patiently waited for the necessary signatures. For awhile it looked like there was no real freedom. Then a bond was posted guaranteeing we'd take all the equipment back to the States and customs was cleared. The remainder of the food was bought, and transportation arranged to truck everything to Huaraz, 250 miles northeast of Lima.

Huaraz is a warmly inviting town with extremely narrow streets. From the main plaza, unequaled views of the jagged snow-capped peaks could be enjoyed indefinitely. But we had much work to do if we were ever to set foot on that scenic snow.

The courtyard of the Suprefectivo's office looked like a bazaar as we spread out and sorted our food and equipment. We packed what would be needed for the two summits we would climb, Copa and Palcaraju, in duffel bags for transport by burros. The rest was stored until it would be needed later in the summer (actually winter, this being the southern hemisphere, but it is also the "dry" season when the weather is more stable and conditions are better suited for climbing.)

Final agreements had to be reached with our porters concerning equipment and wages (less than three dollars a day). Also there were a lot of little things to buy, transportation to arrange, and checks to cash before we could get started. These details threatened to delay us for days but thanks to Juan Manuel Ramirés and Teofanes Martel (if it's available in Huaraz, they'll get it) we were soon on our way.

We loaded our gear in Senor Martel's truck for the hour drive to the end of the road at Vicos. There our gear was loaded on burros. A job which our porters and arriero ("mule skinner") didn't do too well, resulting in our frequently being confronted by burros with loads under their bellies instead of on their backs. (It's amazing how quickly a



The party's goal, the summit of Palcaraju, could be seen from Camp II, *at right*, at about 17,500 feet in the Peruvian Andes. From there to the top, the climb was painstakingly slow and precarious for the most part: chop and move, chop and move. Author Dan Doody is standing on the upper ridge of Palcaraju, *above*.



bunch of "gringo" climbers can learn to re-load burros). Eventually the burros made it to our base-camp and a few days later we climbed to the summit of Copa.

After returning to Vicos we headed into Quebrada Honda, preparatory to our attack on Palcaraju. Although "Quebrada" is translated as "valley," about the only American valley which resembles the ruggedness of these quebradas is Yosemite.

We had agreed to start at eight, but in true Peruvian style it was ten before the arriero started loading the burros.

It took us two days to go the 20 miles to the site chosen for our basecamp. The views were utterly spectacular! The upper end of the quebrada is a true valley about a half mile to a mile in width and several miles long. Surrounding it are snow-capped peaks of 18,000 to 20,000 feet, at least one of which has never been climbed.

Burros carried our gear up a side quebrada to the edge of the glacier and the beginning of the climbing. Here our porters took over. It was early in the expedition and they were eager to make a show of strength. They each carried loads weighing more than 100 pounds up the lateral moraine to the site chosen for our advanced basecamp.

There our attention focused upon the miles of snow and ice which separated us from Palcaraju's summit some 5000 feet above.

Leigh, Henry and I set off early the next morning with Fortunato, one of our porters, to find a safe route through the maze of crevasses which netted the lower glacier. By noon we had reached a point, about 1,700 feet up, where we were confronted with a huge ice wall which bisected the entire glacier.

We had been concerned with this wall from the very start. And rightly so, for now we spent hours unsuccessfully trying to find a weakness in this 50 to 100 foot obstacle blocking us from the upper portion of the glacier.

Henry and I decided to push up a route regardless of the difficulty because this wall had to be surmounted if we were ever to reach the summit. Henry had spotted a potential route, so we flipped a coin. I won (or lost) and led off across a huge crevasse on treacherously thin snow bridges. Somehow managing to get across safely, I began to climb a snow ramp which led to the overhanging upper lip of the ice wall. Then I ran out of rope.

Henry started up with more rope. He had gone but ten feet when a snow bridge collapsed beneath his weight. Fortunately he felt the bridge going and rammed his ice ax into the solid snow ahead. This stopped his fall.

"These bridges are no damn good!" he yelled, hanging half above and half below the collapsed bridge. "Give me a good belay and let me get the hell out of here."

Slowly, Henry half crawled, half climbed to safety, or so he thought. Pushing his ax into the snow where he was standing, he found it too was only a thin bridge.

"Doody, you're nuts! This route is no damn good!" I agreed with him, as did Leigh who had just arrived to tell us he thought he had found a feasible route.

Since it was getting late we picked a camp site and sent the porters down. Above here we would be on

our own. The porters wished us luck, but looking at the ice wall they shook their heads: "Impossible!"

The next day Leigh and I set out to try his route. Just to be safe Hank and Irene went to try a second while Henry, John and Tom tried yet another. This left Herb and Graham in camp melting snow and drying sleeping bags that were damp with condensation.

Leigh did a fine job leading his route, first crossing a jumbled mass of ice blocks precariously perched on top of a big crevasse. Then we entered a blue grotto between the main ice wall and two seracs or ice towers which had separated from the main glacier. Between these two seracs was a crack or chimney about three feet wide. Slowly Leigh chopped steps up the near vertical ice wall of one serac and in some places he straddled the void between the two. It took Leigh over an hour to climb less than 100 feet.

Above, the going was much easier and after another hour we stopped for lunch. While eating our meat bars, dried fruit, cheese and chocolate we were joined by Henry, John and Tom. They too had pushed a route up, but they didn't feel it was very safe.

After lunch, the five of us continued for another thousand vertical feet, at which point we could see the route almost all the way to the summit. Feeling confident it would "go," we returned to camp.

The stage was set for our summit bid and we were up at 2 a.m. to play our parts. Breakfast finished and final preparations made, we were climbing by 3:30. The ice chimney was climbed amid shouts, flashing of headlamps, and unprintable oaths of frustration.

Once above this rather difficult pitch, the world of silence was broken only by the crunching sound of our crampons biting into the frozen snow underfoot. Headlamps lit yesterday's footsteps but everything else was darkness.

Just at dawn we stopped for a bit to eat. We couldn't drink because our canteens were already frozen. The sun began rising as we pushed on, cold from the inactivity.

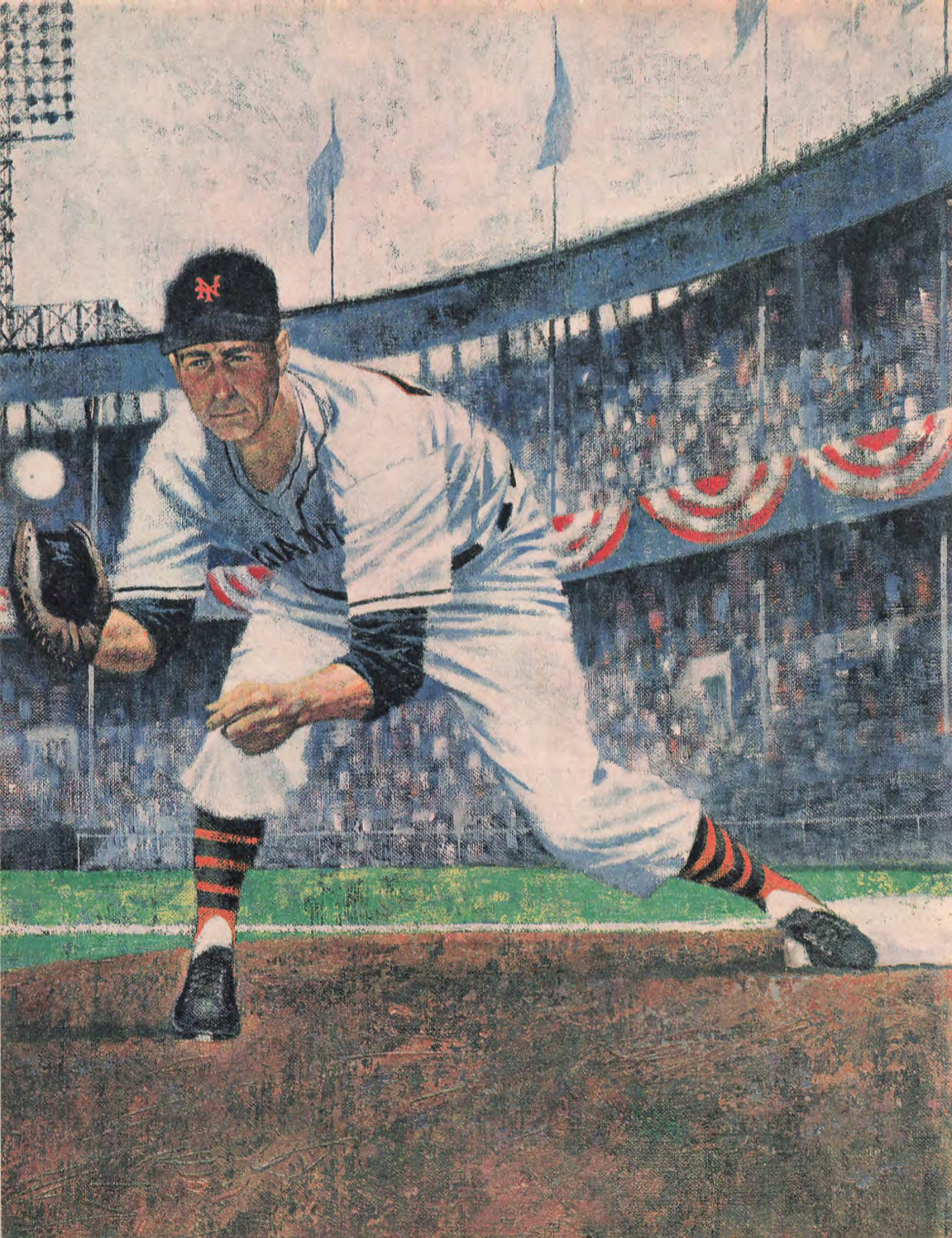
We progressed quite rapidly and our plan was to "simply stroll" to the saddle between Palcaraju's main summit and the lower east peak. From there we would follow the ridge to the summit.

Or so we thought! Palcaraju had defeated several previous parties and didn't intend to let us stroll to the summit. The "easy" snow saddle had huge cornices overhanging the ridge. It would be impossible to gain the crest without burrowing through several feet of overhanging snow. Not a very inviting task!

Hank and Irene went far out to the east to find a break in the cornices but found none. Tom, John, and Henry investigated the ridge on the opposite side of the peak. Again no luck.

In the meantime Leigh and I had decided to try to push a route directly up the discouragingly difficult northeast face. The face is separated from the glacier by a large crevasse or bergschrund which forms a moat in the mountain's defenses. We picked out the most feasible route, although the bottom of it was vertical. Hacking away at the vertical snow I found it was crumbly or "rotten." At any moment the whole mass could collapse and whoever was on it would fall 100 feet. An unnerving thought, but fortunately the steps held and the main portion of the face was gained.

The entire face was fluted or grooved. The flutes were about six feet wide with a curvature of two feet between the outer ridges and the (→ TO PAGE 96)



SPORT'S HALL OF FAME

BILL TERRY

The Strong-Willed Giant

BILL TERRY CAME to New York in 1922, more intent on making money than friends. He succeeded. Once a poor boy from Georgia, Terry earned nearly a half-million dollars as a player and manager for the New York Giants. He left New York in 1943, much to the regret of Brooklyn Dodger fans and many non-partisan sportswriters. They regretted that Terry hadn't left much sooner—on a rail and dressed in tar and feathers.

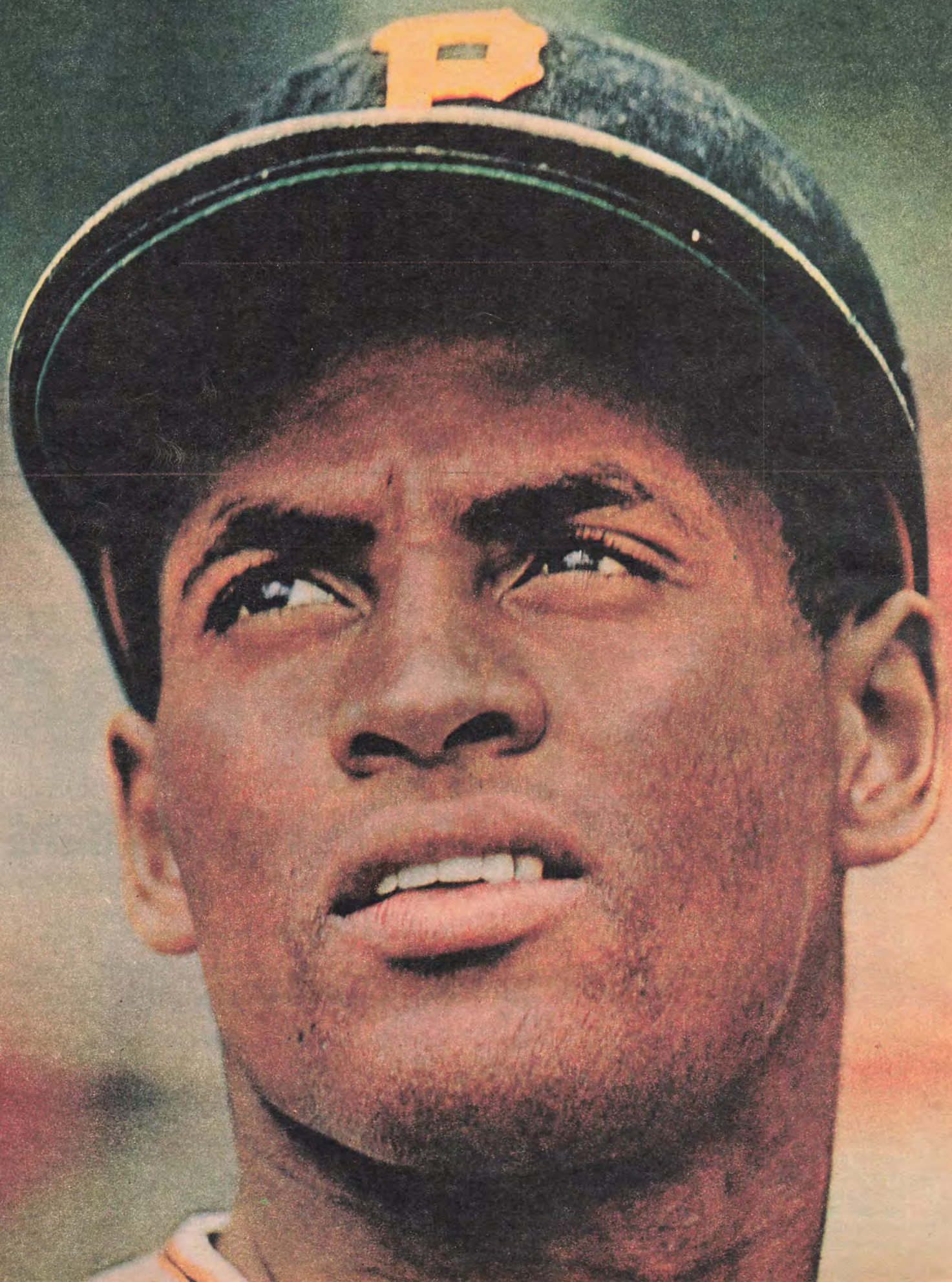
Born near Atlanta, Terry grew up in a broken home, was a school drop-out at 13, a husband at 18 and a family man soon after. "When I was 15," Terry once said, "I was doing a man's work. I unloaded freight cars, throwing sacks of flour into trucks at the railroad yards in Atlanta." His experiences made him grim, almost bitter. They also made him hungry.

When Terry finally got the chance to escape poverty and play baseball in the major leagues, he hardly considered Giant owner Horace Stoneham his benefactor. Stoneham may have been the boss, but to Terry he was just another obstacle in the road to fortune. From the beginning Terry would hold out for a larger salary. One year he didn't sign until the season began and manager John McGraw decided it was time to teach the brash youngster a lesson. In a game against Boston, with the score tied in the ninth and two out, McGraw sent Terry up (—→ TO PAGE 93)

*Hardened by a rugged childhood,
Terry was cocky and uncompromising. He
seemed to thrive on controversy*

By Gordon Forbes

Illustrated by Dean Ellis



ROBERTO CLEMENTE

Man Of Paradox

The Pirates' prize outfielder, who, says the writer, is perhaps the finest player alive, continually puzzles people. The puzzles are thoughtfully and provocatively examined here

By Arnold Hano



It was a good year, 1964.

For the second time in four years, Roberto Walker Clemente was the National League's leading hitter for average, batting .339. He'd hung tough while Willie Mays and Billy Williams threatened to tear the league apart, he'd passed them both with 2½ months to go, and he held on. In racing parlance, he won in hand.

Thirty years old and the league's finest hitter. Over the past five years, Roberto Clemente batted slightly over .328. To keep matters in perspective, over the same years, Hank Aaron hit .314. That's how good Clemente is.

And so he spoke from a pinnacle at the end of the 1964 season. He was 30 years old, with ten years in the majors behind him. Looking ahead, he pictured another ten years "at full speed." Then, he said, if he needed the money or felt he just had to play some more, "I would go three, four more years, slowed down a little." Baseball was in his blood. When he was finally through, he would coach or manage down in Puerto Rico, his home.

He was earning slightly over \$50,000 a year in salary,

plus a few extra dollars in testimonials and the like. Not too much extra, because Clemente is Latin and Clemente is dark-skinned, and somehow advertising agencies think that there's nothing quite like running a stainless blade over the pink cheek and fuzzy skin of a young white lad from Peoria.

"I look forward to a rest," he said. "No more winter ball. I play too much winter ball in the past. It makes me tired when I go to spring training. Last three winters, I just play half seasons in Puerto Rican league. Now, no more winter ball. In spring of 1965, I'll report strong. You see."

Confident, strong, assured, talented. Few worlds to conquer. Yes, he'd like to win a pennant with the Pirates. But he'd already been on one pennant winner and World Series winner, in 1960. Perhaps some year the writers who select the Most Valuable Players of each league would suddenly realize Clemente existed. But little else remained. Still, reporting strong for spring training in 1965 would mean a Clemente ready to belt the ball with all that savage joy he seems to lug up to the plate. A ball fan can ask for little else more exciting than watching a healthy Clemente club baseballs. And

Color by Curt Gunther

ROBERTO CLEMENTE

so we perched, waiting for spring training, for the new year, which to ball fans begins on March 1, when the players begin falling out on the grasses of Florida and Arizona and Palm Springs. Clemente, reporting strong, would be at Ft. Myers.

He almost didn't report at all. Weak or strong.

Roberto Walker Clemente is a paradox. For one, his middle name proves it. Walker. Nobody walks as seldom as Clemente. Swinger, they should call him. Vernon Law calls him Herschel, which is absurdly ludicrous, but not so ludicrous as a middle name of Walker. It belies him.

He says things he means, and then he finds he is doing the opposite. Once he said to a teammate: "It is better to go into the reserves than to marry." Clemente's Law. So in November of 1964, Clemente married.

And he said no ball in the winter of 1964-65, in Puerto Rico. Absolutely. Finished. Clemente is an honest man, one of the most honest men we know. He is also an honorable man. When there are kids to see in hospitals, Clemente arranges it himself, and goes. No photographers tag along. "I do not go because the club wants me to go. I go because I want to go," he says. He is currently involved in a youth program in Puerto Rico to combat delinquency. Conscientious. He bought his folks a home in Carolina, Puerto Rico, nine years ago. Recently he added to it, improved it. "I do not think I am giving my parents something. I am trying to pay them back for giving me so much." Cornball and true. That is Roberto Clemente.

So he went home after the '64 season, and agreed to manage the San Juan club in the Puerto Rican league against such teams as Arecibo and Santurce and the rest, a tough league, full of major-leaguers. But he wouldn't play winter ball. Never again.

Not at first.

Besides, he was a bridegroom. He'd married Vera Zabala, and moved into a new house in Rio Piedras, south of San Juan, a few miles west of Carolina, where his folks lived, and he settled down to the domestic life.

Too completely.

One afternoon in December he was mowing the lawn, as a good husband should. The blade of the mower hit a sharp rock, propelled it upward. It struck Clemente on the right thigh with shocking force.

By this time, of course, Clemente had started performing as a playing-manager. In a league that ran nearly three months, he played part-time in 15 games. Not too arduous. But 15 more games than he had planned. Back in Pittsburgh, the front office—alerted by the lawn mower accident—was biting its collective nails. "We would naturally prefer that Clemente rest," said a Pirate official during this past winter. "He can't improve any. He does not need to play. They put pressure on him to change his mind. The people in San Juan hounded him until he gave in to the popular demand."

Clemente had a slightly different version. "They want me to play, yes, and I want to help San Juan win the pennant, but I also do it to earn extra money."

So he hurt his leg mowing. He played ball on the bum leg. Along came the Puerto Rican league All-Star game, and Clemente was prevailed upon to make a pinch-hitting appearance. "I could hardly walk," Clemente has since said. "I couldn't risk running." He batted, and hit a typical Clemente shot to right field, and he trotted slowly to first.

Not slowly enough. The leg crumpled. A ligament popped. He felt "something like water draining inside my leg." Not water. Blood. After the game, he was carried to a car, taken to a doctor.

The leg had started to swell. The next day he couldn't walk. The doctor said it was an internal hemorrhage. He gave it three days to stop of its own accord, and drain off. Each day the leg was bigger. Finally the doctor scheduled an operation in a San Juan hospital. The thigh was sliced open and the excess blood drained from the clotted bruise. The accident was directly linked to the lawn-mowing incident.

A ligament was torn in the right thigh. This is not terribly serious. Nearly every sprain involves a torn ligament. Ligaments heal quickly. Still, Clemente is a valuable piece of property. As the same Pirate official said candidly: "We can't afford to lose him." When word reached an already nervous Pittsburgh organization, general manager Joe L. Brown dispatched Caribbean scout Howie Haak to see Clemente and the doctor. Haak transmitted optimistic reports. But an item in the *Sporting News* of February 13, 1965, again cast a dark light on the injury. It quoted Clemente as saying the doctor "told me not to run much in spring training and that it would come around halfway through the season if I took care of it, which I will."

Now Brown was frantic. A Clemente partially disabled for half a season is a ball team deprived of its lone steady gun. He picked up the phone and called Clemente. And—relayed Pirate public relations man Jack Berger—once again Clemente painted a rosy picture. The reports were exaggerated. He was in good condition. His leg was fine. He'd report for spring training, ready to go full speed. Amen.

We telephoned Clemente in Puerto Rico, and put the same questions.

"I feel good," Clemente said, "but my leg is a little weak. I run every day at the beach or the ballpark, 15 minutes a day. I told Mr. Brown I was in good shape, and I would be in good shape. He knows I no lie to him. But I will not go all-out when I arrive for spring training. Take it slow, easy, at first. I expect to be ready for opening game. Top speed."

Clemente, of course, did not report to spring training ready to go at top speed. Clemente, in fact, was still in Puerto Rico when spring training opened. He was in a hospital with a malarial fever. Doctors said he had contracted a paratyphoid infection at a hog farm he operates. But the paradox before that was Clemente telling the *Sporting News*, the Pirates and me different things.

Roberto Clemente, man of paradox, is a man who has insisted through the years the only way a team can win a pennant is to be "a family team." To play as a family, not a bunch of individuals. In a family, as Clemente knows—he comes from a family of six children—it is all for one, one for all, and everybody protects everybody else. Yet the last words Clemente said to me over the phone from Puerto Rico short weeks before the 1965 season opened were: "I had a good season last year. Now they have to have a good season, too."

It is as close as you usually can get one man to criticize his teammates. Yet it is also the truth. And for a man who insists a winning team be a family, it must be recalled that as soon as Bill Mazeroski hit a home run off Ralph Terry to win the seventh game of the 1960 World Series, Bob Clemente turned his back on the post-Series victory celebration and instead rushed straight back to Puerto Rico. It is also Clemente who blasted writers for choosing teammate Dick Groat as the Most Valuable Player that 1960 season, and it is also an incredulous Clemente who was flabbergasted when teammate Don Hoak was No. 2 in the same poll.

He is blunt, honest, outspoken, critical. Yet he is also a man uneasy about his own public reputation. Teammate Alvin McBean, who is the resident intellectual on the Pirates, and for one season a roommate of Clemente, said last summer: "Robby loves his image. He takes good care of it. He is wary of being with people he does not approve of. He believes people know you by the company you keep, so he keeps careful company." Clemente does not like the Pittsburgh press—McBean says—"because he thinks the press doesn't like him and won't give him the publicity he deserves." McBean feels Clemente's gripe is justified. "If Robby were on the Yankees, Mickey Mantle would be nowhere. That's how good he is."

Which brings us back to high ground. He is a bridegroom, yes, a self-styled gardener, and a Puerto Rican manager; he is blunt, honest, and bitter. He talks family ball while worrying over his personal image. But

mainly, he is a ballplayer. A great ballplayer.

And it is as such he must be judged. Sure, we will look at Clemente, the person, the mildly pampered son of a plantation foreman, the track star, the young phenomenon, the man accused of dogging it. But if we do not spend time on his ability on the ballfield, we do him a disservice.

Not that that would be new. He's used to such disservice. There is a book out, in hardcover and paperback, titled: *Baseball's Greatest Players Today*.

Excluded is perhaps the greatest player today.

Bob Clemente.

It is an old story to Bob Clemente, this odd neglect. Nobody in baseball is a better hitter, if for once we remember that a hitter's ability is not measured by the length of his foul drives or the kind of car he owns. We measure a hitter by the frequency of his base hits. (And, for the record, Clemente drives an avocado-green Cadillac. You can almost trace Clemente's career by his cars. First, a Chevy. Then, a Pontiac. Now, a Caddy.)

It has always been thus. Neglect, and a need to explain him away. A caption beneath a photo of Bob Clemente in a baseball yearbook after the 1963 season read: "Roberto Clemente's .320 BA was second best in the NL, but he has yet to bat in 100 runs a season."

Second highest in the league, but. Always, they toss in a "but" after pinning praise on Clemente.

Praise of Clemente rarely sounds like praise. At the conclusion of one season, Stan Musial said, "He's a fine, all-around player, good defensively, good at bat, and getting better all the time." Musial might have been talking about Jerry Lumpe or Tony Gonzalez.

He was talking of Clemente, and he was talking right after the 1961 season. All Clemente did in '61 was hit .351. He also scored 100 runs, knocked in 89, belted 23 home runs.

He led his league in 1961. Nobody really noticed because this was the year an unknown named Norm Cash hit .361, and Roger Maris hit his 61 home runs. And anyway, the world champion Pirates finished sixth. Who cares what Clemente hit? So he again led the league in 1964, after being close in the interim 1962 and 1963 seasons. This time he led both leagues, and when *United Press-International* put together its 1964 All-Star team, it left off Clemente. Its outfielders were Mays, Mantle and Williams. The *UPI* writers must have thought this Williams was Ted, not Billy, and that Mays was Mays of 1954 not 1964, and that Mantle should be honored solely because he was still warm and breathing after the cruel ordeal of another year on his crippled legs.

The *Associated Press* set things right. It put Clemente on the team, and did not list Williams on the first or second squads. Because all you Williams fans will start writing letters with pointy sticks dipped in blood—yours, I hope—I hastily add that I think Williams is a fine and powerful hitter and a likeable human being, and when he begins to play a tighter game in left field, the AP will take more notice.

Neglect. Through the ten years of Clemente's National League career, experts have failed to applaud his hitting. What is far more incredible is the failure to recognize what a superb fielder he is. He may be the finest rightfielder of the past 35 years, or as far back as I can safely stretch my memory. He is All-Star on his fielding alone. But even if I am exaggerating, and Clemente is not a whit better defensively than Johnny Callison, who is a marvelous rightfielder, this ought to be enough. To hit like Clemente and field like Callison makes for a great performer. Headlines ought to scream for a guy as good as this. Sidebars barely whisper. After the '64 season, Clemente, as usual, finished far back in the Most Valuable Player voting. Eighth, to be exact. Remove Clemente from the Pirate lineup and the Pirates would and themselves battling the Mets. Heck, they wouldn't even win the pennant in the American League.

It has had its effect, this lack of acclaim. Clemente is pained by it. He wants to be noticed, appreciated, loved. And because he is not noticed—at least, not as much as

he thinks he deserves—he feels there is a dark conspiracy operating against him. There is a Pittsburgh sportswriter, he says (and he names him), who has it against Clemente. "He makes propaganda against me," Clemente says. It has soured Clemente, embittered him. For example:

He and I sat in the coffee shop of the Commodore on August 18, 1964, and we talked about his lack of recognition. You don't have to lead Clemente. He gets there by himself. I asked him whether he had any goals—statistic-type goals—a desire to lead the league, to hit .400, to knock in a hundred runs.

"I have no goals," he said a trifle impatiently. "Have a good season. That is enough. Hitting for average is not the whole thing. My best year was 1960. I should have been voted Most Valuable Player."

Just like that. It happened four years before, but he still felt the blow.

"I was very bitter. I still am bitter. I carried the club all year." He says this, mind you, without meaning to be offensive, without wanting to sound conceited or rude. "I was the only batter to hit over .300 all year. Never under. The year 1961 was good, and so is 1964" [he was leading the league when we talked], "but we did not win in 1961 and we are not winning this year. So it is not as good. Winning is fun."

You can get him away from the bitterness, but not for long. "Groat had a fine year," Clemente will inject, "but he was out a month." Bitterness has twisted a fact or two. There are things Clemente did that Groat did not do—such as knocking in 94 runs to Groat's 50—but you cannot belittle Groat's devotion to the game that season. He was not out a month, despite a broken wrist. Clemente played 144 games; Groat played 138. Clemente batted 570 times. Groat batted 573 times.

But Clemente's major point is correct. He was—again—unnoticed. When the Pirates went against the Yankees in the World Series that year, Yankee pitchers could scarcely believe their eyes. They had Bill Skowron on their own squad. Skowron was the wildest swinger an American Leaguer could imagine. But Clemente went beyond Skowron. Yankee pitchers could hardly wait. Now, Clemente did not break any hitting records in the '61 Series, but for a guy the Yankees just plain knew they could get out, he was the only Pirate to hit safely every game, going nine for 29. Clemente hit .310. Groat, with an ailing wrist, hit .214, and committed two errors.

A hit every game, and as Clemente recalls today: "The only way you could find my name in the papers was with a magnifying glass." And when the Series ended on its high note, Clemente hustled out of the winning clubhouse and flew home. Today, instead of wearing the 1960 pennant or World Series ring, it is the 1961 All-Star ring Clemente wears and cherishes.

The 1961 All-Star Game was the game in Candlestick Park, won by the National League by one run in the tenth inning. Clemente was the star. He tripled to the right-center field fence in the second inning off Whitey Ford, and scored on a flyball by Bill White. In the fourth, with Mays on third, Clemente hit the sacrifice fly. And in the last of the tenth, with Mays on second and the score tied, Clemente singled and Mays scored the winning run.

After it was over, Clemente bubbled. (He did not yet know the newspapers would spend more time telling how the wind had blown Stu Miller off the mound.) "When I get big hit in the tenth inning," he said, "I feel better than good. But what really makes me feel most good is that Danny Murtaugh let me play the whole game . . . He pay me big compliment."

Getting pulled out of All-Star lineups after three innings happens to the best of players. To Clemente it would have been a blow to his pride, his manhood, his confidence. He cannot slough off such things. They are vital to his inner well-being.

Clemente is a feeling man. You can reach him, via his emotions. In early August of 1964, Clemente set an unofficial record for helmet punting. It was in Chicago, and it was hot. Clemente had planted himself in the



batter's box the way he always does, which is to say slightly illegally. His rear foot, his right foot, was two or three inches out of the back of the box. The Cub catcher pointed this out to the plate umpire. Eventually the umpire told Clemente to get in the box.

"What's the matter?" Clemente asked sharply. "For ten years I bat this way. Where you been?" The batter's box was re-drawn, and a grumbling Clemente bounced out easily to short. Then he removed his helmet and from beyond first base, booted it into the Pirate dugout. Pro football scouts fell out of the stands. So did catcalls.

There is a grapevine in baseball, and along the vine traveled this latest juicy bit: Get Clemente back in the box. He turns so blind-mad he can't see the ball. So in Philadelphia on August 28, catcher Clay Dalrymple pointed to Clemente's feet, and umpire Chris Pelekoudas demonstrated his ability to draw a straight line. Clemente cramped himself into the new box, and promptly singled to right field.

Which puts it in perspective. He wears his emotions on his thin skin, yes, but he is not stupid. He grasped what was happening, and shrugged off the tiny battle of nerves.

He has won other battles of nerves. For many of the ten years Clemente has spent in the majors, he was the special pigeon of pitcher Bob Purkey. At one point last season, Clemente was hitting .176 lifetime against Purkey, ten hits in six years. Clemente looked back through that six-year drought.

"Lots of pitchers give me trouble. Drysdale, Marichal, Maloney. Last year Maloney pitched a game against us, nobody could see the ball. It was the fastest I ever saw anybody. But Purkey was the worst. He threw lots of bad balls. I hit pitches I like, no matter where they are. But I couldn't hit Purkey's bad pitches. Then one day I said to myself, 'You win, Purkey.' I decided to stop swinging at his bad balls."

They got together, Purkey and Clemente, once in Cincinnati and once in Pittsburgh, and the first time since resolving the matter in his mind, Clemente walloped Purkey for three hits. One of them kangarooed

over the center-field fence on one bounce. The next time, in Pittsburgh, Clemente again laid off until a now-surprised Purkey was forced to come in, and Clemente bombed him for three more hits. Six hits in two games, after ten hits in six years.

But raking opposing pitchers is an old story; it is almost the only story the public seems to know of Clemente, probably the finest ballplayer alive.

There is more.

Roberto Clemente was born in Puerto Rico in the depression year of 1934. He was the youngest of six kids, one girl, five boys. Later, the sister and one brother died. But even in the depression, with six little ones to feed, it was never bad.

Clemente's father was the foreman of a sugar plantation. Not wealthy, no, but never poor. Always working, always well able to take care of himself, his wife, and the kids. Perhaps if there is a fault to be found in Clemente's youth, it lies in Clemente's youth. He was the youngest—the baby—and it was never very difficult for any of them, particularly the baby. Spoiled, is what we call it here. Loved, is what Clemente calls his boyhood.

"We lived in a big wooden house, with a large front porch," he says. "Five bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen. Indoor bathroom." The elder Clemente also owned trucks, and took on shipping jobs. During the summers Roberto occasionally helped out, loading and unloading sand. An easy life, mildly indolent, under the warm sun.

"When I was a kid, I realized what lovely persons my mother and father were. I was treated real good. I learned the right way to live. I never heard any hate in my house. Not for anybody. I never heard my mother say a bad word to my father, or my father to my mother. During the war, when food all over Puerto Rico was limited, we never went hungry. They always found a way to feed us. We kids were first, and they were second."

Outside, life was equally pleasant. Roberto played ball every day. Mainly, softball. He played shortstop.

He pitched. He also played hard ball in high school, in his home town of Carolina. When not playing he squeezed a hard rubber ball, to strengthen his arm muscles. He went out for track in high school. Soon he threw the javelin 195 feet, high-jumped six feet, broke 45 feet in the triple jump, and was considered a shoo-in for a place on the 1956 Olympic squad.

But that was the future. Clemente went to high school and wanted to continue at the university, studying engineering. It was not to be. Baseball got in the way. Clemente has no regrets.

His first formal fan was his high-school history teacher, Roberto Marin, who saw the youngster play softball, and passed the word to Pedro Zorilla, owner of the Santurce team.

Zorilla shrugged off the unsolicited advice. Later, Zorilla took in a double-A baseball game in the town of Manati, where he lived. There was a 17-year-old center-fielder who that day hit a 390-foot line drive and threw out a runner at third.

In the stands, Zorilla asked, "Who is he?" "His name is Roberto Clemente," said a fan.

"Sounds familiar," said Zorilla.

Zorilla approached the boy he once could have had for nothing. This time he offered a bonus of \$300. Elated, Roberto went home, but to his astonishment his parents said, "Not enough." Up until then he had no idea they were aware of bonuses and other crass by-products of play.

Zorilla agreed to pay Clemente a \$500 bonus, plus \$60 a month, and the boy began to play for Santurce during the winters on the same team as Willie Mays, Orlando Cepeda, Ruben Gomez and others.

During his youth Clemente had no notion he would ever play big-league ball. "I thought Stateside players were better than Latin players," he said. "I thought you had to be Superman to make it. But when Mino and Avila made it big, I realized others could do it, too."

Big-league scouts began to tail Clemente. Al Campanis, of the Dodgers' scouting office, organized a clinic in Puerto Rico. Clemente was one of 100 prospects invited. As soon as Clemente began to hit and throw, Campanis was impressed. "Campanis asked me to do everything," says Clemente. "Run, hit, field, throw. Nobody else did anything." When the one-man show ended, Campanis suggested the boy join the Dodger farm system. Clemente's father turned down the idea. He wanted Roberto to finish high school.

More big-league scouts tailed Clemente. During his senior year of high school in 1953, nine teams approached Clemente. They held fire until graduation. Then the Dodgers made a concrete offer: a \$10,000 bonus for signing. It was one of the largest bonuses paid a Latin boy. Clemente agreed verbally. Later that same day, Milwaukee came along with a bonus of close to \$40,000.

The confused boy brought the dilemma home to his folks.

His mother said sternly: "If you give the word, you keep the word."

He signed with the Dodgers.

Clemente went to Montreal for the 1954 season and when the Dodgers left him unprotected in the draft, the Pirates claimed him. What did 20-year-old Clemente think of all this? "I did not even know where Pittsburgh was," he says.

He had other problems. "I had studied English in school, but I was not able to speak until I began to talk to players up here. Not speaking the language is a terrible problem." There was the matter of race. "At Montreal, when we went on the road, I could not stay with the white players in Richmond, Virginia. I felt it was childish." There were other racial difficulties. "The first thing the average white Latin American player does when he comes to the States is associate with other whites. He doesn't want to be seen with Latin Negroes, even ones from his own country, because he's afraid

people might think he's colored." So Clemente was cut off this second way, as well.

It got a little worse, a little more open later. He joined the Pirates for '55 and, says Clemente, "there was trouble with the players. They make smart remarks—about Negroes—to me. I make them back to them. Not behind my back. Right to my face."

The first year up was difficult all around, Clemente says. "Latin Americans need time to get adjusted. We lead different lives in the U. S. We're always meeting new people, seeing new faces. Everything is strange. The language barrier is great at first. We have trouble ordering food in restaurants. You have no idea how segregation held some of us back. We Latins are people of high emotions, and coming to this country we need time to settle down emotionally. Once we're relaxed and have no problems, we can play baseball well. The people who never run into these problems don't have any idea at all what kind of ordeal it can be."

In 1955, Clemente, who had the terrible habit of bobbing his head when he swung, batted an indifferent .255, in 124 games. Nor was there much power. Five home runs, 47 RBI. Also, he had a habit of swinging at bad balls and he walked only 18 times in 474 at-bats. Coach George Sisler corrected the bobbing head. He also informed Clemente the only way he would make it would be to lay off bad balls, to force the pitcher to come in with the pitch Clemente liked. Clemente nodded soberly, and in 1956, in 70 more at-bats, he walked five times fewer.

But he also hit .311. Clemente had indeed forced the pitcher to come in with the pitches he liked. He just liked them all.

Clemente's .311 average in '56 symbolized the in-and-out quality of his early seasons. Good years alternated with lean. He hit .255 his first year, raised it to .311, plunged to .253, and bounced back to .289. But there were reasons for this Yo-Yo hitting. Clemente bears other tags than bargain-basement price tag. He is injury prone; worse, he is considered by many baseball people to be one of the game's true hypochondriacs.

Injuries kept him out of 30 games in 1955. Injuries kept him out of 43 games in 1957. Later, he sat out 49 games in 1959. He missed 143 games in his first five full years.

In 1953, in the Puerto Rican league, Clemente tried to solve his failure to hit home runs by switching to a lighter bat, a la the big-leaguers. "I swung so hard I spun around and hurt my back." The sore back was aggravated in 1954. Clemente had just paid a visit to his brother, dying of a brain tumor in a Puerto Rican hospital, and was driving back to the park. At an intersection, a drunk smashed into him at 60 miles an hour. Three spinal discs were jarred loose. The back bothered Clemente off and on for years. Then a six-month spell in the Marines at Paris Island and Camp Lejeune in the winter of 1957-58 mysteriously eased out the kinks. Clemente explains it cryptically: "I worked like hell."

Other ills. Clemente made a sidearm throw in 1958 and cracked his right elbow. The condition was worsened in 1961 when a stray pitch by Don Drysdale caught Clemente on the elbow. That winter he underwent surgery to remove a bone chip.

Clemente has been beset with colds and flu attacks and nervous stomach spasms. And now malaria. In his words, he often feels weak and tired. Teammates say not a day goes by that Roberto does not have some complaint. Teammate McBean has "psyched" Clemente this way:

"Robby likes to talk about the way he feels. He complains a lot. He wants you to talk to him, make him feel good. When he says he feels terrible, I tell him he feels good, that he can really hit the pitcher going against us, that he'll go four-for-four. He will say he has diarrhea or he feels weak. I tell him he is fine. He has his own routine for keeping up his strength. He gets up late, has breakfast, takes maybe a 30-minute walk, and then he

ROBERTO CLEMENTE

goes back to bed. He used to say to me, 'The more you rest, the prettier you become.'"

Clemente agrees he likes lots of sleep. "Because of the schedule and all the travel, it is tough getting the sleep you need," he says. "I do not believe in slumps. I believe a batter gets tired, and he can't swing the way he should. If I feel strong, I know I will hit. So I must sleep and rest."

Clemente knows what is said about him. "They think it is an act. When I said I had back trouble, they call me, 'Mama's Boy,' 'Goldbrick.' When my elbow was swollen big as a softball, they say it was in my head." Then he zeroes in. "If I am sick, I do not deny. If my back is hurting me and I am forced to punch at the ball, with no power, I tell the truth. I tell them I am hurting."

In 1963 this clash between Clemente and his doubters over his health reached its peak. "The Pittsburgh press had me at odds with Danny Murtaugh. They never said it exactly that way, but they know how to say it other ways. They are so slick. I caught the flu in San Francisco. Then we flew to Los Angeles, and we had shrimp and steak on the plane. I got sick in my room at three a.m. I began to sweat. I had the shakes. I called the doctor at six. His nurse told me to put hot towels on my stomach. Later that morning, they pumped out my stomach. I went to the ballpark. Murtaugh asked me how I felt.

"How do you think I feel?" Clemente answered. "Very bad."

Murtaugh told Bill Mazeroski, the team captain, to look over Clemente. Mazeroski asked Clemente how he felt.

"Bad," Clemente said.

"Stick around," Maz said, and reported back to Murtaugh that he thought Clemente could play.

"Drysdale struck me out twice that day," Clemente recalls. "I had no swing at all. You can imagine." But Clemente also had a hit that day.

The next day was a doubleheader in Houston. Clemente spent 40 minutes on the rubbing table, feeling dizzy. Murtaugh tried his own special brand of psychology.

"I think you're the best in the league," he told his rightfielder. "You make good money. You have to put out."

"I can't play like this," Clemente protested. In disgust, Murtaugh walked away.

So Clemente sat out the next three games, which gave the Pittsburgh press a chance to suggest that the star and his manager were not getting along, that Murtaugh was "tired" of Clemente's attitude.

Having said all this, the name is still baseball, not psychosomatics. Sick or well or both, he has managed to drag his body to the plate and cream baseballs. Clemente began hitting with greater authority in the pennant year of 1960. He had himself 16 home runs. All season long he came up with Virdon and Groat on base, and line drives drilled them home. In the field he made his patented catches—racing far to left or right, leaving his feet in a leap toward the stars, and gaffing baseballs with the fingers of his glove. He threw bullets from the base of Forbes Field's distant right-field fence to cut down would-be stretchers at second. He caught flies hit straightaway with his basket catch, a la Mays. (And, as always, he was infuriated when anybody suggested he stole the style from Mays.)

Even running the bases had extra drama. A moment that well symbolizes Clemente came on the day the 1960 pennant was clinched. He stood in the batter's box while the public-address announcer told the crowd that the Cubs had beaten the Cardinals. And Pittsburgh was the National League champion. A jubilant Clemente nailed Warren Spahn's fastball for a base hit. Then Hal Smith doubled, and Clemente ran through coach Frank Ocek's signal at third, to score in a belly-whopping cloud of dust.

"Stop at third?" he said later, incredulous. "I want

to get to the bench quick, and talk about winning the pennant."

Another time he scored from first on a single to break up the game with the Dodgers. "I had a sore foot," he said happily. "I wanted to end the game and rest it."

This was Roberto Clemente in 1960, 25, going on 26 years old, strong and lean and happy and on a pennant winner. "We were a family team," he says today.

But the family-ness vanished. The Pirates won the pennant, and what Clemente remembers of the Series is the newspaper version. "When the papers describe all the Pirates before the World Series starts," he once said, "you know what they say about me? 'Good fielder and good runner.' That was supposed to be my contribution. What about my hitting and the runs I batted in?" He hit .314, fourth best in the league, but he felt cheated somehow, so he rushed straight home when Maz hit his home run, and today he wears his All-Star ring, not his Series ring.

But 1960 ushered in a new decade, and it has brought to fruition this most talented hitter. The next year he batted his enormous .351. He had 201 hits for the season, which reminded everybody of the Pirates' last 200-plus hitter, Paul Waner, and only served to embitter Clemente more. "They say the only thing Waner could do better was hit singles," he says. "They say he was only an average fielder."

In 1961 he pounded the ball. Twenty-three home runs, 319 total bases. Four-for-four against the Dodgers May 6; four-for-five against Jim O'Toole on June 14; seven-for-nine in a doubleheader against the Cubs, including five hits in the opener. Four-for-four against Milwaukee, July 8, and the big one, five straight hits against the Cards, on August 3, every hit coming with two strikes. Nobody could get him out. You couldn't waste anything; he hit waste pitches. You couldn't outguess him. He seldom guessed. He just swung and got on base.

And not just hitting. The year before he had led both leagues with 19 outfield assists. In 1961 he made it an unbelievable 23 assists, and five double plays. That's throwing.

It's been that way ever since, .312 and .320 the next two years, and .339 last year, with 211 hits and 87 runs batted in. Lifetime, he has over 1600 hits; he could reach 2000 by the end of 1966. Three thousand hits is within reason. He checks in at 185, tries to stay around 180, and ends up closer to 170. Still, at 5-11, big enough. He does not smoke and he drinks only an occasional beer.

He is at a point in his career where the past and the future are evenly balanced. He looks back ten years and for all the bitterness, he sees them as reasonably good years. He says he expects to get along, in the immediate future, with Harry Walker. "I always get along with my manager," he says.

And does he have any word for other kids, coming out of the sugar fields and mills of Latin America?

"Lead a clean life. Be strong. Work hard. If he is a good player, someone will find him. He does not have to look for someone to tell him he is good. They'll find him, if he is good. They'll tell him, if he is good don't worry."

This is what matters, to Bob Clemente. He is at the halfway point in his career; he has behind him racial slurs and the unhappiness of a stranger in a new land; he has brought with him a burden of pain, some perhaps imagined, but much of it real. He says he has been a man since he was 17 years old, but he still craves the pat on the back, the word of praise, someone coming along to tell him he is good. He is very likely the finest ballplayer alive, when he is right, in mind and body, but one person continues to doubt it and continues to insist it be proved over and over.

Roberto Clemente.

1965 MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Here's the complete day-by-day listing for each of the 20 teams

APRIL

	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
12	Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	New York		At Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Boston		At Minnesota	At Washington
13	Detroit	Detroit	New York	At Baltimore	At Kansas City			Chicago	At Minnesota	
14	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	Detroit	At Baltimore	At Los Angeles	At Kansas City (n)	Boston	Chicago	At Los Angeles (n)	At Washington
15	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	Detroit	Washington	At Minnesota	At Kansas City (n)	At Chicago		At Los Angeles (n)	
16★										
17	Detroit (n)	New York (†)	Cleveland	Washington	At Los Angeles (n)	At Minnesota	At Chicago	At Boston	At Kansas City (†)	Baltimore
18	Detroit	New York	Cleveland	Washington (2)	At Los Angeles	At Minnesota	At Chicago (2)	At Boston	At Kansas City	Baltimore
19	Detroit (n)	New York (n)		Baltimore (n)	At Los Angeles (n)		At Boston (2)	At Chicago (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Washington (2)
20★										
21	At Cleveland	At Detroit	At New York	At Boston	Kansas City	Los Angeles	Baltimore (n)	At Washington (n)	Minnesota	Chicago
22			At New York				Baltimore (n)	At Washington (n)	Minnesota	
23	At New York	At Cleveland (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Washington (n)	Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	Chicago (n)	Boston (n)	Los Angeles	At Baltimore (n)
24	At New York	At Cleveland	At Detroit	At Washington	Minnesota	Kansas City	Chicago	Boston	Los Angeles	At Baltimore
25	At New York	At Cleveland	At Detroit	At Washington (2)	Minnesota	Kansas City	Chicago (2)	Boston	Los Angeles	At Baltimore
26★										
27	At Detroit (n)	At New York	At Cleveland (n)	Boston (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)	Kansas City	At Chicago (n)
28	At Detroit (n)	At New York	At Cleveland (n)		Los Angeles (n)	Minnesota (n)			Kansas City	
29							At Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)		
30	At Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Chicago (n)	Minnesota (n)	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	At Cleveland	At New York (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Detroit (n)

MAY

	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1	At Kansas City	Los Angeles	At Chicago	Minnesota	Boston	Washington	At Cleveland	At New York	Baltimore	At Detroit
2	At Kansas City (2)	Los Angeles (2)	At Chicago (2)	Minnesota (2)	Boston (2)	Washington (2)	At Cleveland (2)	At New York (2)	Baltimore (2)	At Detroit (2)
3	Boston (n)									At Los Angeles (n)
4	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Detroit (n)	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
5	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Detroit (2n)	Chicago (2n)	New York (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
6	Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore			New York (n)		At Minnesota	At Cleveland (n)	
7	Kansas City (2n)	At Los Angeles (2n)	Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (2n)	Detroit (n)	At Wash'ton (2n)	Cleveland (n)
8	Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Chicago	At Minnesota	At Baltimore	At Boston	New York	Detroit	At Washington	Cleveland
9	Kansas City	At Los Angeles	Chicago	At Minnesota	At Baltimore (2)	At Boston (2)	New York	Detroit (2)	At Washington	Cleveland (2)
10			Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Baltimore (n)			Detroit (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)
11	At Minnesota (n)		Los Angeles (n)		At Washington (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)
12	At Minnesota (n)	At Chicago (2n)	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City (2n)	At Washington (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)
13	At Minnesota (†)	At Chicago	Los Angeles (†)	Kansas City	At Washington (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)
14	At Chicago (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Boston (n)	At Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)	New York (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)
15	At Chicago	Minnesota (†)	At Kansas City (†)	Los Angeles	At Boston	At Washington	Cleveland	New York (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit
16	At Chicago (2)	Minnesota (2)	At Kansas City (2)	Los Angeles (2)	At Boston (2)	At Washington (2)	Cleveland (2)	New York	At Baltimore	Detroit (2)
17	Minnesota (n)	Chicago (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Kansas City (n)				New York (n)	At Baltimore (n)	
18	Minnesota (n)	Chicago (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Boston (n)	At New York (n)
19	Minnesota (2)	Chicago (n)	At Los Angeles (2n)	At Kansas City (n)	Washington	Baltimore (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Boston	At New York
20										
21	Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	At New York (n)	At Detroit (n)	Washington (n)	At Cleveland (n)
22	Chicago (n)	At Minnesota	Kansas City	At Los Angeles	Baltimore	Boston	At New York	At Detroit	Washington	At Cleveland
23	Chicago	At Minnesota	Kansas City	At Los Angeles	Baltimore (2)	Boston (2)	At New York (2)	At Detroit (2)	Washington (2)	At Cleveland (2)
24					Detroit (n)	At Chicago (n)	At New York (n)	Baltimore (n)		
25	At Wash'ton (2n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston (n)	Detroit (n)	At Chicago (n)	At New York	Los Angeles (2n)	Kansas City (n)	Cleveland	Minnesota (n)
26	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston (n)	Cleveland (n)	New York (n)	At Chicago (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City (n)	At Detroit (n)	Minnesota (n)
27	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)	New York (n)	At New York	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City (n)	At Detroit (n)	Minnesota
28	At Baltimore (2n)	At Boston (n)	At Wash'ton (2n)	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Detroit (n)	Minnesota (2n)	Los Angeles (2n)	At Chicago (n)	Kansas City (n)
29	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At Washington	New York	Cleveland	At Detroit	Minnesota	Los Angeles (n)	At Chicago	Kansas City
30	At Baltimore	At Boston	At Washington	New York	Cleveland	At Detroit	Minnesota	Los Angeles	At Chicago	Kansas City
31	At Boston (2)	At Wash'ton (2n)	At Baltimore (2)	At Cleveland (2)	At New York (2)	Chicago (2)	Kansas City (2n)	Minnesota (2)	Detroit (2)	Los Angeles (2)

JUNE

	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1	At Boston									Los Angeles
2	Washington (2n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)				At Los Angeles (2n)	At Kansas City (n)		At Minnesota (n)
3			Boston							At Minnesota
4	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	At New York (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	At Kansas City (†)
5	Baltimore (n)	Boston (†)	Washington	At New York	At Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	At Minnesota	At Los Angeles (n)	Chicago	At Kansas City (†)
6	Baltimore	Boston (2)	Washington	At New York (2)	At Cleveland	Detroit	At Minnesota	At Los Angeles	Chicago (2)	At Kansas City (2)
7	Detroit (n)	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Boston (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Wash'ton (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Chicago (n)
8	Detroit (n)	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Boston (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Wash'ton (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Chicago (n)
9	Detroit (n)	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Boston (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Wash'ton (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Chicago (n)
10			Cleveland (†)	At Boston		At Minnesota (†)	Baltimore (n)	At Wash'ton (n)		Chicago
11	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Wash'ton (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Chicago (n)	At Boston (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore (n)
12	New York (n)	Cleveland (†)	At Detroit	At Washington	Minnesota	At Kansas City (†)	Chicago	At Boston	At Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore
13	New York	Cleveland	At Detroit	At Washington	Minnesota	At Kansas City	Chicago	At Boston	At Los Angeles	Baltimore
14								At Boston (n)		Baltimore (n)
15	At Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Chicago (n)	Minnesota (n)	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	At Cleveland (n)	At New York (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Detroit (n)
16	At Kan. City (2n)	Los Angeles (2n)	At Chicago (n)	Minnesota (n)	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	At Cleveland (n)	At New York (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Detroit (n)
17			At Chicago	Minnesota		Washington (n)	At Cleveland (n)	At New York (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Detroit
18	At Cleveland (n)	At Detroit (n)	At New York (n)	Boston (n)	Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Chicago (n)
19	At Cleveland	At Detroit	At New York	Boston	Kansas City	Los Angeles	At Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)	Minnesota	At Chicago
20	At Cleveland (2)	At Detroit (2)	At New York (2)	Boston (2)	Kansas City (2)	Los Angeles (2)	At Baltimore	Washington (n)	Minnesota (2)	At Chicago (2)
21★										
22	At Detroit (n)	At New York (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Washington (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Chicago (n)	Boston (n)	Kansas City (n)	At Baltimore (n)
23	At Detroit (n)	At New York (n)	At Cleveland (†)	Washington (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Minnesota (†)	At Chicago (n)	Boston (n)	Kansas City (n)	At Baltimore (n)
24	At Detroit	At New York	At Cleveland (†)		Los Angeles	Minnesota (†)		Boston (n)	Kansas City	At Baltimore (n)
25	At New York (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	At Boston (n)	At Chicago (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Washington (n)
26	At New York	At Cleveland	Detroit	Baltimore	At Minnesota	Kansas City	At Boston	At Chicago	Los Angeles	Washington
27	At New York	At Cleveland (2)	Detroit	Baltimore (2)	At Minnesota	Kansas City (2)	At Boston (2)	At Chicago (2)	Los Angeles	Washington (2)
28			Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (2n)	Detroit (n)	At Wash'ton (2n)	Cleveland (n)
29			Chicago	At Minnesota	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)	Detroit (n)	At Wash'ton (n)	Cleveland (n)
30	Minnesota (n)	Chicago (2n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Kan. City (2n)	At Boston (n)	At Wash'ton (n)	Cleveland (n)	New York (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)

(n) Night Game (2) Doubleheader (★) No Games Scheduled (2n) Two-Night Doubleheader (†) 6 p.m. Game (DN) Day and Night Game

AMERICAN LEAGUE

JULY

	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1					At Boston	At Wash'ton (n)	Cleveland (n)	New York (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit
2	Chicago (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At L. Angeles (n)	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)
3	Chicago (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At L. Angeles (n)	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)
4	Chicago	Minnesota	At Kansas City	At Los Angeles	At Wash'ton	Baltimore	Detroit	At Cleveland	At Boston	New York
5	Washington (2n)	Baltimore	Boston (2)	Cleveland (n)	New York	At Chicago (n)	At L. Angeles (2n)	At Kansas City	At Detroit	At Minnesota (2)
6	Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	Cleveland (n)	New York (n)	At Chicago (n)	At L. Angeles (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Minnesota (n)
7	Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	Cleveland (n)	New York (n)	At Chicago (n)	At L. Angeles (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Minnesota (n)
8					New York (n)	At Chicago		At Kansas City	At Detroit (n)	
9	Cleveland (2n)	Detroit (n)	New York (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At L. Angeles (2n)	Boston (2n)	Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Wash'ton (2n)
10	Cleveland (n)	Detroit	New York	At Baltimore (2n)	At Kansas City	At Los Angeles (n)	Boston	Chicago (2n)	At Minnesota	At Washington
11	Cleveland	Detroit	New York	At Baltimore	At Kansas City	At Los Angeles	Boston	Chicago	At Minnesota	At Washington

ALL-STAR GAME—METROPOLITAN STADIUM, MINNEAPOLIS

12★	At Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	At New York (n)	At Detroit (n)	Washington (n)	At Cleveland (n)
13★	At Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	At New York (n)	At Detroit (n)	Washington (n)	At Cleveland (n)
14★	At Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Baltimore	Boston (n)	At New York	At Detroit	Washington	At Cleveland (n)
15	At Minnesota (2)	At Chicago (2)	Los Angeles (2)	Kansas City (2)	Baltimore	Boston	At New York	At Detroit	Washington	At Cleveland
16	At Minnesota (n)	At Chicago (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City (n)	Washington	Baltimore (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Boston (n)	At New York (n)
17	At Minnesota	At Washington	At Baltimore (n)	At New York (n)	Cleveland (2n)	At Detroit (2n)	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	Minnesota (2n)
18	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
19	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago	New York	Kansas City	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland	Los Angeles
20	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (2)	New York (2)	Kansas City (2)	Minnesota	At Cleveland (2)	Los Angeles
21	At Wash'ton (2)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
22	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
23	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
24	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
25	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
26	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
27	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
28	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
29	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
30	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)
31	At Wash'ton (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	At New York	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles (n)

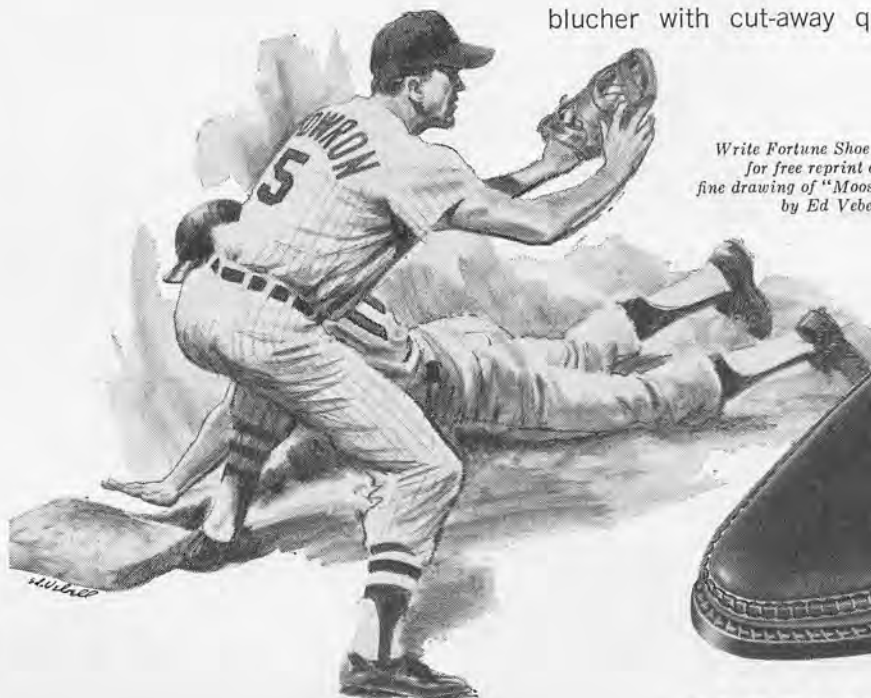
AUGUST

	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1	Boston	Washington (2)	Baltimore	Detroit (2)	At Chicago (2)	At New York (2)	At Kansas City (2)	At Minnesota	Cleveland (2)	At Los Angeles
2			Baltimore	Detroit (n)	At Chicago (n)			At Minnesota		
3	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	New York (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Chicago (n)	At Kansas City (n)
4	Baltimore (2n)	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	New York (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Los Angeles (2n)	At Chicago (n)	At Kansas City (n)
5			Washington	New York	At Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	At Minnesota		At Chicago	
6	Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	Cleveland	New York (n)	At Chicago	At Los Angeles (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Minnesota (n)
7	Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston	Cleveland	New York (n)	At Chicago	At Los Angeles (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Minnesota (n)
8	Washington	Baltimore (2)	Boston	Cleveland (2)	New York	At Chicago (2)	At Los Angeles	At Kansas City (2)	At Detroit	At Minnesota
9	At Cleveland (n)					Cleveland (n)				
10	At Cleveland (n)	At Detroit (n)	At New York (n)	Washington (n)	Kansas City (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Chicago (n)	At Boston (n)	Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (n)
11	At Cleveland (n)	At Detroit (2n)	At New York (n)	Washington (2n)	Kansas City (2n)	Cleveland (n)	At Chicago (2n)	At Boston (n)	Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (n)
12	At Cleveland (n)	At Detroit	At New York (n)	Kansas City	Kansas City (n)	Cleveland (n)		At Boston	Minnesota (n)	Baltimore
13	At Detroit (n)	At New York (n)	At Cleveland (n)	At Boston (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)	Kansas City (n)	Boston (n)

(n) Night Game (2) Doubleheader (★) No Games Scheduled (2n) Two-Night Doubleheader (†) 6 p.m. Game (DN) Day and Night Game

"YOU ARE NEVER 'OUT' OF

Bill "Moose" Skowron knows what it means to be in style . . . off the playing field as well as on. Look at these FORTUNE style leaders. Two perennially-popular mocs — one a loafer with sweeping low-line front stitching, the other a four-eyelet blucher with cut-away quarter. And for "way-out" styling by



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for free reprint of this
fine drawing of "Moose" Skowron
by Ed Vebell



FORTUNE SHOE COMPANY •

AUGUST

	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
14	At Detroit	At New York	At Cleveland	At Boston	Los Angeles	Minnesota	At Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)	Kansas City	Boston
15	At Detroit (2)	At New York (2)	At Cleveland (2)	At Boston	Los Angeles (2)	Minnesota (2)	At Baltimore	Washington	Kansas City (2)	Boston
16				At Boston (n)						Boston (n)
17	At New York (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Washington (n)	Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	Chicago (n)	Boston (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Baltimore (n)
18	At New York (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Detroit (n)	At Washington (n)	Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	Chicago (n)	Boston (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Baltimore (n)
19	At New York		At Detroit		Minnesota			Boston (n)	Los Angeles	At Baltimore (n)
20	Minnesota (2n)	Chicago (n)	At Los Angeles (2n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Boston (n)	At Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)	New York (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)
21	Minnesota (n)	Chicago (†)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Kansas City (†)	At Boston (n)	At Washington	Cleveland	New York (n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)
22	Minnesota	Chicago (2)	At Los Angeles	At Kansas City (2)	At Boston	At Washington	Cleveland	New York	At Baltimore	Detroit
23	Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	New York (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Boston (n)	At Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Washington (n)
24	Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	New York (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Boston (n)	At Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Washington (n)
25	Cleveland (2n)	Detroit (n)	New York (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (2n)	At Boston	At Chicago	At Minnesota	Washington
26		Detroit	New York	Baltimore	At Kansas City		At Boston	At Washington	At Kansas City	At Chicago
27	Detroit (n)	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	Boston (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (n)	At Washington	At Kansas City	At Chicago
28	Detroit (n)	New York (†)	Cleveland	Boston	At Los Angeles (n)	At Minnesota	Baltimore	At Washington	At Kansas City	At Chicago
29	Detroit	New York	Cleveland	Boston (2)	At Los Angeles	At Minnesota	Baltimore	At Washington	At Kansas City	At Chicago
30	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Boston (n)	At Washington	At Los Angeles (n)	At Washington
31	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Boston (n)	Chicago (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Washington

SEPTEMBER

	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1	New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Kansas City (n)	Boston (n)	Chicago (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Washington (n)
2	New York	Cleveland	Detroit (†)	At Baltimore (†)	At Minnesota (†)	At Kansas City	Boston (n)	Chicago (†)	At Los Angeles	At Washington (n)
3	Kansas City (2n)	At Los Angeles (2n)	Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Washington (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Detroit (n)	Cleveland (n)	Boston (n)	At New York (n)
4	Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Chicago	At Minnesota	Washington	At Baltimore	At Detroit	Cleveland (n)	Boston (2n)	At New York (2n)
5	Kansas City	At Los Angeles	Chicago	At Minnesota	Washington (2)	At Baltimore	At Detroit (2)	Cleveland	Boston	At New York
6	At Chicago (2)	Minnesota (2)	At Kansas City (2)	Los Angeles (2)	Boston	Washington (2)	At Cleveland (2)	At New York (2)	Baltimore (2)	At Detroit
7					Boston (n)					At Detroit (n)
8	At Kansas City (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Chicago (n)	Minnesota (n)	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	At New York (n)	At Detroit (n)	Washington (n)	At Cleveland (n)
9	At Kansas City	Los Angeles	At Chicago	Minnesota						
10	At Washington (n)	At Baltimore (2n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Kansas City (2n)	At Chicago (n)	Minnesota (n)
11	At Washington	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston	New York (n)	At Cleveland	Detroit	Los Angeles	Kansas City (n)	At Chicago	Minnesota
12	At Washington	At Baltimore	At Boston	New York	At Cleveland	Detroit	Los Angeles	Kansas City	At Chicago	Minnesota
13						At Baltimore (n)				
14	Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)	Detroit (n)	At Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)
15	Chicago (2n)	At Minnesota (n)	Kansas City (n)	At Los Angeles (2n)	At Baltimore (n)	At Boston (n)	New York (n)	Detroit (n)	At Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)
16		At Minnesota	Kansas City		At Boston	At Boston				
17	Baltimore (n)	At Boston (n)	Washington (n)	At Cleveland (n)	At New York (n)	Chicago (n)	At Minnesota (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Detroit (n)	Kansas City (n)
18	Baltimore (n)	At Boston	Washington	At Cleveland	At New York (n)	Chicago	At Minnesota	At Los Angeles (n)	Detroit (n)	Kansas City
19	Baltimore	At Boston	Washington	At Cleveland	At New York	Chicago	At Minnesota	At Los Angeles	Detroit	Kansas City
20★										
21	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore	At Detroit (n)	Chicago (n)	At New York (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Minnesota	Cleveland (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
22	Boston (2n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore	At Detroit (n)	Chicago (n)	At New York (n)	At Kansas City (n)	At Minnesota	Cleveland (n)	At Los Angeles (2n)
23		Washington				At New York	At Kansas City			
24	At Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	At Washington (n)	At New York (n)	Cleveland (n)	At Detroit (n)	Minnesota (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	At Kansas City (n)
25	At Baltimore (n)	Boston	At Washington	At New York	Cleveland	At Detroit	Minnesota	Los Angeles (n)	Chicago	At Kansas City
26	At Baltimore	Boston	At Washington	At New York	Cleveland (2)	At Detroit (2)	Minnesota	Los Angeles	Chicago	At Kansas City

(n) Night Game (2) Doubleheader (★) No Games Scheduled (2n) Two-Night Doubleheader (†) 6 p.m. Game (DN) Day and Night Game

STYLE IN FORTUNES!"

FORTUNE . . . way-out front of the crowd . . . this three-yelet "Scoop Boot" with two vamp creases on top, made on the Blade last. Whatever's on your schedule—loafing in style . . . in style for dress . . . dressed to kill—you are never out of style in FORTUNES. See them at your local dealer!

POPULARITY-PROVEN STYLE CHAMPIONS



SHOES FOR YOUNG MEN

\$7.95 to \$14.95
most styles



AMERICAN LEAGUE

SEPTEMBER

	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
27★	At Boston	At Wash'ton (2n)	At Baltimore (n)	Detroit (2n)	At Chicago (2n)	New York (n)	Kansas City (2n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles
28	At Boston	At Washington (n)	At Baltimore (n)			New York (n)	Kansas City (n)	Minnesota (n)	At Cleveland (n)	Los Angeles
29			At Baltimore (n)					Minnesota (n)		
30										

OCTOBER

	Los Angeles	Kansas City	Minnesota	Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1		At Chicago (n)		Kansas City (n)	At Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)	Detroit (n)	At Cleveland (n)	At Boston	New York
2	At Minnesota	At Chicago	Los Angeles	Kansas City	At Washington	Baltimore	Detroit	At Cleveland	At Boston	New York
3	At Minnesota	At Chicago	Los Angeles	Kansas City	At Washington	Baltimore	Detroit	At Cleveland	At Boston	New York

NATIONAL LEAGUE

APRIL

	New York	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Houston	Los Angeles	San Francisco
12	Los Angeles	At Houston (n)	San Francisco	St. Louis	Milwaukee	At Cincinnati	At Chicago	Philadelphia (n)	At New York	At Pittsburgh
13			San Francisco (n)	St. Louis	Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Chicago	At Philadelphia (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)
14	Houston	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis		At Cincinnati	At Chicago	At New York	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)
15	Houston	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Milwaukee	At St. Louis (n)	Chicago	Cincinnati (n)	At New York	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)
16★										
17	San Francisco	Los Angeles (n)	Houston	At Milwaukee	At St. Louis (n)	Chicago	Cincinnati (n)	At Pittsburgh	At Phila. (n)	At New York
18	San Francisco (2)	Los Angeles	Houston (2)	At Milwaukee	At St. Louis	Chicago	Cincinnati	At Pittsburgh (2)	At Philadelphia	At New York (2)
19		Houston (n)		At St. Louis	At Milwaukee	Cincinnati	Chicago	At Phila. (n)		
20	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	At San Francisco	Cincinnati	At Chicago	At St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	At Phila. (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh
21	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	At San Fran. (n)	Cincinnati	At Chicago			At Phila. (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)
22	At Los Angeles (n)			Cincinnati	At Chicago			New York (n)		
23	At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	Milwaukee	St. Louis (n)	At Chicago	At Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York (n)
24	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	Milwaukee	St. Louis	At Chicago	At Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York
25	At San Fran. (2)	At Los Angeles	At Houston	Milwaukee	St. Louis	At Chicago	At Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York (2)
26		At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)					Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	
27	At Houston (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)
28	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
29				At Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)		San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
30	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Houston (n)	New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)

MAY

	New York	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Houston	Los Angeles	San Francisco
1	At Cincinnati	At Milwaukee	At St. Louis	At Houston (DN)	New York	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago (DN)	San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
2	At Cincinnati (2)	At Milwaukee (2)	At St. Louis (2)		New York (2)	Philadelphia (2)	Pittsburgh (2)	Chicago	San Francisco	At Los Angeles
3										At St. Louis (n)
4	Philadelphia (n)	At New York (n)	At Chicago	Pittsburgh	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	San Fran. (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)
5	Philadelphia (n)	At New York (n)	At Chicago	Pittsburgh	Los Angeles	Houston (n)	San Fran. (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati	At St. Louis (n)
6										
7	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Houston	At Pittsburgh (n)	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	At Chicago	At San Fran. (n)	Los Angeles (n)
8	Milwaukee	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati	Houston	At Pittsburgh	At New York	At Phila. (n)	At Chicago	At San Francisco	Los Angeles
9	Milwaukee (2)	St. Louis	Cincinnati	Houston (2)	At Pittsburgh	At New York (2)	At Philadelphia	At Chicago (2)	At San Francisco	Los Angeles
10		St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)		At Pittsburgh (n)		At Phila. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Chicago (n)
11	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At New York (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Chicago
12	St. Louis	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	At San Francisco	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At New York	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Chicago
13	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Milwaukee (n)	At San Francisco	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)	At San Fran. (n)	Chicago (n)	Houston (n)
14	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At New York (n)	At Philadelphia	At Pittsburgh	At San Francisco	Chicago	Houston
15	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	St. Louis	At Los Angeles	At New York	At Philadelphia	At Pittsburgh (2)	At San Fran. (2)	Chicago (2)	Houston (2)
16	Cincinnati (2)	Milwaukee	St. Louis (2)	At Los Angeles (2)	At New York (2)	At Philadelphia	At Philadelphia	Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	
17		At St. Louis (n)					Philadelphia (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At Chicago
18	At Milwaukee (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	San Francisco	Pittsburgh (n)	New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At Chicago
19	At Milwaukee (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	San Francisco	Pittsburgh (n)	New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At Chicago
20	At Milwaukee (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	San Francisco	Pittsburgh (n)	New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At Chicago
21	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	Los Angeles	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	New York (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Chicago	At Houston (n)
22	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee	Los Angeles	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh	New York	San Fran. (DN)	At Chicago	At Houston (DN)
23	At St. Louis	At Cincinnati	At Milwaukee	Los Angeles	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	New York	San Francisco	At Chicago	At Houston
24	At Phila. (2n)	New York (2n)	Chicago (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee
25	At Phila. (n)	New York (n)	Chicago (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)
26	Chicago (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)	At Houston	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati
27	Chicago	Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)
28	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston	St. Louis	Milwaukee	Cincinnati
29	Pittsburgh	Chicago	At New York	At Philadelphia	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles	At Houston	At San Francisco	Milwaukee	Cincinnati
30	Pittsburgh (2)	Chicago	At New York (2)	At Philadelphia	At Los Angeles	At Houston	At San Francisco	Milwaukee	Cincinnati	St. Louis
31	At Chicago (2)	At Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	New York (2)	At Los Angeles (2)	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (2)	St. Louis

JUNE

	New York	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Houston	Los Angeles	San Francisco
1	At Chicago	At Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York		At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	Milwaukee (n)		St. Louis
2	At Chicago	At Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York		San Fran. (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)
3	At Pittsburgh (n)		New York (n)		Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)
4	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Chicago	New York (n)	Philadelphia	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)
5	At Pittsburgh	At Chicago	New York	Philadelphia	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles	Houston	At St. Louis	At Milwaukee	At Cincinnati
6	At Pittsburgh (2)	At Chicago (2)	New York (2)	Philadelphia (2)	San Francisco	Los Angeles (2)	Houston (2)	At St. Louis (2)	At Milwaukee (2)	At Cincinnati
7		At Los Angeles (n)							At Phila. (n)	
8	San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Milwaukee	At St. Louis (n)	At Chicago	Cincinnati (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)
9	San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Milwaukee	At St. Louis	At Chicago	Cincinnati	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)
10	San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Milwaukee	At St. Louis	At Chicago	At Cincinnati	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)
11	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	Cincinnati	At Chicago	At St. Louis	Milwaukee	At Philadelphia	At New York	At Pittsburgh
12	Los Angeles	Houston	San Francisco	Cincinnati	At Chicago	At St. Louis	Milwaukee (2)	At Philadelphia	At New York (2)	At Pittsburgh
13	Los Angeles (2)	Houston	San Francisco	Cincinnati (2)	At Chicago (2)	At St. Louis (2)	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
14	At Cincinnati (n)		At St. Louis (n)	At Houston (n)	New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
15	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Houston (n)	New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
16	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Houston (n)	New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
17		At Milwaukee (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Houston (n)		Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Los Angeles (n)
18	At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles	At Houston (n)	At Cincinnati	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York
19	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles	At Houston	At Cincinnati	Chicago	St. Louis	At Milwaukee	Philadelphia (2)	New York (2)	Pittsburgh (2)
20	At Los Angeles (2)	At Houston (2)	At San Fran. (2)	At Cincinnati (2)	Chicago (2)	St. Louis	At Milwaukee	Philadelphia (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)
21	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)						Philadelphia (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)
22	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)
23		At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)
24	At Houston (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)
25	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At St. Louis	At Milwaukee	Cincinnati	Chicago	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)
26	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At St. Louis	At Milwaukee	Cincinnati (2)	Chicago (2)	New York	Pittsburgh	Philadelphia
27	At Houston	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles	At St. Louis (2)	At Milwaukee	Cincinnati	Chicago	At Phila. (n)	At San Fran. (n)	Los Angeles
28	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Houston	At Pittsburgh (n)	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	At Chicago	At San Francisco	Los Angeles
29	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Houston	At Pittsburgh (n)	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	At Chicago	At San Francisco	Los Angeles
30	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles (2)	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Chicago (2)	At Houston (n)

(n) Night Game (2) Doubleheader (★) No Games Scheduled (2n) Two-Night Doubleheader (†) 6 p.m. Game (DN) Day and Night Game

JULY

	New York	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Houston	Los Angeles	San Francisco
1	Cincinnati	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles	At New York	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)		At Chicago	
2	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	San Francisco	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At New York (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At Chicago
3	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee	San Francisco	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh	At New York (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At Chicago
4	St. Louis	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	San Francisco	At Philadelphia	At Pittsburgh	At New York	Los Angeles	At Houston	At Chicago
5	Chicago (2)	Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (2)	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)
6		Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)		Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)
7	Chicago	Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)
8		San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)						At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)
9	Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis	Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Chicago	At New York (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)
10	Houston	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles	St. Louis	Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Chicago	At New York	At Pittsburgh	At Phila. (n)
11	Houston (2)	San Francisco	Los Angeles	St. Louis	Milwaukee	At Cincinnati	At Chicago	At New York (2)	At Pittsburgh	At Philadelphia

ALL-STAR GAME—METROPOLITAN STADIUM, MINNEAPOLIS

15	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	New York (n)	Chicago (n)		
16	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	New York (n)	At San Fran. (n)	Chicago (n)	Houston (n)
17	At St. Louis	At Cincinnati	At Milwaukee	At Los Angeles (n)	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	New York	At San Francisco	Chicago (n)	Houston
18	At Milwaukee (2)	At St. Louis	At Cincinnati (2)	At Los Angeles	Pittsburgh (2)	New York (2)	Philadelphia	At San Francisco	Chicago	Houston
19	At Milwaukee (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At San Francisco	Pittsburgh (n)	New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Chicago
20	At Milwaukee	At St. Louis	At Cincinnati	At San Francisco		New York	Philadelphia	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Chicago
21	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Chicago	New York (n)	Philadelphia	At San Francisco		Philadelphia	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Chicago
22		At Chicago		Philadelphia	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati
23	Philadelphia (n)	At New York (n)	At Chicago	Pittsburgh	At Houston (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati
24	Philadelphia	At New York	At Chicago	Pittsburgh	At Houston (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)
25	Philadelphia (2)	At New York (2)	At Chicago (2)	Pittsburgh (2)	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee
26					At Houston	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles	Cincinnati	St. Louis	Milwaukee
27	At Chicago	At Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis
28	At Chicago	At Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Fran. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis (n)
29	At Chicago	At Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis
30	At Phila. (n)	New York (n)	Chicago (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)
31	At Philadelphia	New York	Chicago	At Pittsburgh	Houston	San Francisco	Los Angeles (n)	At Cincinnati	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee

AUGUST

	New York	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Houston	Los Angeles	San Francisco
1	At Philadelphia.	New York	Chicago (2)	At Pittsburgh (2)	Houston (2)	San Francisco (2)	Los Angeles	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis	At Milwaukee (2)
2										
3	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)
4	Pittsburgh	Chicago (n)	At New York	At Phila. (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)
5	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)
6	Chicago (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)
7	Chicago	Pittsburgh	At Philadelphia	At New York	Los Angeles (n)	Houston	San Francisco (n)	At Milwaukee	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)
8	Chicago (2)	Pittsburgh (2)	At Phila. (2)	At New York (2)	Los Angeles	Houston (2)	San Francisco	At Milwaukee (2)	At Cincinnati	At St. Louis
9		At Houston (n)						Philadelphia (n)		
10	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	At Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh
11	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	At Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh
12		At Houston (n)	At San Francisco			St. Louis	At Milwaukee	Philadelphia (n)		Pittsburgh
13	At Houston (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Milwaukee	At St. Louis (n)	At Chicago	Cincinnati (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)
14	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	Milwaukee	At St. Louis (n)	At Chicago	Cincinnati (n)	New York (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia
15	At Houston.	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles	Milwaukee	At St. Louis	At Chicago	Cincinnati	New York	Pittsburgh	Philadelphia
16	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)		At Chicago	At St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York
17	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	Cincinnati	At Chicago	At St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York
18	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	Cincinnati	At Chicago	At St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	New York
19				Cincinnati	At Chicago	At St. Louis	Milwaukee		At San Francisco	Los Angeles
20	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Houston	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At New York (n)	At Chicago	At San Fran. (n)	Los Angeles (n)
21	St. Louis	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Houston	At Philadelphia	At Pittsburgh	At New York	At Chicago	At San Francisco	Los Angeles
22	St. Louis (2)	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Houston	At Philadelphia	At Pittsburgh	At New York (2)	At Chicago	At San Francisco	Los Angeles
23	Los Angeles (n)		San Fran. (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)
24	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	San Fran. (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)
25	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	San Fran. (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)
26	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	San Fran. (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Chicago (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)
27	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)
28	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Houston	At Milwaukee	St. Louis (n)	Chicago	At Cincinnati (n)	At Pittsburgh	At Phila. (n)	At New York (n)
29	San Francisco	Los Angeles	Houston	At Milwaukee	St. Louis	Chicago	At Cincinnati	At Pittsburgh	At Philadelphia	At New York
30★										
31	Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis	Milwaukee (2n)	At Cincinnati (2n)	At Chicago	At New York	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Phila. (n)

SEPTEMBER

	New York	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Houston	Los Angeles	San Francisco
1	Houston	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis	Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Chicago	At New York	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Philadelphia (n)
2	Houston	San Francisco	Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis	Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Chicago	At New York	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Philadelphia
3	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	San Francisco	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	New York (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At Chicago
4	At St. Louis (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee	San Francisco	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh	New York (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At Chicago
5	At St. Louis	At Cincinnati	At Milwaukee	San Francisco	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	New York	Los Angeles	At Houston	At Chicago
6	At Milwaukee (2)	At St. Louis (2)	At Cincinnati (2)	At Houston (n)	Pittsburgh (2)	New York (2)	Philadelphia (2)	Chicago (n)	San Francisco	At Los Angeles
7		At Cincinnati (n)	At Cincinnati (n)		Pittsburgh (n)				San Francisco	At Los Angeles
8	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At St. Louis (n)		New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	At San Francisco		Houston
9	At Cincinnati (n)	At Milwaukee (n)		At Los Angeles (n)	New York (n)	Philadelphia (n)		At San Francisco	Chicago (n)	Houston
10	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Chicago (n)
11	Milwaukee	St. Louis (n)	Cincinnati	At San Francisco	At Pittsburgh	At New York	At Phila. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	Chicago
12	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Cincinnati	At San Fran. (2)	At Pittsburgh	At New York	At Philadelphia	At Los Angeles	Houston	Chicago (2)
13		Milwaukee (n)			At Phila. (n)			San Francisco (n)		At Houston (n)
14	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Chicago	At Houston (n)
15	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Chicago	At Houston (n)
16	Cincinnati	Milwaukee (n)	St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles	At New York	At Phila. (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	San Francisco (n)	At Chicago	At Houston (n)
17		At Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)		Houston (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	At Cincinnati (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)
18	At Chicago	At Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	New York		San Francisco	Los Angeles (n)		At St. Louis	At Milwaukee
19	At Chicago	At Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	New York	Houston (2)	San Francisco	Los Angeles	At Cincinnati (2)	At St. Louis	At Milwaukee
20	At Pittsburgh (n)		New York (n)		San Francisco (n)					At Cincinnati (n)
21	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Chicago	New York (n)	Philadelphia	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)
22	At Pittsburgh (n)	At Chicago	New York (n)	Philadelphia	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	Houston (n)	At St. Louis (n)	At Milwaukee (n)	At Cincinnati (n)
23		At Chicago		Philadelphia						
24	At Phila. (n)	New York (n)				At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)		St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)
25	At Philadelphia	New York	At Chicago	Pittsburgh	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee
26	At Philadelphia	New York	At Chicago	Pittsburgh	At Houston	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles	Cincinnati	St. Louis	Milwaukee
27		Chicago (n)		At Phila. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis
28	Pittsburgh (n)	Chicago (n)	At New York (n)	At Phila. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	At San Fran. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis (n)
29	Pittsburgh	Chicago (n)	At New York	At Phila. (n)	At Los Angeles	At Houston (n)	At San Francisco	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati	St. Louis
30					At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati

OCTOBER

	New York	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Houston	Los Angeles	San Francisco
1	Philadelphia (n)	At New York (n)	Chicago (n)	At Pittsburgh (n)	At San Fran. (n)	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston (n)	St. Louis (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)
2	Philadelphia	At New York	Chicago	At Pittsburgh	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles (n)	At Houston	St. Louis	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati
3	Philadelphia	At New York	Chicago	At Pittsburgh	At San Francisco	At Los Angeles	At Houston	St. Louis	Milwaukee	Cincinnati

(n) Night Game	(2) Doubleheader	(★) No Games Scheduled	(2n) Two-Night Doubleheader	(†) 6 p.m. Game	(DN) Day and Night Game
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THE STRUGGLES OF A DERBY HORSE

(Continued from page 39)
horse fall apart before his eyes.

Winfrey had known for months that Bold Lad was a great horse and had reason to suspect that he was the greatest. Native Dancer didn't lose as a two-year-old and Bold Lad did, two of ten races, but Winfrey, who trained both, had been forced to say that Bold Lad was perhaps a little better.

Forced is the word. A man is whistling through the graveyard from the moment he finds his horse is special. A great horse is the most special thing in sports because it is the most fragile. Johnny Keane will die a little each time Mickey Mantle takes off to steal second, but people can be put back together. When a great horse breaks down, no power on earth can raise a phoenix from the ashes.

THERE is an ecstasy in having a great horse, and a commensurate agony. Winfrey had felt them both, and would always feel them. Native Dancer was flying at the end of the '53 Kentucky Derby and in one more jump he would have won, but Dark Star's nose was on the wire and the scar on Winfrey's psyche would never heal completely. A man who had one Native Dancer does not figure to have another. Now maybe Winfrey had another, but now they were going to take him away.

It was 9:15 a.m. and the appointment was for breakfast. Winfrey handed the menu back to the waitress. "It's hot and I'm thirsty," he said. "I believe I'll have a beer."

He wiped his brow and fidgeted. "It looks bad," he said, "and maybe it is bad. But I have to believe it's post-operative. I tried to bring him back too soon. I was hoping for the best and I didn't get it. That's all."

That's all. Just like that.

The morning had begun like all the mornings at all the barns where they have "a big horse," but more so. They kidded each other. Al Robertson, the assistant trainer, frisked Dave Sullivan, the Gaelic groom, for the safety pins for Bold Lad's bandages.

"You all right, champ?" Robertson asked Bold Lad as the horse squatted in the deep straw and began to roll the soft cloth around his cannon bones, tenderly and carefully. The straw is always a little deeper in the stall of a "big horse," but Dave had been laying it on because Bold Lad likes to roll around like a puppy when he's feeling good. He was feeling good.

Sullivan and Tommy Quinn, the exercise boy, stood by and watched as Robertson bandaged the four legs, all white from the ankles down. Tommy is out of County Cork. Winfrey was asked if it were likely that a horse with a groom from County Waterford and an exercise boy from County Cork could be beaten.

"He could be," Winfrey said. "He could hook a horse from Tel Aviv." The winners tell jokes and Bold Lad surely was a winner. The splint—an inexplicable little lump on the inside of Bold Lad's right foreleg, just below the knee—had kept him out of the Bahamas Stakes. But the vet had "fired" him. You could see the 19 small holes burned into the flesh by that instrument of medieval but reliable therapy, very much like a soldering iron. The lump had flattened out and the colt was ready to go again.

This morning Winfrey was sending him on a two-mile gallop.

Tommy Quinn had galloped Bold Lad's gallant father, Bold Ruler. "I think Bold Lad's even better," Tommy said. "I believe it. His father was always a generous horse, but you can do even more with this horse. He's kind, he is."

"Did you see him in the Hopeful?" Dave Sullivan asked. "He almost jumped over them horses. I heard a man say yesterday he was the best two-year-old there ever was, and I believe he's right."

At 8:07 it was time for Bold Lad's workout.

Normal procedure at this point is to put a boy on the horse's back and tell him to take the horse to the seven-eighths pole and you'll see them both later. The trainer can then walk leisurely to the track, stopping to swap sympathy and lies (usually interchangeable terms) on the way and still be in the stands with his stop watch in time to "catch" his horse. If the horse is "rank" (unruly) you send a pony with him, but that's it.

That's it if he's just a horse. Bold Lad went with Tommy Quinn on his back and Winfrey himself on the pony alongside. Dave Sullivan walked in front, leading the colt by the shank, and they walked slowly.

"That's the big horse?" a groom asked as they went up the path.

"It is indeed," Winfrey said.

"Then I ain't getting any closer to him than this," the groom said. "If anything happened to him when I was around I'd never hear the end of it."

Some trainers in the stands studied the colt's legs and talked to each other in low tones. They might as well have spoken up. Winfrey knew what they'd be saying. There were other Bold Ruler colts in his barn that had leg trouble, they knew—couldn't even race them as two-year-olds. A splint is only a splint, but it's an ominous sign. His old man had leg trouble all his life, didn't he? And that suspicious knee, the right one. It's always been bigger than the other one. Has to be a reason for that, doesn't there?

"NO, I don't believe there's anything hereditary," Winfrey had said. "I think what Bold Ruler gave them that gives them trouble is their speed. You'll notice you never have much trouble with slow horses."

Bold Lad was going to gallop, not run. He had galloped once since his leg was "fired," and had come out of it all right. Now Winfrey was going to "put a little pressure on him." He knew the chances. If the colt responded to the treatment ideally, perfectly, he could still get to the Flamingo on March 3. That was only 19 days away and he hadn't raced yet as a three-year-old and the Flamingo is a mile and an eighth and Bold Lad hadn't ever "been around two turns."

It would be a lot to ask, of the horse and of the capricious fates, and Winfrey knew it. But if Bold Lad could be ready for the Hibiscus, a sprint on February 22, he'd have a race in him for the Flamingo. And if they'd tacked that other eighth of a mile onto the Champagne last fall, what difference would it have made? Hell, he won it by almost that much.

It was a risk, but Bill Winfrey had calculated it and he was taking it.

"Nothing can beat him but an Act of God," Dave Sullivan said, "because he's perfection, he is."

Bold Lad jogged to the three-quarter pole, Winfrey still ponying, and then he galloped. When he came out from behind the tote board he was galloping easily, Tommy Quinn standing half erect in the irons. When he came past the finish line the first time Dave Sullivan smiled a little smile. Tommy wasn't pulling him up, and Tommy wouldn't be taking him the second time around if he weren't all right. Really all right.

It had been more like two miles and a quarter by the time Tommy pulled Bold Lad up, where Winfrey was waiting. He was the only horse on the track by then. They jogged, then walked, the wrong way around the clubhouse turn. Dave Sullivan walked 50 yards up the track to meet his horse and take him home. He probably knew already, but he didn't say anything. People were watching and Dave Sullivan led his horse back to the barn as if the walking path were the road to Louisville.

THE Kentucky Derby is as distinctively American as apple pie, and just as overrated. It asks three-year-olds to go a mile and a quarter long before they are ready. Northern Dancer last year was almost a month short of his actual third birthday, at a critical stage of his development, when he won it. He didn't last out the summer, but at least he won a couple more races, which is not true of a number of Derby winners.

The running surface is not the world's best and the jockeys often ride to rodeo rules, aware that the officials are not receptive to foul claims that would give their hallowed event a messy, anticlimactic conclusion. Aside from that it's a hell of a race.

"But it's the race of America," Winfrey had said a few days earlier, speaking frankly and realistically of Bold Lad's Derby prospects. "If you're going to develop a classic horse you have to win the Kentucky Derby. It's part of the Triple Crown."

Wheatley Stable is owned by Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, who also has never won a Derby.

"She's interested in developing a distance three-year-old," said Ogden Mills (Dinny) Phipps, her grandson. "He'll go, but if the Derby weren't part of the Triple Crown I don't think she'd send him. The Derby itself is not the goal."

But it is the race of America and when Dave Sullivan got Bold Lad back to his barn the television people were waiting. They had taken a lot of footage of his workout and now they needed a few words from Winfrey.

After the television people left, they brought Bold Lad out of his stall, put a "piece" (blanket) on him and walked him. They tried to walk him. Winfrey, a horseman all his life and one of the very best, had seen it in the first few steps after the colt pulled up on the track, but now it was obvious to a child.

Bold Lad could put no weight on his right foot. He put it down in tip-toe fashion and lurched onto the good leg. Halfway around the walking ring Al Robertson gave up. He brought him into the center of the ring and the three of them began rubbing him, almost frantically. Dave Sullivan stood before the empty stall, scratching his head near the scar

where the colt had pawed him.

Robertson stopped rubbing after a few minutes and gave a furious tug on Bold Lad's shank. "Behave yourself," he snapped.

"Like kids," he told Tommy Quinn. "Got to make 'em behave."

Bold Lad hadn't done anything wrong and Robertson wasn't angry. He was chagrined. Bill would be back in a few minutes and he'd have to tell him something. Somebody would have to say something.

"He's breaking out (sweating) bad, Bill," Robertson said when Winfrey arrived. That was beside the point, but it was something to say.

"Yeah," Winfrey said. He walked into his office and didn't do anything. There was nothing to do but face the facts, and Winfrey had already done that. Bold Lad was hurting. He was certainly sore and to a layman he appeared lame. Horsemen draw a fine semantic line between the two terms and become angry when it is crossed because it is the biggest difference in their world. Before the problem could be articulated Bold Lad would have to "cool out," and that would take time.

"Let's go to breakfast," Winfrey said. Over the beer, he said he thought it was in the trial for the Sapling Stakes that he first suspected Bold Lad of being extraordinary. Yes, that would be the race.

The Hopeful, of course, was the convincer. He won it by seven, which could have been more, and he peeled two-fifths of a second off the record. But it was his manner of doing it: he showed how easy it could be for him.

They sent his entymate, Time Tested, off in front to cut out a pace and "kill the speed." Time Tested

tried, but after a half-mile, even with Braulio Baeza strangling Bold Lad, Bold Lad ran right over Time Tested, as if he were lashed to a post.

"Baeza is too smart a boy to do that if he didn't have to," Winfrey said. "Going after your entymate is a good way to get beaten. So when he let him go I knew he couldn't hold him."

Baeza didn't really let him go. He merely "let out a notch" and Bold Lad appeared to jump to a two-length lead. The race was over right there and it was established: Bold Lad was special.

It was good to talk about last year. After the Hopeful there was the Futurity and the Champagne and then the Phippses, who don't need money, passed up the funny-money pots at Garden State and Pimlico. They wanted to go the classic way with Bold Lad, to give him every chance.

But that was last year and now Winfrey had to go look at his horse. He had to look at the knee. He didn't want to think it was the knee and he was sure it wasn't, but he had to go look at it. By afternoon, he said, he'd know something.

The afternoon is quiet on a backstretch because in the afternoon a racetrack stops being a fun place and becomes a gambling hell. There is almost nobody at the barns in the afternoon, but Tommy Quinn was there, and Dave Sullivan. Dave was sitting on a box in front of Bold Lad's stall, the expression of adoration on his face a fit object for religious art.

"I'm more happy this afternoon," he said. "I think he's sound."

Bold Lad wasn't rolling in the straw, but they said he had "eaten up," as

horses don't do unless they feel all right, and he was standing with weight on the right foot.

"I could bring him out and walk him for you now," Winfrey said, "and only a trained horseman would notice anything. Oh, he might favor that quarter a little bit, but it's not like this morning."

"And it's not the knee. I'm sure it's not the knee. It was a post-operative thing and he just wasn't ready. I tried to get him back too soon and I was wrong, so we'll have to start again."

"He won't race in Florida, of course," Winfrey concluded. "He has shown us he needs more time so he's going to get it. I was rushing him, but now we have time."

Time. Time is the fourth dimension of the racetrack and luck is the fifth. Some horsemen, like Winfrey, are too reasonable to be superstitious, but they all believe in luck. Not many still believe the old wives' tale about horses with four white feet being a jinx:

*One white foot, ride him for your life;
Two white feet, give him to your wife;
Three white feet, send him far away;
Four white feet, keep him not a day.*

Bold Lad has four white feet, but Winfrey isn't superstitious. "There is some difference in the pigmentation," he said, "so that the medicine is supposed to take more effect when you paint them. But I don't think there's any more to it than that. Didn't they like to say 15 or 20 years ago that grey horses were unlucky?"

Native Dancer was a grey horse and he won them all. Except one.

— ■ —

CLOSE SHAVE

for Ron Lee

in a record-shattering dragster run!

WOW! THE QUARTER MILE IN 8.6 SECONDS! BUT HIS CHUTE'S NOT OPENING!

RON'S DRAGSTER SPEEDS AT THE RETAINING WALL - NO BRAKES! NO CHUTE! LOOKS LIKE A SURE CRASH!

MAN, THERE'S JUST A SMALL OPENING FOR THAT GRAVEL SIDE ROAD. HOPE THIS BABY CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH

SCREECH!

HE MADE IT-- AND THE CHUTE FINALLY OPENED WOOW-EEE!

NICE GOING RON-- DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE GONNA MAKE IT. COME LET'S CLEAN UP FOR THE AWARDS.

WELL HERE GOES, Y'KNOW, I THINK I'D RATHER HIT A WALL THAN HAVE MY SENSITIVE FACE FIGHT THIS RAZOR.

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A MAN'S MEDICATION TO HELP SOLVE A YOUNG MAN'S SKIN PROBLEMS

THE SPORT QUIZ



Jimmy Dudley airs Cleveland Indian games on radio station **WERE**. He's been at that mike for 16 seasons, and done play-by-play of three World Series.



Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros games on radio and television. He also announces all University of Houston football games.



Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers—(he's been at it for 30 years), covers the White Sox over **WCFL** radio in Chicago.



Dan Daniels is the voice of the Washington Senators on **WTOP's** radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast.

1 He was the NFL's best punter last year:

- a Yale Lary
- b Bobby Walden
- c Don Chandler

2 Like Jim Thorpe, this man went to Carlisle Institute. He later became a key pitcher for the Philadelphia A's in the early 1900s. Who is he?

3 Match the expression with the appropriate sport:

- coffin corner—polo
- corner booter—football
- ten-goal man—soccer

4 He was once world middleweight champion:

- a Allie Stolz
- b Ken Overlin
- c Steve Belloise

5 Three rookies were among the top ten rushers in the American Football League last season. Name the three and the teams they played for.

6 He led the majors in stolen bases in 1964:

- a Lou Brock
- b Maury Wills
- c Luis Aparicio

7 He won the AFL punting crown last year:

- a Gino Cappelletti
- b Jim Fraser
- c John Hadl

8 This reliever lost only one game in '64:

- a Al McBean
- b Dick Hall
- c Wes Stock

9 Match the player with his college:

- Don Ohl—Stanford
- Ray Scott—Illinois
- Paul Neumann—Portland

10 He was the top-ranked passer in the NFL in '64:

- a Bart Starr
- b John Unitas
- c Fran Tarkenton

11 Now a professional baseball player, he scored both touchdowns to lead Mississippi to a 14-6 win over Rice in the 1961 Sugar Bowl game. Who is he?

Sonny Hebb

12 The only Olympic boxer to win three gold medals, he was the light-middleweight champ in '52 and '56 and middleweight champ in '48. Who is he?

13 He got the MVP award in the '65 NBA All-Star game:

- a Bill Russell
- b Oscar Robertson
- c Jerry Lucas

14 Match the fighter with his college:

- Chuck Davey—Staley College
- Tony DiBiase—Michigan State
- Paul Pender—NYU

15 Going into the '64-65 season, Los Angeles' Elgin Baylor had a higher per-season scoring average than teammate Jerry West. True or false?

16 Lenny Moore had a fine season for the Baltimore Colts, scoring 120 points to lead the NFL. Two men tied for second. Who were they?

MY LIFE AS A FRINGE PLAYER

(Continued from page 43)

I definitely do not want to go to Tacoma."

"Well, Ken, I'll tell you. Chub is on the telephone right now, contacting other clubs. We won't know until tomorrow what is going to happen. We're trying to make a deal for you, but the other clubs are in the same situation we are. They have to get down to 25."

"Do you have any idea what might happen?"

"Well, we have two or three others in the same situation that you're in. We want to do something with them and we want to try to keep them in the big leagues."

"I don't want to go to Tacoma. That would be the end for me I'm sure. I'd go down there and finish the season because we need the money but you know as well as I that getting back to the big leagues is tougher than getting here in the first place."

"I know, Ken," he said, "and I wish I could tell you something. Listen, Chub will be in later this morning, probably after batting practice. I'll talk with him then and we'll let you know what is happening."

"All right, thanks Alvin."

Chub Feeney, Giant vice-president, came in after batting practice and called me into the office with Alvin. "Al has told me what he said to you this morning," Chub said, "and all I can tell you is that we are contacting clubs right now. Cleveland has shown an interest in you but they don't think that they can afford you."

"Afford me?" I asked, a bit amazed.

"We want a player or the waiver price for you and they don't think they can do that at this time."

"Well, if you send me to Tacoma what will happen if I'm not sold to another club at the end of the year is that you will sell my contract to Tacoma. Right? That means that I'll have to negotiate a new contract next spring from scratch and I've heard that Rosy Ryan's pretty tough. That being the case I would necessarily have to quit."

"We want you to stay in the big leagues, Ken, and we're making every effort to keep you here. It's the only place to play. I'd like to see you go to the American League naturally but we wouldn't hesitate to sell you to any club in this league either if they showed an interest."

"Why don't you just give me away? At least you would save a year's salary on me. If you send me to Tacoma and I quit all you've done is wasted a season's pay on me."

"No, we don't do business that way. We have an investment in you and we have to protect that investment. No, we certainly couldn't give you away." The idea struck him humorously.

"What are you going to do if you don't sell me?" I asked.

"Well, we'll have to option you to Tacoma. We have waivers on you" (this means that every club in both leagues has passed me up) "and you have an option left. We would still make every effort to make a deal for you while you are there and if we don't sell you by the end of the Coast

League season we would definitely call you back to the big club. Right now it looks as if that is what will happen. I'll see you tomorrow and let you know definitely. If you wanted to, you have my permission to contact any club you care to and try to make a deal for yourself. If you did, naturally I would want whoever it is to call me but I wouldn't stand in your way of staying in the big leagues."

I turned to Dark. "What do you think I should do, Al? I don't want to have to quit. I really want to play."

"I know you do, Ken," said Dark, "and I wish everyone we had had the same desire. I think your best chance to stay in the big leagues is to be with a club that has a chance to win the pennant. I was going to use you in situations to get a lefthanded hitter out when we couldn't afford to give up a run. I think this is how you could be used to greatest advantage and only a club trying for the pennant can afford to carry a player for that. If I were you I'd call Gene Mauch in Philadelphia. He manages that way and they have a chance to win the pennant. Call everyone for that matter. Just about every club in the league needs a lefthanded pitcher."

"We had planned to use you a lot," Chub volunteered, "until we made the deal with the Braves. Pierce was a definite question mark and we didn't know whether he'd even be back but he's been pitching great ball for us. Before we got Hendley we thought that both you and Al Stanek would get a lot of chance to pitch. We're sorry that you didn't get a chance to show what you could do but that's the way it goes."

The Giants announced Sunday, May

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10, after the game that they had optioned Barton (catcher) Garrido (utility infielder) and MacKenzie to Tacoma. Monday, I began making calls.

Bing Devine was perhaps the most encouraging. After I assured him I was calling with the club's permission he was, I thought, very receptive to the idea of my being available.

"I will talk with John (Keane) later in the day and see what he thinks," he said. "Right now I don't think we are in any particular need but we possibly could make some changes. I'll call you back."

He called back. No job.

With Gene Mauch of the Phillies I think I came closest to landing a job. Quite naturally he had to talk with John Quinn the general manager.

"We may be able to use you," said Mauch. "We have a chance and we need lefthanded pitching. I'll call you back."

I didn't give him a chance to call back, but called myself the next day.

"John's afraid of you," Mauch said.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he's afraid to take a chance on you. He's afraid you might quit."

I wondered how they could think I would even consider quitting when I was desperately making calls to try to stay in the game. In 1958, my second year, I had been a holdout with the Braves (trying to get a \$1000 raise) and apparently Mr. Quinn, who worked for them then, does not have a short memory. I felt I was in a good bargaining position in 1958 so I bargained. And I got what I wanted—without compromise. It has happened the other way too I might add.

Fred Haney's response was more definite. "I'll be honest with you, Ken," he said. "We're cutting down ourselves and we just don't have a spot. I'll have to give you a definite 'no' and not keep you hanging fire."

"Well, I appreciate the honesty. Thanks anyway."

It became more discouraging. Bob Kennedy of the Cubs couldn't be reached. That was my last call. I started to pack. Ironically, every club I called got a lefthander within the month.

The Giants' cut left the club with 11 pitchers—eight righthanders. Mathematically, the staff would have looked better balanced with a 7-4 ratio right to left as opposed to 8-3. I wondered: Had I helped them make the decision by firing the first shot?

I decided to go to Tacoma. Before leaving San Francisco I wrote a note to Al Dark: "Dear Alvin, I certainly hope that you don't regret this move I'm making. I do think that it is a mistake but I also realize that there are decisions to make—not many easily. I still think that I can help your ballclub and that you may have made a judgment on me prematurely. All I can say is that I've swallowed hard and if and when you decide that you can use me I'll be in shape and ready. Continued good-luck. I still think that you have the club to do it. Ken MacKenzie. May 13, 1964."

I never mailed it. Possibly one of the reasons was the conclusiveness of the decision I thought he had made on my ability as early as spring training. "Your biggest value will be in getting a lefthanded batter out in a situation in the game where you can't afford to give up a run," he had said. Ironically, for two years in the majors I had had more trouble getting left-

handers out than righthanders. I could not believe that Al Dark had even given much thought to Ken MacKenzie, fringe player.

Granted, I wasn't always on the fringe. There was a time back in Gore Bay, Ontario, population then 677, now 720, when I was, in the athletic circles of that community, "pretty big stuff." I was a local hockey star and baseball star as a teenager and when I left the town to go to Yale I was somewhat of a celebrity. At Yale I pitched well and Ethan Allen, our baseball coach, stated, "MacKenzie's ready for pro ball now. How far he goes is up to them."

I started out my professional career as an Atlanta Cracker in 1957, in what was then a very good double-A league (the Southern Association). I ended the year at 14-6 and we won the pen-



The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 82

1 b. 2 Chief Bender. 3 coffin corner—football, corner booter—soccer, ten-goal man—polo. 4 b. 5 Matt Snell—New York, Sid Blanks—Houston, Mack Lee Hill—Kansas City. 6 c. 7 b. 8 b. 9 Don Ohl—Illinois, Ray Scott—Portland, Paul Neumann—Stanford. 10 a. 11 Jake Gibbs. 12 Laszlo Papp. 13 c. 14 Chuck Davey—Michigan State, Tony DiBiase—NYU, Paul Bender—Staley College. 15 True. 16 Jim Bakken and Lou Groza.

nant. Earl Mann, the owner, told me at season's end that I was the first rookie he could remember ever to spend a full season with the Crackers, the Yankees of the South.

From there I went to Wichita, back to Atlanta, then Louisville. In 1960 I made it to the major leagues with Milwaukee. And then I was on the fringe. From Milwaukee to the Mets to the Cardinals to the Giants. And, at age 30, I was on my way to Tacoma.

After deciding to go to Tacoma and after writing the note to Al Dark, the real problems began: how to get there, and what to do with the family? If the family were to follow it would mean their having to spend a lot of hours and miles alone on the road. With two active boys, a dog, and more "necessities" than would go in the station wagon it didn't seem easy or fair to expect it of my wife. So, we had to make a choice. Would Gretchen stay in San Francisco—we had been in our apartment exactly ten days, after waiting two weeks before that in a hotel apartment—or would we pack up again and pull a trailer to Tacoma? When your son asks regularly, "Where is my home?" you don't make any more moves than are necessary. We had to make the decision quickly—I had three days to report.

Monday, May 11, I called Rosy Ryan, general manager of the Tacoma club. The club would leave soon on a two-week road trip. Could I get there as soon as possible? They needed

pitching. The road trip solved one problem: Gretchen would stay and drive up later. I would try to get there as soon as possible. It was good to feel needed, to know I would pitch—even in Tacoma. We took the kids to Funston Playground to let them swing and slide later the same day. Periodically, Kenny would come over to ask, "Are you sad? Why?"

"Just because," didn't seem like a very good answer but he accepted it. I didn't want to admit that I was leaving them behind, and Gretchen didn't want to admit that she was staying!

Tuesday, I sorted out my baseball gear and left anything I thought I could get along without. I had to pay my own excess baggage, and you travel lighter when you have to carry your own bag!

Tacoma wasn't very big. I found the right hotel, had time only to unpack, and made it to the ballpark by game time. I pitched the next night and struck out the first seven batters I had faced in seven weeks!

There were some interesting fellows at Tacoma, like Norm Larker, good guy—but the skipper didn't like him.

"I wouldn't-a played this year if my wife didn't make me," Norm said once.

"Did they cut you, Norm?"

"Cut? You got no idea how much."

"How about \$20,000, Norm?"

It was simple arithmetic. Larker had very nearly won the National League batting title in 1960. He'd gotten to about 29-30 grand. I figured the Tacoma club would pay him about ten to play.

"I'll get my release at the end of the year—you watch."

"They won't release you, Norm. They paid a lot of dough for you. You'll stay!"

"Oh no. They've got to release me if they don't sell me. They agreed to that."

"You got it in the contract?"

"No, but I'll get it."

"Forget it, Norm. You stay."

Norm was right. He was released at the end of the year and went to Japan.

Jose Cardenal was another good guy. He hit 70 home runs in El Paso in two years. At Tacoma he hardly hit any.

"You go to San Francisco, MacKenzie?" he'd ask. "You go. You good peetcher."

"I no go, Jose. You go," I'd reply.

"Me no want to go San Francisco. No play there. Sit on bench. I no care for thees organization."

When the Giants sent for him suddenly, he dumfounded the organization by taking his good old time. He drove to San Francisco and then flew to Philadelphia to join the club. It took him three days longer than they expected.

Exactly one week after my arrival in Tacoma, as we were playing bridge in Denver, Lee Hughes (trainer-traveling secretary-clubhouse man for the Tacoma club) interrupted the bidding to tell me: "You have to go back to San Francisco." I clapped my hands and feet together and barked like a seal. "It's your bid, MacKenzie," Larker said.

I reported to San Francisco and 30 days later it happened all over again. What kind of a mood was I in as I made my return trip to Tacoma? I was not. I can assure you, in any mood to make a speech about the job security of a fringe ballplayer.

— ■ —

THE SPORT BONUS REPORT

COACH'S CORNER

BY BLANTON COLLIER

Head Coach, Cleveland Browns



How do draw and screen plays help and hurt a team?

The big job in professional football is protecting the forward passer. We must give him time to throw. Draws and screens are designed to slow down the charge of the crashing linemen who are getting too much penetration—or take advantage of their hard charge. In contrast to the “trap,” which is employed to delay one penetrating lineman, the draw slows down the entire front four. In other words, it tends to affect the *entire* defensive line.

Here's how it works: A pass play is simulated. The offensive linemen act as though they are setting up pass-protection blocks. The ends go downfield. The quarterback gets the snap, spins and fades back as if to pass, but as he goes back he slips the ball either to his halfback or fullback, who stands there bent low, hiding the ball and acting as though he, too, is prepared to protect the passer. All the actions of the offense are designed to invite the wild defensive charge. The

blockers then merely guide the onrushing linemen past the ballcarrier, who picks his own hole and heads downfield.

Now when is the best time to use it? Naturally the best time for any play is when the defense least expects it. But in pro football we pass virtually on any down so the draw is good most any time. We try to use it when the defense fully expects a pass and is charging hard to stop it. We don't care from which side they charge because the ballcarrier goes where they aren't.

We might even use the draw in a non-passing situation simply to keep the other team honest. It often works successfully against a “red dog” because the blitzers rush toward the passer so hard their momentum often takes them past the ballcarrier. The draw is a vicious weapon, a standard one for all teams because once you remind the other team you have it, its defensive men must learn to rush the passer while playing the draw. This forces them to hesitate.

Of course, you wouldn't use the draw on a goal-line stand situation because the defensive line is loaded. Mainly it would be used on early downs, in medium- or long-yardage situations.

And, of course, you wouldn't expect the draw to be effective against a team that employs a soft rush. Except in short-yardage situations, the use can't hurt you because it always serves as a reminder to the other team to slow its charge.

The screen pass serves two purposes: (1) it slows down the rush of the defensive ends primarily, and (2) it takes advantage of retreating linebackers who ride back with the offensive ends. Generally linebackers are assigned to cover screens. If the linebacker drifts back and the ends charge, you have the ideal situation for the screen—and that's the best time to use it.

On a screen, the linemen simulate pass protection but permit the defense to sift through. They then slide over, form a screen and the receiver moves into the pocket behind them. Once he gets the ball he has a wall of blockers in front of him.

Interception is the only danger: A lineman could reach up, hit the screen pass with his hands, catch it and be on his way. Or a linebacker could make the interception and go for a touchdown.

TALK TO THE STARS

Have you wanted to ask questions of your favorite ballplayers and been unable to do so? This new feature, part of SPORT's special bonus section, lets you find out behind-the-scenes facts

FRANK RYAN: *Do you think a game between the National Football League All-Stars and the American Football League All-Stars would be good for professional football and would you like playing in such a game?*

—Paul Garrett, Pennington Gap, Virginia

RYAN: I think it would probably be a most interesting All-Star game and the only feasible way competition between the two leagues could be brought about right now. However, I'm very much against All-Star games in general. You only have a week or so to practice and you just don't get to know the individual abilities of your teammates and you aren't really able to work together as a team. If there was a three-week or month-long practice period before the game it might be better. I guess I'm saying this because I had a shoulder separation in the Pro Bowl and that's an All-Star game. Also, an All-Star game doesn't generate as much desire on the part of the players as games during the regular season do. But I think if there are going to be All-Star games, one between the two leagues would be a good one. I think the AFL will be on a par with us in four or five years. When they started the NFL had the older, established stars and the AFL didn't. Now the older NFL stars are dropping out and both leagues have a set of veterans and of younger stars. I think the AFL is a very healthy thing for pro football. More players get a chance and it certainly helps salaries to have the two leagues competing for players like this.

TONY CONIGLIARO: *Do you feel you've made*

the major leagues completely after last year's fine showing? How do you feel about the sophomore jinx?

—David Gruber, Jackson Heights, New York

CONIGLIARO: I feel that I'm a regular now, but I'm just going to forget about last year and start from scratch. I've had a taste of being a star last year and I like it. It's nice to have a good first year and I could very easily say to myself that I've got it made now, but I'm going to work as hard as I did last year. I always do my best. If you do that what else can you do? As for the sophomore jinx, I don't even want to hear about it. I'm not superstitious. Every time I see somebody that's all I hear. I'm sick of it. I had three broken bones last year and if it can be any tougher than that you tell me. The plate is only so big and they have to throw it over the plate. I'm not planning on a good year, I'm planning on a great year. My goal is to bat .300, hit 35 home runs and 100 RBIs.

FORD FRICK: *Do you think baseball should become an Olympic sport?*

—Robert Kramer, Brooklyn, New York

FRICK: I'd be very happy to see baseball become an Olympic sport. It's an international game now. In fact, there was a demonstration of it at the 1952 Olympic games in Helsinki, Finland, and again in 1956 in Melbourne, Australia. We'd hoped there would be a demonstration in Japan last year but the Japanese wanted demonstrations of other sports. (According to Olympic

rules only two sports not on the competitive schedule may be demonstrated.) Of course, if we, as a professional organization, stuck our nose into it, it would be more likely to hurt it than to help. But amateur baseball groups such as the American Association of College Baseball Coaches and the United States Baseball Federation are very interested in having a baseball competition. Most of the push comes from the colleges because they are in closer touch with the Olympic committees. They have been making an effort for some time and are quite hopeful it will be done at Mexico. Another problem is that in order for a team sport to be played at the Olympics at least six countries have to compete. Some countries might not want to go to the expense of sending all the players needed for a baseball team.

JOHN UNITAS: *What team do you think has the most effective pass rush in the National Football League?*

—Jeff Douglas, Brooklyn, New York

UNITAS: I couldn't say that any one team stands out above the rest. They all have great rushing

lines now: Green Bay, Detroit, Chicago and the rest. Of course, the Cleveland Browns did during the championship game. It isn't the team so much as the individual player. This is one part of the game that hasn't changed much since I joined the pros. I've always been rushed hard. Luckily, the Colts have been pretty well blessed with outstanding defensive linemen over the years. Of course, everybody has off days.

AL ARBOUR: *As a defenseman for the Rochester Americans of the American Hockey League, you are the only hockey player in either the American or National Leagues to wear glasses on the ice. Are there any disadvantages in wearing them?*

—Mike Francis, Aldergrove, British Columbia

ARBOUR: Actually, they don't really cause me any trouble. The only thing is that when it's quite warm, they start fogging up. I have a liquid solution I put on between periods and also I towel them off when I step on the ice. The lenses and frames are plastic and if the lenses were hit by the puck, they'd pop out. That hasn't ever happened, though.



This feature is designed to let you talk to the stars. If you have a question you'd like anyone in sports to answer, send it to us. Tell us who you would like to answer the question. We will select the best questions, have them answered by the stars and print the questions, answers and names of the persons submitting the questions in the magazine. You can ask them by submitting them to "Talk To The Stars, SPORT Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017."

A Beginner's Guide To Rifle Shooting

By Dale Shaw

THE SECRET OF good rifle shooting is relaxation. You hold in your hands a precise and deadly weapon, yet you must be so relaxed you feel lazy, absolutely lazy, with slow, deliberate movements. With relaxation, tension vanishes and those sights steady down and align themselves with amazing ease.

There are four formal target-shooting positions, all A-1 for hunting, but you should get your first taste of firing at a target range. The positions are prone, kneeling, sitting and standing stances. Get your range officer or an experienced friend or an official National Rifle Association member to give a demonstration. Dozens of bones must fall into proper balance.

In each position, the key to strong, relaxed rifle support is a triangle, the triangle formed by the rifle itself, the left forearm and the left upper arm. In every position, this triangle is used to lock the rifle on the level. Prone, the elbow rests on the mat or ground; sitting and kneeling, the elbow rests on the left knee, and standing, the elbow rests on the left *hip*, though that may surprise you.

Once you are in a shooting position, cheek close to the rifle, sight at ease on the bull's-eye. The rifle sleeps in your hands; the trigger curls under your finger. *Squeeze* that shot. Don't pull, don't jerk, don't flinch. Forget the coming *crack*, the slight recoil. *Squeeze* off the shot as your sight picture becomes perfect.

Now let out your breath. Yes, in the effort of concentration, you have drawn and held a deep breath. This firms the chest and ends respiration movement; if you have not taken a breath, you ought to have, a deep one, followed by partial exhalation before the aiming hold.

The bullet is home. No satisfaction matches the experience of perfect hit after hit after hit. The rifleman knows a special enjoyment which no other sport offers.

But what rifle ought you to shoot? Almost everyone begins with the .22: because there are many more ranges adapted to the .22, because ammunition is cheaper, because .22 rifles are cheaper. Remington, Winchester, Marlin, Browning and several other manufacturers make a rifle which will serve as target arm and double as a plinking or small-game rifle. If you're pinching the pennies, you won't mind a single shot .22, and you can have one for less than \$20. Semi-automatics or repeating rifles are fine for hunting but are forbidden on many ranges; they cost more, too. Each trigger pull delivers a quick shot from magazine or clip, so you have power to spare. Starting single-shot, on the other hand, forces you to deliberate, to think about putting the lead where it belongs. Suggestion: if you buy a .22 repeater, hand-feed a cartridge at a time until you know your way around the gun world a little better.

The National Rifle Association, a non-profit group, was formed many years ago to foster target shooting and sound gun handling. The NRA can lead you with directions to the nearest clubs and ranges. Send your membership inquiry to The National Rifle Association of America, 1600 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W., Washington, 6, D.C. Or you may apply through the secretary of a local gun club if you have one in your town.



TEENAGE

ATHLETE OF THE MONTH

"You'll Never Be A Hurdler"

RICHMOND FLOWERS JR. had one ambition seething inside him as he grew into his teens. He wanted to be an exceptional athlete. But he had had mumps, encephalitis that left him deaf in one ear, and he had worn corrective shoes until he was ten years old. When he tried out for Little League baseball in Dothan, Alabama, the coach told him he was the only boy he'd ever coached who had six feet, all left ones.

He went out for the junior high school track team and the coach said, "Son, you'll never be a hurdler." He went out for basketball and fouled out in three minutes of the first game he played. He tried football, but he was too short and skinny.

After Richmond's father was elected attorney general of the state of Alabama, the Flowers family moved to Montgomery and Richmond was enrolled in Sidney Lanier High School. Here, in this capital city atmosphere, the old ambition gnawed at him even more vigorously.

His mother frowned upon any participation in football, but his father, tall, red-headed and a former halfback at Dothan High School, felt compassion for the lad. A parental truce was reached, and with the grudging consent of his mother, who was still insisting that golf should be his sport, young Richmond became a candidate for end as a sophomore at Sidney Lanier.

One day he came home and told his parents, "I think I can outrun anybody on the team."

A few days later he told them, "I **KNOW** I can outrun anybody on the team now."

That day the team's scatback had broken loose and Richmond had run him down from behind. Still, it didn't look as if he'd be much of a football player, because, though proven swift, he was still small.

Finally, one day he blurted out in his frustration: "I'm going out for track again. I've got to belong to the 'L Club.'" This is the society of athlete monogram winners at Sidney Lanier.

His beginning as a track man was modest. His highest achievement as a sophomore was finishing fifth in the 220-yard dash in the state meet. He was proud just to make the finals.

Overnight, Richmond began to grow and develop physically. Now that he had established some degree of speed, he asked the football coach, Bobby Wilson,

if he might not switch from end to halfback. Wilson consented, but with some reservation.

As he grew upward to six feet and outward to 170 pounds, Richmond flowered not only as a football player but also a track man. Last summer if that coach from Dothan who had said, "You'll never be a hurdler," could have been at the state high school meet, he'd have washed out his own mouth with lye soap.

As a 16-year-old junior member of the Lanier Poets track team, Richmond won the 120-yard high hurdles in 14-flat, the 180-yard low hurdles in 19-flat, and broad jumped 23 feet, three inches, all state records. Further, he ran the 100-yard dash in 9.9, tying the state record, he anchored the 440 relay team that set another state record at 42.6, and he scored 21 $\frac{3}{4}$ points in the meet, the most ever scored by anybody in the history of the state meet.

In addition, he holds the state indoor records for the 50- and 60-yard dash, the 60-yard low hurdles and the 60-yard high hurdles. He set them all in the Senior Bowl Indoor meet at Mobile last January, and his time of 5.2 for the 50 equalled the winning collegiate time of the meet.

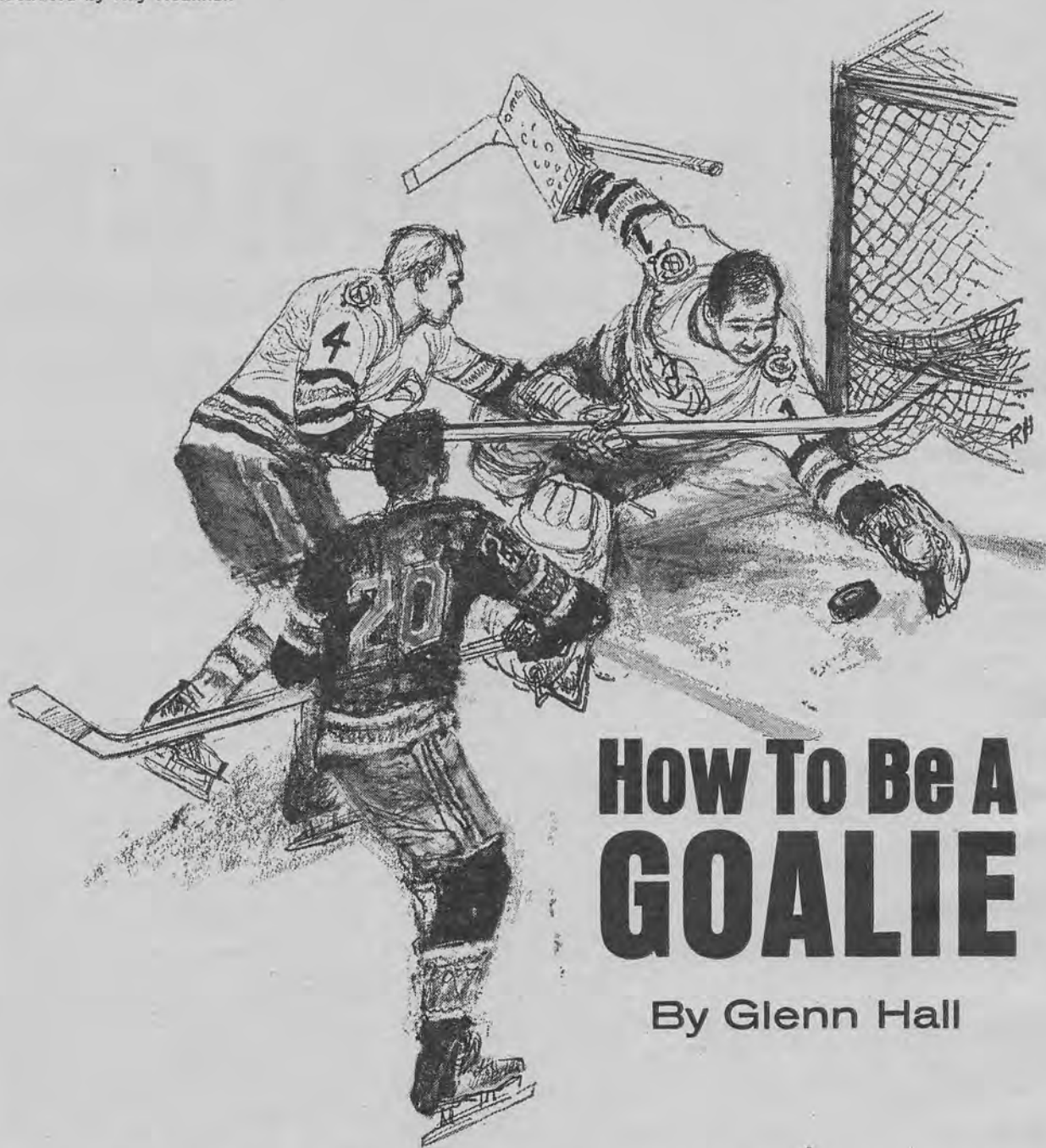
Richmond gives credit to a former teammate, Cal Riley, now on track scholarship at University of Missouri, for his development as a hurdler. "Cal not only taught me almost everything I know about hurdles, but he inspired me, pushed me on. He is the most unselfish friend any kid ever had," Richmond says.

In football, Richmond's team won nine of ten games last season. He was the leading scorer, an all-state, All-Southern and honorable mention All-America halfback.

As a student, Richmond makes a B average. He is a member of the staff of the school paper, and the idol of Lanier High, but he has refrained from indulgence in campus politics due to his father's political prominence. However, he expects to study law and pattern his professional life after his father's.

Richmond expects to take part in football and track in college. His major goal is to compete in the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City.

FURMAN BISHER



How To Be A GOALIE

By Glenn Hall

WHILE WALKING past a hockey rink in Chicago last year, I noticed my teammate, Ab McDonald, playing goal against a bunch of kids. Ordinarily, Ab plays left wing so I wondered what he was doing with the pads on. "Hey Ab," I said, "I thought you were too smart to play goal."

"You know I am," he yelled back, "but I'm staying here to make good and sure my boy doesn't try it. He might get to like it."

Well, I'll admit being a goalie is one of the more exacting ways to make a living. I drifted into it without much forethought. When you're young, you're delighted to play any position as long as you can play hockey so I was quite happy when I wound up in goal.

To wind up in the National Hockey League is an-

other story. First you must have some basic attributes such as a keen sense of vision, sharp reflexes and a better-than-average anticipation. If you possess these qualities you automatically have a greater chance of making the NHL, which is the ultimate aim of any hockey player.

There must be some special fascination to goaltending because, in spite of its many hazards, new goalies keep coming along. I guess they're looking for the same thrills and satisfaction I've experienced—stopping a Frank Mahovlich slap shot or beating Henri Richard on a breakaway or, if you're lucky enough, winning the Vezina Trophy.

En route to your Vezina Trophy, remember this: **DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF THE PUCK AT ANY TIME.** And, secondly, bear in mind that goal-

tending is not a position for the weak and frail and it definitely is not as easy to play as it appears from the stands.

I recommend that every young goaltender use a face mask of any type that feels comfortable. The only reason that I don't use one is that I grew up playing goal before the mask was in use. I believe it's too late for me to start experimenting with one now. However, it's good to have one on when you're standing in front of a four-foot-high by six-foot-wide goal facing a chunk of hard rubber flying at 100 miles per hour.

In the goaltender's basic stance his feet should be arranged so that the insides of his pads are together at the knee but apart about three to four inches at the bottom. The stick should be held just above the wide part of the shaft with the glove (or catching) hand at the side a few inches from the leg, pocket facing out ready to catch the puck.

I make a point of keeping the toes of my skates pointing slightly outward so that I can shoot my leg out to the sides if necessary. In its extended form this "kick-type save" often resembles a ballet dancer's split.

There are many goalkeeping styles and in the NHL every goalie has his own unique movements. My philosophy in teaching goaltending is that I don't care if you stand on your head to block a shot—as long as you block it.

However, there are some basic rules that most goaltenders follow. One of them is the rule of "cutting down the angle," or giving the shooter as little angle for scoring as possible. This is accomplished by moving out of the net as far as you can when an opponent moves into shooting position.

You must remember not to move too far out, though. Do not allow the shooter a chance to fake you or pass to a teammate in position to outmaneuver you. Likewise, when you come out to cut down the angle you must be prepared to retreat back to the net as the shooter moves closer.

If you stay too far out of your crease as the shooter moves in you are allowing him the opportunity to cruise around you and dump the puck into the open net. Fix this in your mind—the idea behind moving

out to cut down the angle is to permit the attacker as little net to see and aim for as possible. You must use your own judgment as to when to stop coming out and when to retreat.

My advice on handling screen shots is to go into a deep crouch. This should enable you to see around the legs, which is better than standing erect trying to peer through the bodies. I have developed a style of goaltending which is adaptable to screened, semi-screened and other types of shots. I refer to it as the "V" formation. When I drop to the ice to make a save my legs fan out in a wide V and reach out almost to the goalposts. By digging the toes of my skates into the ice I'm able to quickly bounce out of the V to stop rebounds.

When a puck goes behind the net, I recommend going after it and passing it to a teammate. But be sure you can reach it before an opponent. If he beats you to the puck he very easily could swerve around you and shoot at the open net.

I play a bouncing puck by getting as close as possible to the puck when it hits the ice. Don't forget that you often have to skate quite a distance out of your net to catch these on the short hop. But when you do it this way you're more likely to catch the puck on your pads; and if it does take a bad bounce, that bounce will likely carry it to the side of the net.

Always be aware of your position in the crease. Don't let yourself unconsciously drift to the left or the right side, leaving a bigger opening than you'd like. Many goalies retain their sense of distance in the crease by grabbing at the goal post with their gloved hand or by whacking the two posts with their stick.

The breakaway, when one or more men skate in alone on you, is handled much the same as a regular shot. You move out to cut down the angle on a long shot and you slowly move back as the man comes closer.

Breakaways help make goaltending a hazardous job, but I'm not sorry about my work. My family is proud of me and I'm proud of my profession. My son is just beginning to play hockey and I wonder how I'd feel if he played goal. But, really, I think he's too smart for that.

Fan Club Spotlight

THESE PEOPLE report the fan clubs for the following: Nancy Kornasiewicz, 410 Fifth Ave., Ford City, Pa. 16226: **Tommie Sisk**. Patricia Mullen, 2129 N. Nagle Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60635: **Tom Tresh**. Mark Wheeler, 769 Comanche Lane, Franklin Lakes, N.J. 07417: **Frank Bork**. Larry D. Howell, Route 6, Johnson City, Tenn.: **Philadelphia Phillies**. Pat Bones, 429 S. Main St., LeSueur, Minn.: **Jimmie Hall**. Patricia Kederis, 426 Wayne Ave., Springfield, Pa.: **Johnny Callison**. William S. Firestone, 71 Southampton Dr., Willingboro, N.J. 08046: **Al Downing**. Shirley Harm, 3934 W. 66th St., Chicago, Ill. 60629: **Joe**

Torre. Kenny Berlin, 8705 Bradmoor Dr., Bethesda Md. 20034: **Claude Osteen**. John Evans, 303 Gardner Rd., Horseheads, N.Y. 14845: **Whitey Ford**. Ed Bialecki, 2290 Woodland Terrace, Scotch Plains, N.J. 07076: **Mel Counts**. Robert L. Hamner, 4312 Fargo Dr., E. Jacksonville, Fla. 32207: **Oscar Robertson**. Marty Cooper, 1220 Sheridan Rd., Wilmett, Ill.: **Chicago White Sox**. Marge Zembo, 543 Kaufman Rd., Somerset, Mass. 02726: **Tony Conigliaro**. Richard Katz, 981 Marion Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio: **Ed Burton**. Carol Inks, 2501 5th Ave., McKeesport, Pa.: **Frank Thomas**.

Inside Facts *By Allan Roth*

ROBIN ROBERTS of the Baltimore Orioles and Lou Burdette of the Chicago Cubs are the only active major-league pitchers who have pitched more than 1000 innings and averaged less than two walks per nine innings during their big league careers . . . Roberts has walked 851 batters in 4386 innings, an average of 1.75 per nine innings, and Burdette has walked 595 batters in 2879 innings, an average of 1.86 per game.

Gus Triandos of the Philadelphia Phillies has stolen only one base in 1152 games during his major-league career, and his teammate Dick Stuart, has one steal in 872 games, the worst stolen-base records among active players who have been in 750 or more major-league games.

In the last six seasons, from 1959 through 1964, the Yankees have had more trouble with the Orioles than with any other A.L. club, splitting 58-58 with them.

Houston coach Nellie Fox struck out only 214 times in 10,307 appearances in his 2346 major-league games (from 1947 through 1964) an average of one strikeout for every 48.16 times up . . . In his final season at 37, he was the toughest batter to strike out in the National League. He struck out 13 times in 502 appearances.

Ernie Banks, who set a major-league record

by hitting five grand-slam home runs in 1955, has needed nine seasons since then, from 1956 through 1964, to hit five more . . . Jim Gentile tied Banks' record, by hitting five grand-slam home runs for the Orioles in 1961, and he hasn't been able to hit another since then.

Roy McMillan of the New York Mets holds the team fielding percentage record for a short-stop for three different N.L. teams . . . In 1958, he set a Cincinnati club record, leading the league, with .980 . . . In 1961, he fielded .975 for Milwaukee, tying the club record set by Johnny Logan in 1959 . . . Last season, his .975 figure was the best in the brief history of the Mets.

Only three active American League players with 200 or more games in the majors went into the 1965 season with lifetime .300 averages: Mickey Mantle (.309), Al Kaline (.307) and Floyd Robinson (.301) . . . There are eight players on the N.L. .300 list: Hank Aaron (.320), Willie Mays (.313), Orlando Cepeda (.309), Bob Clemente (.307), Harvey Kuenn (.305), Tommy Davis (.304), Frank Robinson (.304) and Vada Pinson (.302).

No regular Washington infielder has hit over .300 since 1956, when Pete Runnels had a .310 average . . . The only Washington first-stringers to reach the .300 mark since then have been outfielders Roy Sievers (.301 in 1957) and Chuck Hinton (.310 in 1962).

BILL TERRY, THE STRONG-WILLED GIANT

(Continued from page 67)

as a pinch-hitter. Bill struck out. In front of the other Giant players, McGraw walked up to him and snarled, "Terry, you can ask for more money in the winter and do less in the summer than any ballplayer I know."

The record books show that McGraw's little speech didn't hold much lasting truth. Not that Terry didn't continue to ask for more money in the winter. But what he did in the summer—14 summers—was compile a major-league batting average of .341. And he played first base as it's seldom, if ever, been played. He led the National League in assists and putouts five seasons and had a career fielding average of .992.

Though he was a 200-pounder, his assets and skills belied his heft. At the plate he was a devastating line-drive hitter, not a slugger. In the field he was swift and he moved with the grace and ease of royalty.

Under the acid-tongued McGraw, Terry learned the game. Despite McGraw's dictatorial ways and caustic speech, both men understood and respected each other. Their understanding reached a summit during the 1932 season when McGraw beckoned Terry into his office. The Giants had plunged to the National League cellar (they would end up sixth) and McGraw's face was grim, his cold black eyes lifeless.

He ordered the first-baseman to block the door with a chair. "I don't want anybody hearing this," McGraw said. Terry leaned across the desk.

"Bill, you don't have to answer this now. Wait a while if you like. But how would you like to manage the Giants?"

Terry's eyes never blinked. "Mac, there's no need for me to wait. I'll take it now."

As manager, Terry was an immediate success. The Giants won the pennant the next year. By the time he last stripped off a uniform, in 1941, Terry had given the Giants three pennants in nine years and was a budding millionaire.

There was only one more link remaining with the Giants—that of farm director. But bored with that off-field job, Terry finally resigned from the Giants' organization in 1943 and a year later said he was quitting the game "for good."

"I intend to devote myself to my cotton business and watch baseball from the outside," he said. "I'm not worried about the game. No business in the world has ever made more money with poorer management. It can survive anything."

You can trace the course that explains Bill Terry's unsavory ways, his distaste for foot-licking and his high regard for the Almighty Dollar. It leads back to his youth.

William Harold Terry was born in Atlanta on October 30, 1898. Bill's parents separated when he was very young and he was pressed into becoming a wage-earner at 13. School was forgotten. Despite his unusual responsibilities, Terry always found time for baseball. After unloading railroad cars all day, Bill would hurry down to the neighborhood ball lot, often skipping his meal.

Sober-faced and determined, Terry won a place on an Atlanta semi-pro

for all one-headed men!

They say "two heads are better than one." But if one's all you have, **SHORT CUT** will help you make the most of it. Just rub some on top, comb . . . and you'll look smarter in seconds! **SHORT CUT** gives your hair life, body, manageability; instantly improves the Eye-Q of any cut, short or long. (And might even put that second head on your shoulder . . . hers!) Try it now! **SHORT CUT** Hair Groom by Old Spice . . . tube or jar, only 50¢ plus tax.



team as a pitcher with a hopping, wild fastball. A St. Louis Browns scout liked the way the powerful youngster threw the ball and signed him.

"I was told to go to spring training with the Browns in 1914," Terry recalls. "I was all ready to start a baseball career. I got myself a trunk, even though I knew I could never fill it with clothes. While I was waiting orders to report, I got my release."

That same spring, Terry received a trial with Atlanta of the now extinct Southern League and directed all his 15-year-old energies toward impressing the manager. He succeeded. Atlanta gave Terry a contract and sent him to Thomasville of the Georgia State League. But that 1914 season and the next, when he pitched for Newman of the Georgia-Alabama League, were restless ones for Terry. He wasn't making as much money as he had hoped. Atlanta sold Terry to Shreveport of the Texas League and the glum-looking lefthander won 20 games and lost 13 in two seasons.

Then, he abruptly quit the game.

"I played baseball because I could make more money doing that than I could doing anything else," Terry has always insisted. "I quit the Southern League because I got tired of all that tramping around to cities with a minor-league team. I was married and had a baby and I wanted to settle down."

Terry found an economic settlement in Memphis, Tennessee, where he began a close and profitable association with the burgeoning Standard Oil Company. The company welcomed Terry as a workman but was interested, too, in his baseball talents; Stand-

ard Oil's Polarines were one of the strongest plant teams in the country.

The new hand pitched and played first base creditably but it was his line-drive hitting that attracted the attention of Tom Watkins, owner of the Memphis Chicks. Watkins marveled at Terry's skills. He also realized the Chicks could never pay Bill enough to bring him back into baseball. However, Watkins knew a man who could meet Terry's price and in the spring of 1922, when John McGraw brought his New York Giants through town, Watkins set up a meeting between McGraw and Terry. It took place in McGraw's suite in the stylish Peabody Hotel and it was far from cordial.

According to the late Frank Graham's book, *The New York Giants*, Terry and McGraw talked for several minutes before the violent manager looked at the physical giant sitting across from him and asked: "How would you like to come to New York with me?"

"What for?"

"To play with the Giants, maybe."

"For how much?" Terry asked.

McGraw sizzled. "Do you understand what I'm offering you? I'm offering you a chance to play with the Giants—if you're good enough."

"Excuse me if I don't fall all over myself, but the Giants don't mean a thing to me unless you can make it worth my while. I'm doing all right here. I have a nice home and I'm in no hurry to leave it or the job. If I can make much more money going to New York, I'll go. You can't get me excited by talking to me about the New York Giants."

"All right," said McGraw. "There's no hurry. I'll think it over."

McGraw debated three weeks. Finally, he sent Terry a wire, offering him \$5000 a season plus a guarantee that if he were sent to the minors, the Giants would still own him. The offer was generous for the times.

McGraw sent Terry, then 24, to Toledo, and told George Whitted, the Mud Hens' manager: "Work him at first base. No pitching. He may be clumsy, but he's gonna be a hell of a hitter."

Terry, who disliked his new position, hit .336 in 88 games with the American Association team his first year. McGraw kept him there the next season to improve his fielding.

FOR a time, Terry floundered as he learned the fundamentals of playing first base. Once during a workout he ricocheted a ball off a coach's skull. But Terry began to improve and the grace and techniques that later were to make him baseball's greatest fielding first-baseman started to emerge.

McGraw alternated Terry with George Kelly, a fine hitter, during the 1924 season. The Giants won their fourth straight pennant. Terry batted .239.

Surprisingly, though, Terry was one of the hitting stars in the World Series. While the Giants were losing to Washington, four games to three, Bill got six hits in 14 at-bats. The Giants' World Series defeat seemed to be an ominous prelude to bad times. Through the mid and late '20s, McGraw's Napoleonic baseball empire became stained by age, death and the master's failing health.

While the Little Napoleon's anger became reckless with each succeeding pennant failure, Terry's bat grew in authority. As a part-timer, he hit .289 in '26, then took over first base permanently the next year after the Giants dealt Kelly to the Cincinnati Reds. Bill hit .326 in both 1927 and 1928, and in 1929 pounded out 226 hits for a .372 average. He reached the summit in 1930. Though the Giants finished third, Bill tied Lefty O'Doul's 254-hit record and averaged .401.

For want of a base hit, Terry (.3486) lost the 1931 batting title to Chick Hafey (.3489); for want of several base hits, the Giants finished second to the Cardinals.

Meanwhile, McGraw's sickness had turned him into an irritable giant one moment, a sulking hermit the next. On June 3, 1932, he quit and Terry replaced him.

Terry operated the Giants like a chairman-of-the-board. "Bill played the game and managed as if he were running a business," says Hubbell. "There's some question in my mind whether Bill ever enjoyed baseball, as the All-American boy enjoys it. I don't think he ever played for fun but for what he could get out of it."

Asserting his independence, Terry demanded and got the authority to choose his players, settle salary squabbles, arrange the spring-training itineraries and determine other club policies. But his iron hand always rested on the back of the players he managed.

Says Gus Mancuso, who caught for Terry: "In six years he never second-guessed a pitch. Stayed right with me. He was the type of man you had to know to get close to. But once you got next to the big sonofagun, he had a heart of gold."

Terry refused to give out his home phone number, a policy which trig-

gered a non-ending war with the press and cut his popularity to the size of a sliver. The press made him into a villain who enjoyed rolling an iron ball through a congregation of baseball writers to see them scatter.

Under the guidance of Terry, who hit .322, the Giants drove to their first National League title since 1924 and a World Series victory over the Washington Senators. Hubbell had one of his great years, winning 23 and losing 12 with an ERA of 1.66. "Bill let me pitch the way I wanted to," says Carl.

When the inflammable McGraw died the following spring, Terry proclaimed him "the greatest manager of all-time."

There was nothing halfway about Terry. When he gave rare praise, it was in superlatives. And when he criticized, it was tantamount to a battle cry for the offended party. During the February major-league meetings in New York, newspaperman Roscoe McGowen asked Bill what he thought of Brooklyn's chances.

"Brooklyn? Is Brooklyn still in the league?" said Terry.

No war ever began with a more infuriating declaration. The Dodgers and their fans stewed all summer waiting for revenge. The chance finally came on the last two days of the season. The Giants were tied with the Cardinals for the league lead. The Giants' opponents for the last two games? The Dodgers, managed by 43-year-old Casey Stengel.

In the opener, the Dodgers' Van Lingle Mungo beat Roy Parmelee, 5-1, while a multitude of Brooklyn fans at the Polo Grounds showered Terry with threats. Meanwhile, the Cards beat the Reds to go one game up. The next afternoon, the Dodgers again overpowered Terry's Giants, 8-5, and again the Cards won. Terry's mockery had become a noose.

WHEN a ballplayer reaches 36, as Terry did in 1935, the body can go overnight. It happened to Bill early in the season. "I've got to get out of the lineup pretty soon," he said. "I'm not going to wait for the fans to yell, 'Why don't you drop dead, you bum?' I've got too much pride for that."

But crippled with a painfully throbbing knee, Terry plodded on. There was no replacement. Maybe "plodding" isn't exactly the word. He hit .341, had more assists (99) than any other first-baseman in the league and was unchallenged with a fielding mark of .996. The Giants were third that year but won pennants the next two seasons. Twice they met the Yankees in the World Series and twice the Giants were crushed.

Despite the two World Series defeats, Terry received a five-year contract at an estimated \$40,000 per year beginning with the '38 season. But there was no glory in the era ahead. The Giants slipped to third in 1938 and skidded into the second division the next three years. At the December, 1941, minor-league meetings, Stoneham decided to make a managerial change. Terry gave way to Mel Ott.

For two trying years Terry was generalissimo of the Giants' farm system. He developed a handful of players from the war-shredded ranks, and then decided to return home. His real estate operations and his 304-acre cotton plantation in Memphis were expanding and even a reported \$30,000 per-year salary couldn't keep him in baseball. From down on the farm,

Terry repeatedly stated that he'd like to get back into baseball "if the right thing came along." The years slipped by and Terry remained a cotton holder, oil man and real estate owner.

In 1950, it appeared he would be elected to the Hall of Fame. But the writers, perhaps remembering Terry's wrath, cast 105 votes for him. He was 21 short.

TERRY was a silent inferno but tactfully made no public comment. Four years later, after he had moved to Jacksonville, Florida, and put his Midas touch on a choice automobile dealership, Terry was finally voted into the Hall. A Jacksonville reporter called Terry that January 21 to get his comment on being tapped for baseball's greatest honor.

"I have nothing to say about it," he said, curtly.

Terry did have a comment but it took the nostalgia and drama of the Hall of Fame installation ceremonies to force it from within.

On the afternoon of August 10, 1954, in Cooperstown, New York, Commissioner Ford Frick called the roll of the men to be honored. When he got to Terry's name, he said, "I had a feeling Bill should have been in long ago. I knew he would make it eventually."

Terry stepped to the mike, visibly affected. "I didn't know I'd ever feel this way. I've been playing the sun field," he explained, pointing to his seat in the sun, "maybe that has something to do with it. I don't know what kept me out, newspapermen or just that you don't want me up here. But I finally made it and I want to thank God for it. It is a distinct honor to be here and a part of the Hall of Fame." With these words, the big man almost broke down.

Since then, Terry has drifted farther from the game. In 1955, he tried to buy the New York Giants but was rebuffed. Now 66, William Harold Terry is greying at the temples and he is slightly hunched. His eyes reflect a hint of warmth, but only a hint.

Terry sits in a paneled office off the stylish showroom of his ever-growing Buick dealership near the heart of Jacksonville. There is more cordiality to the Terry of the 60s although callers still come second and business first.

As always, Terry chooses his friends carefully. The few who are close to him swear by him. Van Fletcher, restaurateur, calls Terry "one of the nicest men I've ever met. You always know where you stand with him—and I consider that the mark of a genuine friend."

"The best manager I ever played under," asserts Gus Mancuso. "He really fought for his players."

That Bill Terry did. In 1934, Mancuso recalls, the Giants and Cardinals were battling for the pennant. Frankie Frisch, returning to first base on a pick-off attempt, slid back head-first as Terry jammed the ball against him. Umpire Ted McGrew called Frisch safe.

"Terry rushed over to McGrew and began shaking him by the shoulders," says Mancuso. "Finally, Bill shook him so hard that McGrew's teeth fell out."

Ed Linn, in offering an epitaph for Ted Williams, some years ago, could have made it a joint offering. Said Linn of Williams, and it applies to Terry: "He was sometimes unbearable, but he was never dull."

THE MAKING OF A PRO FOOTBALL HERO

(Continued from page 55)

Oklahoma and Texas A&M. The Texas school is a military college and Wahoo McDaniel had no desire to spend 24 hours a day having people tell him what to do. He went to Oklahoma.

But that was also the year of Prentice Gautt and the O.U. coaches wanted to play Gautt and Wahoo at the same time. To do it, something had to give. It was Wahoo. He played end and defensive half-back. He blocked seven kicks in one year.

He also began to acquire the basis of his uncanny knack for showmanship. He acquired it in the lobby of the Student Union Building one spring afternoon. There were five or six people there and the conversation went something like this:

WAHOO: I can run for miles. You may think I'm big but I can run.

DOUBTING LISTENER: Maybe from here to the snack bar.

WAHOO: Miles and Miles.

DOUBTING LISTENER: The hell you can. Let's see you run from Norman to Chickasaw.

WAHOO: That's 30 miles.

DOUBTING LISTENER: I thought so.

WAHOO: How much?

They set the odds at 5-1 and Wahoo dug up 36 bucks which they covered. The only rule was that he had to keep going without a break. On the morning of the last of the great marathons, the starting line resembled a Liz Taylor press conference. There were television cameras and reporters. Wahoo set off, endured, made 180 bucks and became a living legend.

After graduation, he signed with the Dallas Cowboys. He made the club, then he unmade Scooter Scudero, then he busted his shoulder.

"I wasn't very smart then," Wahoo remembers, "because I could have got them to pay my whole contract but I let them cut me. They offered me a chance to come back next year but I said the hell with that and called Sid Gillman because San Diego had been after me before I signed with Dallas."

He did not take San Diego apart. In the first place, the AFL schedule had already started and he was behind the rest of the squad. After four days, Gillman told him the squad was set. Wahoo went back to Midland.

Everywhere he went people would stop him and ask what happened. By the second day he was ready to tear somebody apart. On the second night, he did. He was sitting alone in a Midland night club thinking about how lousy everything was when a noisy group sat down at a nearby table. Among them was a former pro football player, who recognized Wahoo.

"I thought he was up there," the guy said in a gentle stage whisper which could be heard all the way back in Norman, Oklahoma. "He's back. It figures. Hey, Wahoo, what's the matter? Too tough up there?"

It was a very short fight. "I walked over and he stood up and I hit him right between the eyes," says Wahoo. "He just looked at me. Then he fell down and I jumped him and his friends didn't want any part of it."

The next day, Wahoo McDaniel called Lou Rymkus, who was the head coach at Houston, pointed out that he was a Texan and that maybe they could use a little local talent.

That was on Friday. He joined the Oilers on Saturday. On Sunday, Bob Talamini, a starting guard, got his knee twisted. Then the same thing happened to Fred Walter. They were twisted so far that if you stood them side by side they would have spelled OX. "All right," Lou Rymkus said, "who the hell can play guard?" Wahoo to the rescue.

"Did you ever play guard before?" a visitor recently asked Wahoo.

"No," he said. "Never. But listen, I had to start playing soon. I played the last ten games at guard for them and we won the league championship."

But Wahoo was not a guard by nature and the following year, at his request, they sent him somewhere to play linebacker. Somewhere was Denver. Some players who performed for that Denver regime will tell you that somewhere was nowhere.

To supplement his income, Wahoo had begun to wrestle in the off-season. He was Chief Wahoo.

George Palmer, an Indian dancer from Anadarko, Oklahoma, made him four headdresses of multi-colored turkey feathers. ("Eagle feathers," Wahoo explains, "may be authentic but they cost more and you can't dye them anyway.")

Which is how Wahoo happened to have 1600 bucks worth of feathers in his suitcase when the phone rang at Antler's Hotel in Odessa the afternoon of the big trade.

"I called Weeb Ewbank before the match that night and he told me that they thought I could help them at linebacker. They said they thought it was a good opportunity for me and I thought that if I did well I could get to wrestle in New York during the off-season. They said they wanted a good, tough linebacker. They also said they wanted a colorful player."

The Jets did, indeed, need color.

Moreover, the Jets were moving into Shea Stadium. They wanted to add a dimension to their new Shea Stadium image. They were searching for something . . . a name . . . a man of enormous talent . . . a man who did the unorthodox . . . any of these things.

Neither management nor Wahoo knew it at the time, but they had begun moving toward that something different the day Wahoo McDaniel reported to pre-season camp in Peekskill, New York.

The first week in camp, Wahoo McDaniel took his first stride toward destiny. "It's a good thing," he told a reporter, "that Sam Huff was traded. This town isn't big enough for the both of us."

It must be noted here that Wahoo McDaniel did not know Sam Huff. He had never played against him; indeed, had never seen him play. But Wahoo knew a lot of other things. He knew that New York City has six daily papers and a great number of large suburban papers which also cover each club. He knew exactly what he was doing.

"I gave the thing a lot of thought before I said it," he explains today. "It had nothing to do with Huff but it seemed like it was the thing to do. I wasn't really popping off. They said they wanted color. I decided to give them a little."

The second week in camp it rained. Weeb Ewbank will never call off a



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practice session on account of rain; it is against his nature. He will, however, knock the thing off if it comes up lightning. There in the middle of the practice field as the rain came down around him, Wahoo McDaniel began to jump and shout.

"What kind of a nut are you?" one of his teammates asked.

"Shh," McDaniel said, "I'm doing a lightning dance."

In the fourth week of practice, the Jets held a scrimmage and roughly one-third of Peekskill turned out to see it. Afterwards, a mob of kids descended on the players with autograph books. A great many of them headed for Wahoo.

He carefully signed each picture and each book, "Best wishes, Wahoo."

"What are you doing?" asked Frank Ramos, the Jets' minister of propaganda.

"I'm signing my name."

"What about the rest of it? What about McDaniel?"

"Son," Wahoo sighed, "that part of it ain't earned me a quarter."

The following week they took pictures. Wahoo smiled at the camera. "Growl," the photographer demanded. "Can't you growl?"

"How many people are in the house?" Wahoo replied dryly. Later, he ordered 2000 photos for his personal use.

And so it went. A great deal of newspaper copy was written about Wahoo McDaniel during that summer training camp. Some of it was accurate. Some of it was not. All of it was colorful. During the exhibition season, the Jets played well. Wahoo played well, too, but mostly there was a kind of polite surprise at the way the team itself was performing. Because the Jets had the presence of mind to tape their games and play them on local television, people began to see them for the first time. The

victories helped. What helped even more was the total lack of organized disintegration which had marked the first three years of the franchise. It had begun to evaporate during Ewbank's first year as coach but few people saw the Jets that season. They were still in the disaster area known as the Polo Grounds.

But now they were over in Shea Stadium and they were to open the American League season there and the combination of ballpark and favorable press and good weather had an immediate impact. To the amazement of the rest of the league, 52,000 people showed up that night. And to the amazement of a lot of reporters, Wahoo McDaniel's name in the starting lineup was greeted with thunderous applause.

And so it began on the very first play following the kickoff. As it gathered more momentum, it became apparent that while the Jets did not own New York, on October 12, 1964, Wahoo McDaniel, the best and only Indian linebacker in the AFL, owned Shea Stadium.

In the third period, with the Jets leading, 13-3, and Denver driving for what could have been the equalizer, Wahoo McDaniel reached up a large hand and batted away one of Jacky Lee's passes. With the kind of timidity reserved for the French Revolution, Shea Stadium went properly insane.

The Jets won big. They took it 30-6 and afterward they piled into their dressing room and there was a great deal of confusion and almost all of it centered around Wahoo McDaniel.

"It was a strange feeling," he recalls. "I mean at Denver the reporters would always talk to the quarterback or Lionel Taylor or somebody like that. I had heard the crowd and now I thought to myself, this place is going to be different. This place is going to be good. The people in Denver were

nice to me. But if you make it in Denver, well, then you only make it in Denver. If you make it here, then they know about you everywhere."

It is so. Playing for New York Wahoo drew large headlines in the Denver papers. This year, in the off-season, he wrestles in Madison Square Garden. This year he gets speaking dates. ("In Denver I had a lot of them but I never got paid this much.")

The good life has come to Wahoo McDaniel, who is not all-league, who is not the best paid player on his own team, who did not make nearly as many tackles as the Jets' P.A. announcer mistakenly credited him. The Jet Set likes him, or rather, loves him, Joe Namath's money belt notwithstanding. A fraternity at St. John's University has made him an honorary member and the Jets' office reports that his is far and away the most requested autographed picture in their deck.

Still, there is a certain surprise at all this. After Wahoo annexed Shea Stadium on opening night, Sonny Werblin, the promotion-minded president of the Jets, told a group of reporters:

"Maybe it was Huff being traded away. After all, this is a good town for the defense and those people were looking for someone to focus on. I don't know for sure. We didn't plan it this way but we aren't going to walk away from it. We're going to take his last name off the back of his jersey and just put Wahoo there."

"That's a great idea," a reporter said.

"You think so?" Werblin replied.

"Yes. You misspelled McDaniel."

The misspelling did not disturb Wahoo. When a man spends four years becoming an overnight sensation, he learns to be generous.

— ■ —

"IMPOSSIBLE!"

(Continued from page 65)

middle. We worked our way into a flute which led directly up for almost four hundred feet to a break in the cornice on the summit ridge.

Progress up this 60-degree snow and ice soon became quite rhythmic. The leader cut two steps, jammed his ice ax in for protection, moved up and then cut two more. All the while he was belayed (roped fast) by the next person on the rope. This continued for a full rope length, then the leader stopped, brought the second person up and the progress was repeated.

Once the ridge was gained we were confident that the rest would be easy. Again we were wrong! The ridge was virtually knife-edged, falling off to one side almost 1000 feet, while the other side fell away 3000 feet to the glacier below. Making matters worse, the ridge was capped with a cornice of unstable granular and powder snow.

Leigh took the first lead which involved hacking around a bad, near-vertical corner. It was only by cutting away several feet of the rotten snow that he was able to gain halfway stable footing. This was a tedious process, but he finally reached the top of the cornice and saw the route ahead.

"How's it look?"

"It's not good," he replied.

What an understatement! If one got

too far to the right, the cornice would collapse under him; if too far to the left the snow would slough off and deposit him a mile below. It was like walking a tight rope.

Not being able to see how far the snow overhung, it took judgment and luck to place the steps in the right place. Each step was kicked deftly and carefully, yet the snow was so poor that at best the steps were only fair. It was hardly a safe proceeding, yet the summit grew steadily nearer. We had done too much to turn back!

At last the final steep slope. Or was there another, yet higher bump beyond, still hidden from view? I was leading and I'd jam my ax in the snow in front of me, kick two steps, move up, then move my ax and kick two more. A simple process but it was hard work at this altitude, 20,500 feet.

I quit looking up at what appeared to be the summit for it didn't seem to be getting any closer. Just kick two steps, move up, kick two more. Then I ran out of rope and had to bring Leigh up. I set out once again.

Kick, move, kick. Slowly but steadily I moved upward. The wind, which had been blowing all day, now seemed to be increasing. Harder and harder wind-whipped snow beat upon my face. Looking up I saw over the crest.

Not knowing if I was on a cornice

or not I slowly walked to the highest point. Turning around I could look down in all directions. This was it!

I let out a couple of yells so the others would know we were there. Soon we were all on top happily taking pictures, congratulating each other and enjoying the view. It had been a challenging climb! For some, the hardest they had ever done. For others a conditioner for future climbs.

There wasn't time to remain on the summit long. Already it was after three and we had to start down over the same treacherous route.

It was after dark before we returned to our camp. There was no comfort, really, just our cold tents flapping in the wind. It had been a strenuous 18-hour day, yet it was far more rewarding than returning to a warm home after eight hours in an office functioning like a machine. For this had been a day when we were not robots activated by time clocks. We were individuals deciding our own course of action. We had pitted ourselves against a difficult mountain and had won.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Last March 13, Daniel Doodly pitted himself against the jagged slope of Pinnacle Gully in New Hampshire and lost. He and a partner were killed when an ice screw pulled out and they fell 500 feet. SPORT regrets the death of two brave men.

PRO FOOTBALL STAR ON THE PROWL

(Continued from page 23)

He has paved the path to many more yards by running out his fakes and bestowing heavy blocks.

In Detroit in 1962, when the Lions were as good as any defensive team has ever been, Mason, on the opening play, hammered over guard 27 yards to touch off an 80-yard march to the first touchdown. In the third period, he turned right end, paced himself down the sidelines to take full advantage of his blockers and went 71 yards to the one, then blocked in front of the scoring plunge. In all Mason rushed for 138 yards. The next week, he rushed for 145 yards against Baltimore. In 1963, he ripped Baltimore for another 143 yards; in 1964, pacing an opening-day upset, he rushed for 137 yards against Baltimore.

Baltimore coaches past and present are understandably in awe of Mason. "That Mason is great!" says Weeb Ewbank. "You never get a good shot at him. He's the finest young runner to come along in years."

Mason is more than that. He is, as Van Brocklin says, a complete football player. Whenever he has not been injured, and he has been sidelined several times, and has had to play with sore arms and legs many times, he has always had good games. Though an eccentric and extroverted lad, more spectacular off the field than on it, he is dedicated to the game and gives it everything he has.

Mason is 25 years old. He stands 6-1, weighs 195, has a 44-inch chest and a 32-inch waist, powerful arms and large hands and a sprinter's legs. He wears his light brown hair long, has fine, sharp features on a gaunt face, smiles easily and often and always seems to have an amused twinkle in his pale, clear eyes. He is bright and quick and speaks smoothly with traces of southern syrup. He has the characteristics of a young cowboy movie star, which he would like to be.

Tommy was born July 8, 1939, in Lake Charles, Louisiana. Tommy's dad, Bill, was a mechanic and is now a fire guard in a chemical plant. His mother, Mary, is a registered nurse. The Masons never had a lot of money, but got by. They lived for awhile on the Sabine Wild Life Refuge in Hag-bey and lost a home to Hurricane Audrey in 1957, and have always lived near the banks of the Calcasieu River. Tommy and his brother Claude, two years older, were the original bare-foot boys, who swam, fished and hunted with pet dogs yapping at their heels.

Tommy didn't really put on his swinging shoes until he became a campus hero at Tulane University. While there he went to see Lily Christine, "The Cat Girl," a well-known stripper who was in residence at a club in her hometown New Orleans. He was impressed and was introduced to her. Though she normally cold-shouldered the customers, she took a liking to Tommy. "We had a lot of things in common, I guess," he says. "We both liked to lift weights." She also liked health foods, the romantic poetry of Byron, Shelley and Keats, and a philosophy called Theosophy which deals with ESP, reincarnation and such matters. "I don't believe everything I read," Tommy says, "but I like to read and discuss different



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things and I enjoyed talking to Lily."

She was twice his age and brought him quite a bit of notoriety, which he has rather enjoyed. "People thought I was a yo-yo, but I never care what people think," he says. "She was brilliant and the most wholesome girl I've ever known. I took her home to meet my folks and they really liked her. She was a beautiful girl and I began to get sort of jealous when I saw her performing, but it was just an act with her, and we were just friends at first. Actually, there was no romance until after I was with Minnesota and spent a summer back in New Orleans. We always kept track of each other, and we did go together then. If it hadn't been maybe for the difference in ages, or if I'd been ready, I might have asked her to marry me and she might have said yes. I've always sort of wondered if I shouldn't have."

When Tommy's mother called him up to tell him Lily had died this winter, after undergoing an operation, Tommy bawled like a baby.

Since Lily, Tommy has gone with many girls. Lately he has been seeing a lot of Myrna Ross, a beautiful young actress who has dated Paul Hornung and other athletes. Tommy will not go out with any other than a beautiful girl and he insists she have some wit and charm besides. Somehow, he is able to talk about these things without sounding offensive. "I'm lucky enough to have a choice. Anyone who had a choice would make the one I've made," he grins. "I choose girls I enjoy looking at. It's a pleasure to go out with a good-looking girl and see heads turn in our direction. But the doll does have to have more than

looks. She can't be a phony and she has to have it upstairs. Kooks kill me."

When Tommy invites a girl up to his place, he may surprise her by cooking a meal for her. He is a whiz with mom's favorite recipes and specializes in corn bread and other southern dishes. He also may serenade her. Tommy sings country and western songs and whips out his guitar at the drop of a party. He studied music in school and played sax and clarinet in the school band. He picked up the guitar from Ed Khayat, an ex-pro lineman, when both were at Tulane. Tommy sharpened his technique by palming around with a Louisiana combo called Cookie and his Cup-Cakes, and more recently with Fats Domino.

Once, when Tommy was in Nashville with the Tulane team for a game, a bunch of the boys visited the Grand Ol' Opry radio show. Some of them told Chet Atkins about Tommy and Atkins invited him on stage. Tommy made his national debut singing *Cocaine Blues* and admits he has been a frustrated singer ever since. Last year, he cut a rock-'n'-roll record, *All My Love and Waste Paper Doll*. "I don't normally sing rock-'n'-roll," he says, "but I'd wear my hair like the Beatles and run around naked if that's what it takes to sell records."

However, the record has not been released and Tommy hopes it won't be. "It's not good enough," he explains. "I'd like to find a good manager and start fresh with a new record. I have no illusions about my ability, but I'm better than some of the guys who are making a living at it and I'm attracted to it."

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"I've also taken some dramatic lessons and I'd like to try my hand at acting sometime. I started out in Tulane as a pre-dental student, but switched to English. Lately, I've worked in production for a TV station in Minneapolis. I did one Jantzen ad for magazines and I cut one TV commercial in which I said Personna Blades were better than beep-beep blades. They told me it was so good they've used it more than any other, but that's been it in that line, which is too bad. I dig money. I'm so close with a buck, I'm called 'Scrooge.' I love to blow it on big cars and good-looking women, but I worry about blowing too much of it."

Tommy got a \$10,000 bonus for signing with Minnesota and he has worked his way up to a \$25,000 yearly salary. He has made one major investment, putting in \$7000 as his third in partnership with a Lake Charles psychiatrist and a Beaumont contractor as down-payment on 13,000 acres of an undeveloped sugar-cane plantation and a small coastal island in the British Honduras. The land cost them \$10 an acre and they went in hock for \$130,000, but they have already sold 200 acres back at \$20 an acre and have been told to hold out for \$100 an acre if they want to sell more.

Since joining the Vikings, Tommy has roomed with Mayberry Smith, Jim Prestel, Bobby Walden and Bill Brown, but he's been losing them to marriage. Last year, he wound up rooming with a monkey he nicknamed Dutch, in honor of his coach. After the season, he took the monkey home to Louisiana. "It was a wild bit," he recalls. "The little fellow wasn't car-broken. I had this new car with black and white upholstery. I spread towels all around and put diapers on Dutch and kept stopping all along the way to change his diapers. When I got home, Mom really fell in love with him, but he got sick and died. Later, we found out that a dehumidifier in a new heating system we had in the house had made the air too dry for the poor little guy."

During the off-season, Dutch's place is taken by George Hill, a husky, handsome ex-sportswriter who met Tommy when Hill was sports publicist at Little McNeese State College in Lake Charles. George is now working at a loan office in Long Beach, outside of LA. He talked Tommy into giving Southern California a try as a summer home last year and Tommy got hung up on the place, and such rich resorts nearby as Las Vegas and Palm Springs. George is Tommy's volunteer press agent and they share a flat in Long Beach.

"It's a fabulous area," Tommy says. "Plenty of good-looking women and fast action. Minneapolis was a little cold for a southern boy like me. Actually, we've had good luck with the weather there and have only had to play on a frozen field once, but I didn't dig the winters there. It's considered a swinging liberty town around the league by the way. Detroit and Chicago are good, too. I don't get to New York often enough, but LA is the greatest. I go home to Louisiana on holidays and things like that. The folks are wonderful to me and let me live my own life."

This past off-season, Tommy and George and I were sitting in a joint in Long Beach and Tommy was talking about how he was going to offset his off-season night life. "I'm gonna spend

an hour or so every day at Johnny Ogden's health studio lifting eights," he was saying. "It'll build up my strength and weight. I'm also playing squash to build up my mind and keep my legs in shape. I keep eating a lot of the health food—tiger's milk and wheat germ and that sort of thing."

The waitress came over. She was tall and good-looking in a hard sort of way and she wore her hair piled high on her head. "Doesn't she look like Gina Lo-lo-bri-gi-da," George said, smiling at the waitress.

"Yes, she does, sort of," Tommy said, smiling at her, too.

"Sure," she said, without interest.

"What'll ya have?"

George said, "Linda, this is Tommy Mason. Tommy, this is Linda."

"Hello, Linda," Tommy said.

"Sure," Linda shrugged.

"Tommy is a very famous pro football star," George said.

"Wonderful," Linda said. "Now, what'll ya have?"

George and I settled for coffee. Body building and health-food addict Mason said, "I'll have a large Coke and a hamburger with mustard and catsup and relish and onions and..."

"With everything," she said.

"Yeh, sure," Tommy said. "With everything." And she left.

"See," Tommy said to George. "You keep giving me this big buildup and no one cares. You think all the dames are falling over one another to get at me just because I play pro football."

"They are falling. They do fall. They have always fallen," George said.

"But not because I play pro football. It helps, but it's not enough. I should be a baseball player. I'm not famous. No one knows my face."

"You made All-Pro," George said.

"Last year, not this year," Tommy said. "If I played for the New York Giants or the Los Angeles Rams instead of the Minnesota Vikings, maybe people would know me and the dolls would be jumping at me and the record people and the TV and movie people would be offering me fat contracts and Jantzen would kick Frank Gifford and Paul Hornung off their team and it would be me modeling sweaters and swimming trunks in those four-color magazine ads..."

"Hornung plays for Green Bay," I reminded him.

"Yeh, but they've won umpteen championships and before that he played for Notre Dame and was All-America. And he got suspended for a year and everyone sympathizes with him. Hell, he won't even talk to me. I made All-Pro and he won't talk to me. In the locker-room at the Pro Bowl, I give him a big smile and I say, Hi-ya, Paul, and he looks right through me like I wasn't even there."

"Ahhh..." George said disgustedly, "who needs Hornung? You do all right, baby. I should have your dough and your car and your dames"

"You do, baby," Tommy said to his friend. "Half the time, you do."

Tommy does not smoke or drink, and despite his devotion to money, he turned down \$500 from Phillies for a cigar ad because he didn't think it would be right. But, at parties he carries a tall orange-juice around so people will assume he's with it, drinking screwdrivers. He usually gets to cutting up and some smart-aleck will sidle up to George and say, "That Mason is really smashed. He can really put it away, can't he?"

Actually, while Tommy may date all

night, he gets eight hours sleep if he has to start at noon. He loves the night-club atmosphere, but he is also hung up on late-night TV and can watch old Charley Chan and Andy Hardy movies until dawn. He is restless, always doing something different. Last winter he took flying lessons; lately he's been taking karate lessons.

George says, "Tommy is the greatest. All right, he's a bit off-beat, but pleasantly so. He can charm the false eyelashes off any doll, and guys like him, too, which is a tough combination to beat." Tommy is polite and friendly and he makes everyone feel as though they are his friends and he is sincerely interested in them. He is a very natural and relaxed guy, who has a knack of making you feel relaxed around him. Some of it probably stems back from his boyhood in Lake Charles where his brother Claude, who was nicknamed "Boo," and Tommy grew up and where his football career and present way of life began.

Tommy and Boo were always intensely competitive at everything from tag to tiddly-winks and were both natural athletes. Boo set football records at Lake Charles High and Tulane University that lasted until Tommy came along to break them. Tommy ran track and played football at Lake Charles and Tulane. He ran for 1270 yards and 22 touchdowns on coach Jim Austin's Lake Charles team as a senior and every club in the Southeastern and Southwestern Conferences romanced him. But Tommy wanted to follow in Boo's footsteps and chose to play for Tulane coach Andy Pilney. Tommy didn't make Tulane a winner, but he did gain 2224 yards on rushes, passes and kicks in three seasons, and did lead the league in rushing, with 663 yards, and in scoring with 13 touchdowns, as a senior.

Minnesota made Mason the first choice of the NFL draft. In the season, though, Van Brocklin got excellent mileage out of great old pro halfback Hugh McElhenny, and used Mason infrequently. Nevertheless, it was an important season for Mason because of McElhenny.

Tommy had fumbled an exhibition game away and McElhenny found him sitting in the corner of the locker-room crying. Hugh put his arm around Tommy's shoulder and said to him: "Kid, you're the greatest young runner I've ever seen. You had a bad game out there and you'll have others, but if you don't let it get you down, you'll go all the way." McElhenny adopted Mason as his protege and they became close friends.

"McElhenny is the greatest runner I've ever seen," Tommy says. "I've tried to copy him, but I can't. He's a dancer. While I'd be dancing around waiting for a little hole to get bigger, it'd close up and, wham, I'd get belted. I can't pussy-foot, I have to break for any hole there is and run like hell through it. But I learned a lot from him. And, more than anything else, he built up my confidence. I was never sure of myself. Now I am."

Mason has established himself in the last three seasons. As a running back he has been used almost identically each season, carrying 160 or so times for 700 or more yards and an average of between four and five yards each time. As a pass-receiver, he is thrown to between 25 and 40 times a season, and he gained 600 yards on catches in 1962. He has had individual runs of 70 and 71 yards from scrim-



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mage and 74 yards with a pass, but he is not primarily a breakaway back. Rather, he is a heavy-duty man who applies constant pressure to defenses with a great variety of things he does.

Although he could use another ten pounds, he is strong, he has a stunning start and real long-striding speed (he has run a 9.8 100). He slashes through tackles, and follows blockers well in the McElhenny tradition. His only real weakness is that he does not have particularly good balance. "I stumble some," he admits. "I try to compensate for it by keeping my legs moving, by using my arms on my blockers and the tacklers and by running smart. I used to try to run over tacklers. I finally got the smarts and I don't do that any more unless I'm cornered and there's no other way to go. If I think I'm going to be hit, I try to give the guy a limp leg and squirm free."

"Experience helps. I want to know our plays and study movies so I know where everyone is liable to be in any situation, so almost instinctively I know where I can expect help and where I can expect trouble. You can't plan long runs. They have to happen. You don't have time to think, you have to react, almost as if by reflex."

"You practice your runs, but it's not the same thing. In practice, the defense goes where it's supposed to go. You run here, there and go. In a game, the defense wants to knock your block off. The line of scrimmage is a blur. You hear the other guy, you feel him, you see a flash of color. Maybe you run here, there, here and then God knows where. I know I look at the movies later and see where the hell I should have gone."

Van Brocklin's pet pass pattern has been for the fast ends to pull the defensive backs into the middle, isolating the linebacker on Mason, who cuts to the sideline and goes deep. "I run my tail off," Tommy says. "I can run with any back in the league and can outrun any linebacker. In 1962, this play worked repeatedly and I scored six times with it. The next year, the defensive backs keyed on me, so we faked to me and went to Brown on it. Last year, Brown and I took turns and the defense didn't know who to key on."

Tommy takes his greatest punishment as a blocker, and he's an outstanding one. "I've learned," he says. "Doug Atkins is six-eight. They list him at 255, but he hasn't been that since he was ten. He must go 300. The first time I had to block him, I set myself in front of him and ducked. He jumped right over me and landed on Francis (quarterback Tarkenton), who has been two inches shorter and wider ever since. The next time, I set myself, but I kept my head up. Atkins grabbed me by the seat of my pants, threw me aside like a bouncer throwing a drunk out of a beer joint and went for Francis."

"I've learned you can't plant yourself. You have to hit him when he's not expecting it and you have to hit him quick. I cheat up toward the line and try to hide behind my tackle. I hit the guy while he's still hesitating, sizing up the play and not looking for me. Once he makes up his mind and goes straight out, I don't have a chance. I always plan on running right over him. I plan on it. Of course, I don't do it. But I hit him."

Somebody told me I knocked a guy out this year. I haven't been so proud since my first date."

Mostly, though, the big men batter Mason. He had neck and knee and nose injuries in his first couple of seasons. In 1963, he was handicapped by a bad foot. Last year, he lost some time with a bum elbow. Van Brocklin, a perfectionist who is impatient with injuries which handicap his operations, was pretty unhappy with Mason for a while. Some writers hinted Mason was malingering. Viking publicist John Thompson said pointedly: "Our coaches say he has courage and will run with reckless abandon and plow into a pile harder than anyone when he's 100 percent, but much like a thoroughbred horse, he's bothered more than most by slight injuries."

Mason considers it a bum rap and resents it when he is called "injury-prone." He says, "The injuries I've had have been freak things and very real. In 1963, the ball of my right foot was pounded into the ground when I was hit and it was so sore I could hardly walk on it. It was X-rayed, but they found nothing and I wound up playing with three inner-soles in my shoe. I couldn't cut hard to my left because I couldn't plant my right foot. After the season, I had more X-rays taken at home and it was determined that I had torn a tendon which pulled a piece of bone out of my foot, resulting in a chip fracture."

"Against the Bears early last season, I was throwing a straight-arm at Roger LeClerc when Atkins hit me from behind. Try wedging a straight arm between those two guys sometime. I suffered hyper-extension of my right elbow, which means the front muscles were stretched and the back muscles were pinched. I tried to play with it, but it was so sore I couldn't touch it, much less carry a ball or stand a whack. It's still a bit tender. Oh, well, you have to learn to live with these things. Maybe I'll never get hurt again."

It is hard to malingering on a Van Brocklin team. Dutch, who does not whisper his opinions in secluded cor-

ners, is not beloved to all his boys. An example of his biting tongue came during a film session in which Mason was seen blowing a block. "Gentleman," said Van Brocklin, "that is how a guy blocks who has long hair, a Cadillac and a guitar."

Mason, who is a worrier who broods about bad games, says, "I think I react better from a pat on the behind than a chewing out. Norm doesn't pat, he belts, and he's always chewing out. Personally, I think a coach has to handle each player differently. On the other hand, Dutch never plays favorites, he treats a star the same as a sub. And we all realize that when he gets on us, it's never personal, but it's because he wants to win so bad, and anyone who can't accept that doesn't belong in this game."

"This game is 75 percent mental. Most teams are close enough to one another so the team that wants to win the most usually wins. Sometimes you think you're up for a game and you lose it, but when you see the films you realize the other guys were higher. There is only one way to do things on the Vikings—Norm's way. He's the smartest offensive man I've ever known and a solid coach. He's a task-master, but we're usually ready, we're as well-conditioned as any team and we usually finish strong. It's hard to love Dutch sometimes, but I'm a bad loser and I'd rather go his way and win. We have a young team and some great talent and I think 1965 may be our year."

Van Brocklin and the other Vikings shrug off Mason's playboy ways because they see how seriously he takes football and how hard he works at it. Tarkenton says, "I don't know how any one man could do more than Tommy does for us." Another Viking says, "No one ever gets mad at what a player does off the field unless it affects what he does on the field. We get a kick out of Tommy because he's 100 percent when he's on the field."

Mason admits, "I have my fun during the season. I bend the rules here and there. But I have never let it affect my football. It's a tough game. I love it, but I'll admit when the season is over, I'm glad, and ready to cut

loose. There are no rules to bend in the off-season."

At 25, Tommy would seem to have it made, but he has some discontent. "I am just becoming the football player I can become," he says. "I would like to gain 1000 yards in a season for one thing. And I'd like our team to win a championship."

He is also concerned for his future. "I've gotten used to the good life and I don't want to lose it. I've never had a whole lot of money and I'm not making so much now I couldn't spend it if I tried," he says. "I'd like to play football as long as I can, then I'd like to get into show business. I don't think I'd set the world on fire, but I think it'd be fun. If not, I'd like to find something. Maybe the plantation will turn out good and I'll get more personally involved with it, but I can't see myself spending 12 months a year out there. One thing for sure"—he grins—"I don't want to have to get a job and work for a living."

Nor does he plan to get married immediately. "I'll get trapped one of these days, and I got nothing against it, but I'm not looking for it," he says, still grinning. "I mean, I like it the way it is now. I do what I want when I want to and where I want to and with anyone I want, and I'm having a helluva good time. I guess a lot of guys wish they were in my shoes."

George Hill is one. Recently, Tommy and another football star spearheaded an attack on Las Vegas, where pal Fats Domino was swinging. While there, George met a gorgeous doll and it killed him when he had to drive back to LA so he could make it to the office on time Monday morning.

He is still moaning. "I think she really dug me, you know what I mean?" George says sadly. "But I had to leave. Meanwhile Tommy and the other guy stay on as long as they want, having a ball with all that action. Tommy'd sack out every night because he wants his rest, but I had to stay up because I was afraid I'd miss something. I never have time, but he always does."

"You got to envy him," George says. "He's a lucky sonofagun."

— ■ —

MY TOUGHEST BATTERS

(Continued from page 20)

his power, is probably a decent way to pitch to him.

Billy Williams is improving every year. He hits the ball well to all fields and he pulls the pitches with authority. In a way he reminds me of Callison a lot because he's the kind of a left-handed hitter who doesn't give anything to a lefthanded pitcher. He doesn't back away. He waits on a pitch like Aaron and I've never seen him take a bad cut.

As I said before, part of a batter's equipment is his speed getting down to first base. Williams gets down there awfully fast and this increases his danger. The infield can't play too deep all around. If their field is too deep Williams can beat out slow-hit balls and bunts. And if the infield plays in, he can bang the ball through. What's left? A lot of hoping.

Deron Johnson got six hits off me last year, as many as anybody in the league. And three were home runs.

My first start against Cincinnati was a shutout. In my second start I followed our scouting reports on Johnson which said to jam him. I put a pitch inside. He hit it hard. Next time, I put a pitch outside and he hit it just as hard. Then, with two runners on, I tried to curve him. He hit it so hard it went out of the ballpark and we lost, 3-0. That's something that stays with you.

No matter what I tried against Johnson all through the season he hit the ball well. Except the last time I faced him. Then, I got three pitches exactly where they were supposed to be and he struck out. All previous times in the season, even when I got him out, he hit the ball well.

It's hard to find the reason why some hitters hurt you and some don't. Gene Oliver has hurt me and hurt our club for the last two or three years. He's done it with power and he's done it without power.

There are righthanded pitchers in

the league who get Oliver out easily, but against lefthanders he's real strong, at least against this lefthander.

I remember one game a few years back when I came in to pitch in relief. There was a runner on second base and I got the pitch exactly where I wanted to get it, on the inside corner. Gene swung and his bat shattered. The handle of the bat was still in his hands and the butt was lying in the infield. But the ball fell over the infield and the winning run scored in the last of the ninth.

Dick Bertell of the Cubs hit me for .500 last year, five for ten, although he only hit .238 overall. Ron Santo gives me trouble. So do Jim Ray Hart, Ken Boyer and Bobby Aspromonte. Many, many more, including two fellows not in my league, fellows I pitched against in the World Series: Mickey Mantle and Elston Howard.

Other hitters give me trouble, too, of course, and there's probably a simple reason for my overlooking them. I'm trying, I guess, to forget them and what they've done to me.

— ■ —

THE AWAKENING OF LOU BROCK

(Continued from page 61)

But in June of 1962 he did something that nobody else ever did: he hit a home run into the right-field bleachers at the Polo Grounds. Only Joe Adcock and Henry Aaron ever reached the left-field bleachers. Brock's towering fly came almost straight down and hit on the top of the wall, 450 feet from home. The wall was only eight or ten inches wide at the top.

"You won't ever do that again," shouted Met pitcher Alvin Jackson, who had hung the fatal curve.

"You know what?" Brock says. "I never did it again."

The Cubs weren't about to let anybody that promising out of their sight. What they did wasn't much better. Brock was only a pinch-hitter for the last two months of 1962 and wound up hitting .263.

That fall, he brought his wife (the former Katie Hays) and his infant daughter up from Louisiana and settled in a South Side Chicago apartment. Lou and Katie Hays had been the smartest boy and girl at Union High back home. Each year the school had sent them to the state science and math rally. Lou and Katie both went on to Southern University in Baton Rouge. She stayed for her degree but he left after three years.

"I couldn't afford to graduate," he said. "I was in the ROTC and had to put in a two-year stint after graduation. I was getting bonus offers and I didn't want to wait three more years."

His biggest break had been playing in the Pan American Games in Chicago in 1959. He had tried out for the Cubs and White Sox while he was up there, and also had promoted a YMCA job for himself the following summer.

Also, at the Pan American Games, he met the man who would rank right behind Gene Mauch on Brock's list of annoyances.

The man's name in 1959 was Cassius Clay. "I was walking into the U.S. camp, carrying a suitcase in each hand and looking at the ground," says Brock. "I heard somebody say, 'If you're a boxer, I'll take you on right now.' That's how I met Cassius Clay."

Both men settled in Chicago and have run in adjacent circles. Cassius may not have noticed yet, but when he gets too loud at a party, the quiet voice saying "Aw, give it a rest" is Brock's.

Brock shies away from Clay's aggressive approach to the racial problem. The Ernie Banks approach is more his style. "My role as a baseball player is something special," Brock said. "I don't think I should get involved in race."

Chicago may not have been a haven for two young, educated Negroes from Louisiana; at least Lou says it wasn't. But it was a place where Lou could sell oil burners in the winter and Kate could work as a dietician for the University of Chicago and where they could rent an adequate apartment near their friends, Ernie Banks, Billy Williams and George Altman. When he moved to Chicago, late in 1962, he thought it was for a long haul. The way he opened the 1963 season confirmed that.

In May of 1963, the Cubs were unbelievably in first place. Brock contributed a shoulder nerve making a

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diving catch and his .290 average dwindled to .258. The Cubs slumped too, slipping to seventh place. In the spring of 1964, Brock started off hot again. He was batting close to .400 for the first month, but a 3-for-42 slump

dropped him back to the middle .200s. About that time, Devine of the Cards and John Holland of the Cubs began to negotiate. "We had wanted Brock for almost a year," Devine says. "We didn't think we'd get him." But



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Brock's slump and a horrid day in right field during a 19-1 loss to the Mets made the young man suddenly more expendable.

With the trading deadline two days away, Devine called Holland from Los Angeles, where the Cards had just taken a beating. Devine offered to give away veteran pitcher Bobby Shantz. But Holland sprang a 2000-mile surprise on Devine. "We need a starting pitcher," the Cub trader said. "We'd be willing to give up Lou Brock."

Devine joined the Cardinal squad for its flight to Houston. He sat next to manager Keane and proposed a pitcher-for-Brock trade.

Keane fell silent. "I remembered two things," Keane said later. "I remembered watching the Cubs play in Philadelphia one night. Lou hit a line drive 450 feet to center field that never went more than 20 feet off the ground. And I remembered him beating out a bang-bang grounder to Ken Boyer at third base. Kenny said there was no way Brock could do that—and Kenny was right."

Half an hour later, Keane said, "We'd better make that trade."

"When I heard the Cards gave up Broglio to get me," Brock said, "I asked myself why they did it."

Brock walked into the Cardinal clubhouse with the team in seventh place, 6½ games behind the Phillies.

A sensitive and decent man, Keane walked Brock out to left field that first night. "This is left field," Keane said. "It's a big one and it's all yours. If you can do what I think you can, you ought to be able to play out here the rest of your life."

"John Keane was very nice to me," Brock says. "He made me feel like I belonged. And Bing Devine was a wonderful man. In the few months before he got fired, I felt I got to know him as well as anyone in baseball."

The treatment may have been almost perfect but Brock didn't know it right away. With nobody hovering nervously over him, he had to learn to understand his new teammates.

They found out about his love for Cassius Clay and immediately dubbed him "Cassius," prodding him for an imitation of the non-stop talker.

They shook their heads the night he made four hits off Sandy Koufax. "Each time I got back to the dugout, they'd ask me if I knew who that was out there. That's Koufax, they'd say. You're not supposed to hit him that way."

"Somebody said I was unconscious. 'Leave him alone,' the guy said. 'Some day he'll wake up and find out he's in the major leagues.'"

With Flood batting ahead of him and Dick Groat or White batting behind him, Brock began to play hit-and-run. Keane let him loose on the basepaths and Brock started to steal. He began driving in runs. And his fielding was suddenly adequate.

"He turned a corner overnight," Keane says. "He was not a great ballplayer in Chicago but he suddenly became a very fine ballplayer for us—much better than we'd thought he'd be, much sooner. And we thought he'd be very good for us."

"Obviously it means that John Keane and I are geniuses," Bing Devine laughs, "to know that Lou would improve like that overnight."

The Cardinals were moving. Everybody noticed it, including Gene Mauch,

whose Phillies hadn't yet begun to fold.

"Gene Mauch said we couldn't win the pennant with that double-dribbler in left field," Brock says. "When we got to Philadelphia in September, I looked all around the ballpark for a basketball. If I could have found one, I would have dribbled out to left field in practice, just to show Gene Mauch that I wasn't bothered by what he said any more."

The Phillies came to St. Louis, frightened, losing, friendly. The Cardinals, joking among themselves, nodded blankly at the Phillies and won three straight. Then the Mets came to town.

"I don't know why it is," Brock says. "I never do well against the Mets." The Mets had seen him play badly in May and passed up an Alvin Jackson-for-Brock trade. So on the last Friday night of the season, Jackson was pitching against the Cards.

"Ooooooh, I'm so nervous," Jackson guffawed before the game. "I've never been under such pressure." He beat the Cards, 1-0, pitching the best game of his life.

Brock hit no 450-foot homers off Jackson—by then a close friend—that night. But a groundball by Brock hit umpire Ed Vargo on the chest with two men on and two out in the eighth—and almost broke Jackson's heart. The ball was a single instead of an easy chance for shortstop Roy McMillan and Jackson had to strain to retire the dangerous Dick Groat.

The next afternoon, Jackson accosted Brock near the batting cage. It was something about cheap hits.

"That was no cheap hit," Brock said. "That was a vicious grounder that was going right up the middle."

"Wha-at?" Jackson screamed. "That ball was right in McMillan's glove. Hey, Lou, let me ask you this: if that ball was hit so hard, how come the umpire never even rubbed his chest?"

Brock excused himself. He said it was his turn to hit.

It wasn't Brock's day, or the Cardinals'. Playing at noon because of a civic parade later in the day, the Cards lost, 15-5, in a weird game at a weird hour. Tim McCarver dropped Bobby Klaus' foul popup on the opening play and Brock then butchered Klaus' flyball to left. The slaughter was on—and the Cards had to win the pennant on the last day of the season.

"They did win, 11-5, and Brock's double was a key hit."

"This is the game we had to win," Brock said. "We'd been playing pressure baseball all along and now this was it. Still, the guys were loose. We all started getting hits and then I got my 200th of the season. All I could think about was Ernie Banks telling me all the way back in March that I'd get 200 hits."

"Finally I saw this pop foul to Tim McCarver and then it was all over. I kept pushing toward the dugout; there was never a moment like this. Maybe that's why the World Series seemed like an anti-climax. I don't know."

"I really wanted to go into the dugout and join all the guys but I couldn't walk straight. I kept thinking, putting everything together. I kept thinking about what some of the guys had told me all summer, how unconscious I was."

"I said to myself, 'That's what they were talking about. This is the moment I wake up and find I'm in the major leagues.'"

HAL GREER: "THE DAY I SLOW DOWN I'M FINISHED"

(Continued from page 33)
never stopped us." The bedroom proving grounds provided all-Negro Douglass High School with a long succession of Greer brothers and until Hal blossomed into full stardom in the NBA, everybody in Huntington—including Hal—thought J. D. Greer, a powerful 6-5, 225-pounder, was the "best of old Willie Greer's young 'uns."

"My brother J.D. was the greatest high-school basketball player I've ever seen," Hal says. "He was the first guy I ever saw guide a shot in the basket—I mean like Dippy (Wilt Chamberlain). It fascinated me. J.D. was my idol but he wouldn't let me play with him in the playground games. Soon as I'd show up at the playground, J.D. would yell, 'Get out of here, kid, you want to get hurt?' Even after I started playing ball in high school, J.D. always put me down. He used to say, 'I am the greatest in the Greer family.' I guess that's why I have so much desire to excel because I've always wanted to convince J.D. that I was pretty good myself."

At a Knick-76er game in Madison Square Garden in March, J. D. Greer laughed when someone mentioned his criticizing Hal. "You must not forget," he said. "Hal is my kid brother and he'll always be my kid brother. Why, I remember when that little boy first went out for basketball at Douglass High. The coach took one look at him and said, 'Son, go home and eat some more beans.' I had six years on Hal so I was always looking after him. I wouldn't let him play in those big boy games at the playground because he weighed about 90 pounds and I was around 200. I was afraid he might get hurt. I didn't think a little boy like that could take the punches we handed out."

The fatherly interest in Hal continued into J.D.'s college days. By J.D.'s junior year in college, Hal had developed into a star at Douglass High. Hal quarterbacked the football team but a broken leg in his junior year dampened his enthusiasm so he concentrated on basketball. He led his school to the Negro state championship in his senior year and had offers from a dozen colleges. He ended up close to home at Marshall College.

Hal Greer's career at Marshall had a dramatic impact on West Virginia college athletics as he was the first Negro to make a major college varsity in the state. Cam Henderson, the Marshall coach, had watched Hal develop and the year Hal graduated from Douglass, the U.S. Supreme Court passed down the "separate is not equal" school decision. It cleared the way for Henderson to go after Greer, which he did with great relish. "Coach Henderson told me Marshall would be good for me," Greer says, "but so did everybody else—my high school coach, my teachers, all my friends. But I think the one person who convinced me was my step-mother, Miss Tulla. (Hal's mother died when he was 13 and his father remarried a few years later.) Every day that summer Miss Tulla told me: 'Go to Marshall, son. You'll be at home with your family and your friends. If you ever need anything, like money or advice, we'll all be right here to help you.' She never let up. I think it must have been at the last minute that she got to me. And she was always a woman

of her word. When I ran short of change, I'd get Miss Tulla off to the side and whisper in her ear.

Hal's great hopes at Marshall were staggered early in his sophomore year when Cam Henderson died. "He was a great man," Hal says. "Why, he invented the zone defense, did you know that?" But any doubts Hal had about his future at Marshall were quickly dispelled when Jules Rivlin replaced Henderson. "He was a zone man, too," Hal says. "We had a beautiful defense because all five starters thought as a unit, we knew every move each other would make. And we played the run-and-shoot game." Greer, along with Charley Slack and Leo Byrd, pioneered 100-point games at Marshall. "Slack got the rebound," Hal says, "and passed off to Leo and I and we were already half way down the court on the fast break. I've never seen anybody run the way we did." Byrd, averaging 30 ppg, and Greer, hitting around 26, were both among the top scorers in the country that year. Marshall College never had it so good.

The crucial aspects of integrating athletics at Marshall were lost on Greer, who says the switch was so smooth he can recall only one incident in his four years there. It happened in Charleston, West Virginia, where the Marshall team stopped for a road date. A hotel there refused Hal a bed and the team walked out en masse. "I can't remember another single incident," Hal says.

Hal moved on into pro basketball. Rivlin had coached a youngster named Paul Seymour out in Toledo, Ohio, some years earlier and in 1958, Seymour was the coach of the Syracuse Nationals. Greer became Syracuse's second draft choice. "I've always had a high regard for Jules Rivlin's opinion," Seymour says.

The transition period from college to pro ball taxed Hal's patience. "He was just a little boy from a little coal mining town," says Schayes, who was a Syracuse superstar when Greer was a rookie. "Hal had this great talent, this exceptional gift of speed, and he couldn't understand why he was sitting on the bench. He just needed time to adjust to pro ball but Hal said he had come to play, not sit on the bench."

Hal remembers Seymour "easing me in. Paul would play me a quarter and then take me out and say, 'Now sit down and watch the veterans this quarter.'" By the end of his freshman year at Syracuse, Hal had moved into the starting lineup. He scored 45 points in one game his second season ("I was out of sight that night," he says). And last year he hit 50 against the Celtics. He's been a second team All-Pro choice the past two seasons and has played in five straight All-Star games.

In his first All-Star appearance in 1961, the NBA gifted the players with a set of golf clubs. The clubs puzzled Hal because he had never been on a golf course in his life, yet the first time he played 18 holes he scored a 99. "I've worked it down to 84 once," he said, "but just once."

Hal packed the clubs into his car in the spring of 1961 and drove to Dayton, Ohio, to visit another brother, Phillip, who is a Dayton detective. There Hal met an attractive young lady, Mayme Cannon. Mayme was a

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math major at Central State College in Wilberforce, Ohio, and basketball was not one of her interests. "Really," she says today, "until I met Hal, I had never heard of him." Hal looks at Mayme devilishly and asks, "You sure you had never heard of me, Mayme?" Hal began rushing Mayme and within a year they were engaged. They married in May of 1963 and were prepared to settle in Syracuse when the franchise was shifted to Philadelphia.

"We were lucky," Mayme says. "Two days before the news broke, Hal and I made an appointment with a real estate man to look at a house. We were ready to buy." Their first week in Philadelphia, the Greers did buy. They spotted a charming triplex in an integrated neighborhood and bought it. They live in one apartment and rent the other two. Hal and Mayme are "interested in more property," although Hal denies a story circulated by Johnny Kerr to wit: "Greer says he's going to be a real estate tycoon."

"Don't mind John," Hal says. "Listen, Johnny still calls me 'rookie'."

At home the Greers like to entertain. "I love having friends in for dinner," says Mayme. One of the frequent callers is Hal's road roommate, Chet Walker, who is still a bachelor. "I couldn't call them meals," Walker says, winking, "because all Mayme ever puts on the table is tuna salad." Mayme, feigning indignation, says, "Chet Walker, when you come here you eat roasts and steaks. You know the tuna salad is just an appetizer." Laughing, Walker says, "I'm the man who came to dinner."

Chet Walker enjoys telling stories about the "real Hal Greer." "He's an awful sleeper," Chet says. "It takes Hal so long to unwind after a game. We get back to the hotel and in 30 minutes I'm dead. But Hal sits up all night watching the late shows on TV and when the TV goes off he starts reading James Bond. Sometimes I'm ready to get up and Hal is just getting

to sleep. Of course, when Hal's going bad like he was with that ankle, well, I don't think he sleeps at all."

Hal says basketball produces his insomnia. "Look," says Hal, "I'm 28 years old, almost 29. But I'm still learning this game. I'm always thinking about playing defense. When I came up seven years ago, I was a zone man, a zone man period. All of a sudden, I had to play man-to-man and I used to have horrible dreams about those big guys setting those picks in front of me. So after a game, I think about the mistakes I made on defense that night. Sometimes I stay up all night thinking about defense, like after I've been chasing Oscar (Robertson) all over the court. That's enough to keep any man awake."

Other players undoubtedly stay awake thinking of ways to defense Hal Greer. And they'll continue staying awake as long as Hal Greer maintains one of his major assets: speed.

— ■ —

ATHLETES DO CHOKE UP

(Continued from page 57)

you're part of important golf history.

I hit a super tee shot and the ball went over a hill. I had a neat six-iron to the green. My grip tightened on the club. I hit it a little too hard over the green, had trouble coming back. Bogey. I parred 11 and 12. Not bad. Then on the 13th hole, I hit two pretty good shots in there but then blew a short putt, a squibber of a foot and a half.

The pressure got me right then. I couldn't work properly. It grabbed my arms and squeezed. I couldn't make my hands do what I asked them to. They were shaking. On the 14th hole, I missed a short putt for a birdie, about a six-footer. And then I was just getting so tight that when I had a ten-footer for a birdie on 16 which would have put me back in action, I didn't come anywhere near it.

Nervous? You couldn't tell it looking at me or my swing, which was fine. It only showed in the score. I shot a 40 on that last nine to finish in a tie for fifth. To this day I will say that I blew the National Open in Brookline, Massachusetts, by not being able to cope with the pressure. Bluntly, I choked.

And it appeared to me in a very funny way. I thought that I was able to perform under the pressure, but I wasn't quite able to. It got the best of me. I tried to get myself composed, but I couldn't do it. My mind just wasn't strong enough to make my body coordinate the way it should have. I was talking like a Dutch uncle, but it didn't do me any good. The minute I'd get my club and get over the shot, I'd feel just like I was going blooey.

Now I know that "choke" is a dirty word any time you get around athletes. You don't talk about it hazily in the dugout or the clubhouse or the dressing room. You don't talk about it formally. From what I hear, one of those TV guys met a plane during a World Series a while ago and asked one of the managers: "Did your team choke?" The manager's reply never made it over the air.

But it's a fact of life that everybody at one time or another chokes. Even your greatest athletes will choke

somewhere along the line. But their ability to realize they've choked and know they're going to choke occasionally is what counts. They put it out of their minds and go right back to their business in a championship way or winning way. That sounds like a contradiction, but maybe I can illustrate it for you in a personal way.

At the Thunderbird Open in Rye, New York, last summer, I backed off a putt that I needed to win. I don't think we ever, because we're human, overcome the fact that there is a doubt going to creep in constantly, which is one of the human elements of competing in sports. There I was, eight feet from the cup on the last hole, and that's all I needed to win first money, which was a cool \$20,000. And as I bent over the ball, trying to sight the hole, I couldn't take the club back for the firm stroke that would mean an extra \$7500 in my needy pockets. It was crystalized, and I was tightened up. If I ever get any tighter, I'll never swing a club again. I don't recall ever being so tense.

If I told you I was tired because it was the 72nd hole of a tough, major tournament against the finest golfers in the world, I'd be a damned liar. I choked. And yet, because there was no way I could evade it, I had to step right back up again. I hit the ball and it was lucky enough to go in.

I really don't know what kind of tension these other guys have who fight that little white ball from the sands of California to the sands of Florida and then northward toward the bigger money. I can vouch for myself and nobody else, though I can see somebody make a mistake that I feel was caused through tension. Basketball is a fast game, but you can tell when a guy chokes if he has to shoot an important foul shot late in the game and it goes off his hand every which way.

You've heard how football players get so keyed up before a game they get sick, and don't really settle down until they first contact. In golf, we have to go out there and hit the ball a couple of times to unwind. When you start down that first fairway, you begin to loosen up. You don't get perfectly relaxed because you have to be

tensed up a certain amount and have the adrenalin pumping to do your best.

I've changed my prescription for behavior on the course as I've gotten older. When I first started out, I didn't talk to the galleries at all. I fussed if somebody kicked a blade of grass. But later I found it helped me to relax if I played it natural between shots. My makeup is not conducive to being quiet and constantly in deep concentration because all that does is get me so tight you could beat drum signals on my back.

I was nervous and tense all the time when I first broke in because I didn't have too much confidence in myself. The more confidence you have in yourself, the less pressure you have. Success breeds success. That's Lema's law. Then the only thing that's going to add pressure is when you have a big play to pull off. When you're a newcomer, even the basic shots will cause you to choke up a little. Now I come up to an important shot and I know that I've made it before.

Winning my first tournament, in Orange County, California, got me over the hump. I felt that I could win but I had to prove it to myself.

I never get cocky about it. I'm scared when I have a 15-foot putt to win a tournament and I'm scared before I ever reach the ball. I have to talk to myself. I don't know if I'm talking to my sub-conscious or my conscious, but I have to tell myself that I realize this doubt is creeping into my mind, and I acknowledge it. Then I push it out, the best way I can, by saying I've made the putt before under similar or even more difficult circumstances, so that I know it can be done. And that I can do it.

Only then do I switch to the actual technique of how I'm going to execute the shot.

Golf poses particular problems for a guy. I'm one man playing against the whole field. I'm my own team. I don't have four or five other people I can rely on. And it's a slowly played game. I have so much time to think and plan. So much time for doubt to creep in. Lots of times I won't even think of anything remotely connected with golf until I get almost to the ball. I'll talk to somebody, do almost anything to take my mind off the game momentarily.

I can get away with it, I guess, be-

cause basically I'm a goof-off. I'm not really a serious person. I can't say, "Gee whiz, I've got to make this putt because the rent check depends on it. . . . Or my wife would like a new dress. . . . Or we'd like to eat at a nice restaurant tonight."

I just like to enjoy myself. I'm fortunate enough to be in a profession where the winners make a lot of money. You know, I could have been a long-haired musician who doesn't make a whole lot of money. The payoff is there in golf, so I just try to perform as well as I can.

Still, I'm human. The World Series of Golf last August proved that. I couldn't sleep a couple of days before the tournament, and even during it, because the first was \$50,000. This is a lot of money, which I'm happy to say I won, circles under my eyes and all. A week later Jerry Rideout of the Buick tournament called me up and said, "That was a nice year you had last week."

I'm proud of the fact that last year I won more events, six, than any other pro on the tour. I'm not jealous of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus. They're winning more money than anybody. They're always one and two in winning, with the exception of last year, and they've got the major titles to prove it. I'd say their position is rightfully deserved.

Playing against Palmer is like going up against Jack the Ripper or being the lamb who tries to bite the butcher. I think Arnie acts superbly under pressure—he thrives on it. If anybody were going to study the ideal, there would be the guy to study.

The closest I've ever come to his type of mental approach was at the Buick Open last year. It was the ideal tournament, and I feel a turning point for me as a consistent winner. I probably had better control over myself than at any other time in my career.

At the Buick, I birdied the first hole all four rounds. At the second hole, a par four, I made a six once and a five another time, so that I blew the good start, and still came back to win. I was putting good, and we had good weather, which made everything conducive to fine golf. In Detroit, where

it's played, I stay with some friends who have a real nice house out in the country, and it's a real relaxing atmosphere. It seems to take a lot of the pressure off me.

I used to think I was an easy-going person, and maybe I would be if I weren't a pro golfer. I work on my game now more than I ever have. It's the nature of the sport. I have a lot of responsibilities. I have a son and I have a wonderful wife now who accompanies me on the tour. I'm a young 31 and hope that I haven't reached the peak of my game. The novelty of playing with the big boys is still with me. It's like the first Masters I ever played in. I did surprisingly well, so I said to myself: "Well, you jerk, now you can win this thing."

This seems like an elemental thing, but it's so important to the young golfer. How many kids have you seen go out and shoot a 63 in the first round of a big tournament? You never heard of them before, but there they are, leading Nicklaus and Palmer and Billy Casper and Ken Venturi and the rest. Two rounds later you never hear of them again. The lack of experience gets them. They just don't know how to handle that position. They choke. They're the first-round leaders and do a helluva job, but they haven't been there before and don't know how to act. Maybe they can't sleep, or suddenly the crowd gets to them.

One of my prescriptions for relaxing is spelled "M-o-o-e-t." Put it on ice, chill gently, pop the cork easy and then pour. If you suspect this is a commercial, it is. Since I'm going to be called Champagne Tony, anyhow, the Moët people are around and handy with the bubbly whenever there's a sanctioned tournament and I'm entered. If I win, the champagne is on the house.

If I don't win, it keeps well. And if I failed because I blew up under the pressure, I'm not too embarrassed to admit it. There is just one stipulation on which I insist.

It's all right for me to say I choked. But if somebody says it for me, he better be ready to fight.

— ■ —

CAN THE NOTRE DAME SURGE CONTINUE?

(Continued from page 31)

team last year were backs." And the freshman halfbacks ranged from 160 pounds to no more than 190 pounds.

At the same time, Parseghian analyzed the varsity players and their capacity. He discovered a lot of good men were in the wrong jobs. He continued the analysis into the first 2½ weeks of spring training, then undertook the biggest upheaval of player personnel in Notre Dame history. He moved Pete Duranko from fullback to guard and then to linebacker. To guard he moved Dick Arrington, who had been an aggressive but small (5-11) tackle; Arrington is a strong '65 All-America candidate. Parseghian moved one of the team's fastest halfbacks, Nick Rassas, to defensive safety and teamed him up with a couple of aspiring quarterbacks named Tom Carey and Tom Longo. As a unit they picked off 13 passes. Parseghian took a defensive halfback and tight end named Jack Snow and moved him to split end. Snow broke every pass-

receiving record in Notre Dame history.

Parseghian's most important decision was at quarterback. The discovery of John Huarte was not as sudden as many suppose. When Parseghian arrived, his choice was between Huarte and 5-9 Alex "Sandy" Bonvechio, who lacked Huarte's passing skill and who seemed too short to see over the onrushing linemen. Yet he was Huarte's superior in moving the club and in calling plays. Bonvechio could be an excellent quarterback on a ballclub that emphasized running. But Parseghian wanted to emphasize passing; he wanted somebody who could deliver the ball to a fine receiver like Snow. He chose Huarte and that decision was to influence his strategy and outlook not only in 1964 but also in 1965.

Last year both Huarte and Bonvechio were seniors and both had relatively little varsity experience. Huarte played only five minutes as a sophomore and Bonvechio was injured

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his entire sophomore season. The NCAA allows players, under extraordinary circumstances, to compete an extra year and in the middle of the 1964 season it was suggested Huarte might seek such permission. The idea was abandoned when Huarte's enormous success made it likely that any such application might tinge Notre Dame once more with becoming a "football factory." But an identical request was quietly made on behalf of the almost-anonymous Bonvechio and just as quietly granted.

NOW Notre Dame enters the 1965 season not denuded of veteran quarterbacks but with a veteran and at least two well regarded prospects from the freshman team. Bonvechio isn't likely to follow Huarte as a Heisman winner, but he could direct the club well. "He has great poise, great leadership ability and stands up under pressure," says Parseghian. If Bonvechio's lack of quickness and height proves to be too detrimental, Notre Dame has an excellent pocket passer in former high-school All America Bill O'Brien from Virginia Beach, Virginia or Tom Shoen of Euclid, Ohio, who is more effective as a "scrambling" quarterback.

If Notre Dame doesn't score 30 points-plus as often as it did last year, a lack of a passing attack will probably be the big reason. And it might be as difficult to replace Snow as it is Huarte. The loss of fullback Joe Farrell will also be felt in the passing attack.

The leading receiver this year could be tight end Phil Sheridan, who caught 20 passes last season. Halfback Nick Eddy caught 16 and he'll be valuable as a receiver too. The unenviable job of replacing Snow will most likely fall to Dan McGinn or Bill Zloch.

With Bill Wolski and Eddy back at halfbacks, the Irish could be devastating on the ground. They'll also have two fine sophomores to choose from at fullback—Paul May, 5-10, 205 pounds, and Ralph Moore, 6-2, 215.

Neither line presents much worries, largely because of a virtual talent pool from which Parseghian can draw. But it is the defensive line that is especially potent. All were regulars last year as sophomores—ends Alan Page and Don Gmitter, and tackles Kevin Hardy and Tom Regner.

The biggest defensive problem is at linebacker. From Parseghian's four-man linebacker setup only one regular, Jim Lynch, returns. But Gmitter could be shifted. And then there's Duranko, a regular who was injured in the first game last year and lost for the season, and Arunas Vasys, who made 35 tackles in part-time play. Best sophomore linebacker prospect is Jim Yacknow, 225 pounds. The secondary is well set with Carey, Rassas and Longo.

Notre Dame's success this season will depend mostly on the physical capabilities of its personnel, to be sure. But Parseghian is not one to overlook the matter of "spirit" and all of its many dimensions. Take one dimension—the psychological stimulus—and consider how it alone affects the boys and varies in its usefulness.

Hunger: "This was a hungry team," says Parseghian of the team he inherited in 1964. It hoped to prove mediocrity was not an inevitable part of athletic life at Notre Dame. It hungered after respectability. It got it, and more. As the success of the Irish rose, so did their standards. And

yet the ultimate was denied them—the undefeated season, the national championship, the acclaim that comes with being No. 1—all in the last 1:34 of the season. Perhaps this was a blessing, for it gave Notre Dame something to hunger for in 1965.

Momentum: In the first two games last season, Notre Dame received stiff challenges to its purpose and its confidence. Wisconsin rose up in the second half, as it had a year earlier, and threatened to wipe out an Irish lead. But just when the specter of failure was again haunting Notre Dame fans, the Irish line stiffened, Notre Dame seized the initiative, and went on to win, 31-7. The next week against Purdue, the Irish gave up the first touchdown and then failed to score from the three-yard line. Again the memories of 1963 rose up to haunt Notre Dame fans (a 7-6 loss) and again the Fighting Irish rose up to banish them. It made and exploited its breaks. It intercepted three passes, blocked a punt and turned it into a touchdown, recovered a Purdue fumble on a quick-kick and turned it into another touchdown, and went on to a 34-15 win. Now the momentum was built and Notre Dame was moving.

It might not be as easy to build that early momentum this year. Notre Dame plays three of its first four games on the road and hostile fans always seem a little nastier when the opponent is Notre Dame.

Environment: Just inside the Notre Dame locker room last year was a sign in red letters a foot high. "Pride," it said. On the bulletin board before the Michigan State game were notes mysteriously signed "The Spartan" and "The Phantom." "The Spartan" warned Notre Dame's players of the dire events that would take place when the Irish ventured out against Michigan State's Spartans. "The Phantom" urged Notre Dame to greater efforts.

Parseghian denies categorically that he was either "The Spartan" or "The Phantom." But the important fact is that this type of psychological stimulus tends to wear off. After a while, many players tend to accept them as a normal part of the locker-room decor, like the smell of arnica and the strips of used adhesive tape littering the floor.

Excitability: The legends of Knute Rockne make Notre Dame men uniquely susceptible to as gifted a speaker as Parseghian. Moreover, he has a natural flair; his pep talks are urgent, unstaged and unpretentious.

PARSEGHIAN has an urgency that is almost visceral. "He communicates with his very pores," says one friend. Parseghian may not say much at all. He doesn't have to. An agonizing urgency begins building in the room before a game as Parseghian paces back and forth—pace . . . pace . . . pace—a BANG of a fist on a table or locker as Parseghian punctuates some private thought—then faster . . . faster . . . faster . . . pace . . . pace . . . pace. By game time, Parseghian need say only a few words, then a prayer, to get his players to a bone-searing, blood-chilling pitch. When he sends them onto the field, they are ready.

This technique, too, quickly reaches a point of diminishing returns. Most players cannot react to the emotional strain every week; other players simply possess too much sophistication to succumb to it. Parseghian knows this. He knows that the proper psychologi-

cal climate is not set merely by words or emotional appeals. It is important for the players to see the results of their labor. Parseghian, for instance, designed a practice regimen that pored as much as 20 pounds from some players. This enabled Notre Dame to hit harder than ever. The players and their opponents could see the results. "They hit so hard that I'm thinking of changing my religion," said Stanford coach John Ralston.

Parseghian's type of spirit is durable because it is built also on organization. Literally no detail escapes Parseghian's attention. "How clean is your locker room?" he'll ask. "How well-equipped is your training room?" He examines the performance charts after every game to check, among other things, the blocking of linemen. He has the windows of the Notre Dame library scanned before every practice to make sure no enemy scouts are up there.

THE spirit of Notre Dame affects the entire campus, not just the football team. "You can't imagine what it meant to the students here," said a graduate student as he walked across the campus this past winter. "In all the years I'd been here everything seemed a little out of focus. You grow up with the knowledge of Notre Dame and its traditions and legends and all that and then you come here and we didn't even have a winning team."

For a full decade the Fathers Hesburgh and Joyce, the top two men in Notre Dame's administration, had been the often-abused victims of an unhappy coincidence. They had deliberately directed Notre Dame toward greater academic excellence in the early 1950s and their success was stunning. But that success coincided with the decline in Notre Dame football and led some Notre Dame followers to believe there was a sinister plot afoot to sacrifice football to make Notre Dame a great university.

That was far from the truth. Notre Dame never slackened its recruiting. "We've always limited the number we let in here," Father Joyce says. "It's adjusted up and down and I do the adjusting, depending on the number of injuries our team has suffered, and so forth," says Father Joyce. The limit is usually around 36 players.

Ultimately, the number of football players admitted to Notre Dame was not the issue; nor, it appears, was their quality. Instead, it appears to have been the way they were taught and the way their skills were used. The significance of 1964 is that, after ten years of disappointment, they finally succeeded in finding the right coach.

Notre Dame's success is meaningful to all of higher education but it is imperative to college football. For if Notre Dame can demonstrate it is possible to have excellence in academics and athletics, the notion that academic and athletics are incompatible might gradually disappear.

Can Notre Dame's success endure? In terms of excellence, yes. In terms of games won and lost, a qualified yes. Long unbeaten streaks are pretty much a thing of the past. But a team can win 70 or 80 percent of its games against a tough schedule and maintain its pride.

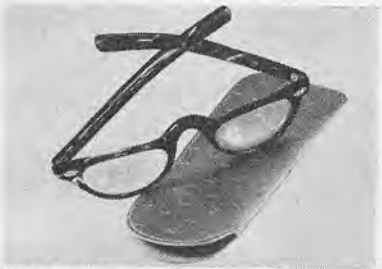
Out of all this will develop an era that will make 1964 seem more and more like the passing once cited by the poet: "Each age is a dream that is dying—or one that is coming to birth."

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BIG LEAGUE CAPS

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ELSTON HOWARD: PORTRAIT OF A KEY YANKEE

(Continued from page 26)

Alabama," he says, "and let them bash my head in. I just couldn't take it. I would have to strike back."

Howard's attractive wife, Arlene, commands respect by her dignity and her intelligence and she has plunged into the civil rights struggle. Her influence has not been lost on her husband. "We're active in the NAACP," says Howard, "and I'm active here in town. My kids go to an integrated school and we go to political meetings in town. We beat off some of the John Birchers in the last school board election. When I'm out of baseball I might get active in a lot of things."

It is ironic and altogether possible that Howard might not have been the Negro the Yankees chose to break their own color line if he hadn't been soft-spoken and the type who seemed reluctant to stir up rebellion. They scouted him carefully for several months, talking to him and finding out all about him. With all their deliberation, the Yankees were almost too late. Elston was unhappy with the bad conditions and the bus travel and was about ready to go back to school.

The Yankees paid the Monarchs \$30,000 for his contract in 1950 and assigned the 20-year-old catcher-outfielder to Muskegon, Michigan, in the Central League. The following year Howard was drafted into the Army and spent two years playing baseball. In 1953 he reported to his first Florida camp with the Yankees' Binghamton, New York, club. It was decided he'd be a catcher exclusively, which seemed to be a bad move for Howard. Yogi Berra was at the height of his game as a 28-year-old catcher who played every day.

A reporter for the *Baltimore Afro-American* told Howard: "The Yankees are giving you the runaround. They have Berra for catching. If they wanted you on the team it would be as an outfielder."

"I don't think so," said Howard, "let's wait and see."

To Casey Stengel, who was about to win his fifth straight pennant and World Series as Yankee manager, it was the logical move. "I saw him run," says Casey, "and I knew he wouldn't play the outfield real good. I also saw him bat and he had power. Why wouldn't you have him catching against lefthanded pitchers and playing the outfield when you needed him?"

Howard showed enough in camp to be promoted to Kansas City, then a minor-league team, where he hit .286. The next season, at Toronto, he batted .330, won the International League's Most Valuable Player Award and was brought up to the Yankees.

In 1955, his rookie season, Howard played the outfield, caught, played first base and hit .290 as a one-man right-handed hitting platoon. He got into 97 games and the other subs called him "Casey's bo-bo." "I was second-string to a man (Berra) who was going to be in the Hall of Fame, so thank God I could play other positions. That kept me going," says Howard.

Stengel's platooning system caused several players on the club to complain publicly but Howard kept it to himself. "He would come home," says Arlene Howard, "and be crabby. He wouldn't want to eat so we would just

ride around Times Square and have a couple of hot dogs. I'd say playing regularly has changed his disposition."

Howard today bears no malice toward Stengel for the in-again, out-again, Finnegan role assigned to him. "A ballplayer wants to play every day," says Howard, "but the old man thought platooning was best. We won so I have to respect him for it. He gave me a chance to make the bigs."

With Berra going strong, Howard played 98 games in 1956, 110 in 1957, 103 in 1958 and 125 in 1959. Most of the time he was in the outfield. His fielding did not entitle him to much notice, but he made up for it with one catch in the 1958 World Series against the Braves. Howard earned the Babe Ruth award as the hero of that series (the first Negro to be so honored) and it was mostly on the strength of that one catch.

The Braves, who had beaten the Yankees in 1957, were leading the Series three games to one. The Braves were at bat in the sixth inning of the fifth game with the Yankees leading, 1-0. Billy Bruton singled. Then Red Schoendienst dropped a short fly ball into left field. Howard, playing the difficult sun field, raced in for the looper, slid on his knees, stuck out his glove, lost his hat and caught the ball in the webbing of his glove. Bruton was doubled at first and when Eddie Mathews followed with a single it was a meaningless hit. The Yankees scored six times in the bottom half of the inning and won the Series, four games to three.

Berra began to slip the next season and by 1960, Stengel's last year with New York, Howard was No. 1 catcher.

Under manager Ralph Houk in 1961, Howard had his best season. A sensational year. He hit .348. Trouble was, hardly anybody noticed. Norm Cash hit .361 but not many people noticed that either. It was 1961 and the year of Roger Maris' 61 homers. "I have the best year of my life," said Howard, "and I have to pick that season."

To be truthful, Howard is not a .348 hitter. That season every line drive fell in, every bloop counted and every groundball found a hole. Howard's lifetime average is .289 and if he could run it might be another ten points.

ELSTON reached the pinnacle of his career in 1963. Maris and Mantle were both injured much of the season and Howard caught 135 games, held the Yankees together, batted .287 and nursed along the young Yankee pitching staff.

"Here he comes," said umpire Nestor Chylak, one day, "Mr. MVP."

"Why did you say that?" asked Howard.

"Who else could it be?"

Howard's answer? A line single over the pitcher's head.

A couple of months later it was official—Howard had become the first American League Negro to win the Most Valuable Player Award. What does that mean to Howard and his family?

"It means so much now," his wife says, "because it is the period of the American Negro revolution. It makes me proud, him being the first. I tried to explain it to Elston, Jr., (age seven at the time) what it meant if his father

got the award. The older boys in school made it sound very big to him and they kept telling him his father should get it. He asked me, 'What's the MVP?' I told him, 'It's like winning the Nobel Prize, Elston. Only it's the Nobel Prize of baseball.'"

Unexpectedly, there was a distasteful incident surrounding the announcement of the award. "A picture of our family was in all the papers," says Elston. "I got a letter from a man in Maryland. He said, 'mister, you're married to a white woman.' I wrote him back. 'Mister, you're a crazy man.'"

Arlene Howard, a tall, light-skinned Negro laughed as her husband told the story recently. As the wife of a famous athlete, a Negro athlete, she has learned to expect the hate letters and remarks even if she won't accept them.

"WE haven't had any trouble in this neighborhood," said Howard. "There is a Negro doctor down the street and most of our white neighbors have been fine. The kids (Elston, now 9, Cheryl, 7, and Karen, 5) play with their kids and there's never any problem."

Howard did recall the day he came over to inspect his home while the wood frames were being put up. "I saw a white kid in the shell," he says, "and when he saw me he ran away. He had scribbled on the wall, 'no niggers wanted in this neighborhood' and I ran after him. Then I stopped because I realized if I caught him I would have socked him."

Howard doesn't like a fuss. He is a placid man with a large, strong body. He stands 6-2, weighs 210, has thick thighs and heavy arms. When he occasionally raises his voice it becomes high pitched and people don't know he's really mad. Howard's nature comes out most poignantly around his own children and around Yankee pitcher Al Downing, the talented young lefthander he rooms with on the road. Downing is quiet, introverted and intense. When he joined the Yankees in 1961 they named him "Gabby" for the very good reason that he didn't talk.

Howard has made it easier for Downing. He showed him where to eat. He took him out after games. He introduced him to people and he softened the path to major-league acceptance.

"Ellie has helped me on and off the field," says Downing. "He is a big brother to me."

A lot of young ballplayers have learned things from Howard and someday he would welcome the chance to teach under more formal circumstances—as a coach or manager. "When Yogi managed," says Elston, "he said he would break the color line for American League coaches and I was his man."

Since then, of course, Yogi has been deposed. But if all goes according to Howard's plan, he still has several seasons ahead of him as a player before he has to wonder seriously whether anyone besides Yogi is willing to break the color line.

Until then, Howard is concerned about filling an empty space on the wall of his den. It is right next to a lovely picture of his wife.

"I'm saving that spot," says Howard, "for another MVP award."

Another MVP Award, or as Elston, Jr. would say, "the Nobel Prize of baseball."

**FICTION
SPECIAL:**

TODAY'S GAME

By Martin Quigley

The sleeping pill had worn off, and there was no natural sleep for him. Last night's defeat was in his mouth, and his losing streak was in his belly. His stomach was churning acid; it needed bread and milk.

He eased out of bed and out of the room, closing the door silently behind him. It was just after 7:30. In the kitchen he fetched a bottle of milk from the refrigerator and a glass from the cupboard and went out into the patio in his pajamas and settled in one of the lawn chairs by the redwood picnic table. The patio, topped by the leaves of an old oak, was screened by fence and shrubs. The morning was decorated with dew, the fragrance of flowers, and the songs of birds, but its loveliness was not for him. He was spading up the details of last night's game. His concentration was so intense that he would be able ten years later to call up the names and potentialities of every lefthanded batter Briscoe had on his bench in the 11th, the count on Wellington when he went after that outside curve in the tenth and missed. His concern for his mistakes of the night before spread into a dull ache of despair for his future. He was 42 years old and somehow had to make a living for Marianna and the girls for the next 20 years or so as a baseball man. He knew nothing else. He had been making his living in and at baseball since the age of 18, and he had come all the way up to big-league manager, whence there was no place but thence. He had been promoted from coach to manager after the All-Star Game last summer, and he had brought the club from a fading sixth place to a strong third. He had got off to a good start this season and was in first place by the middle of May. Then after the big trade, Wellington for Adams even—the trade he had asked for—he could not win. He had lost 12 out of 15 and nine in a row, and had sunk from first place to fifth.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

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Today's would be Jerry Adams' first game against him since he had traded Jerry for Bill Wellington.

Today, Jerry would be out there firing to prove that Barney had done a rotten personal thing and a stupid baseball thing to trade the most effective righthanded pitcher in baseball—this year and maybe next—for a young Negro outfielder who still had his ability and himself to prove and who was proving neither.

Some of his players hated his guts for making the trade—Slater, Jones, and Wolf, probably Big Don Norman too—the proud Old Line of the great championship club. They believed that it was a bad trade for this year and next, and they did not have many years after this year and next. But they also thought that Jerry had earned a permanent place with the organization—coach, scout, minor-league manager, front office—or the right, in any case, to make a secondary career here where he was best known and had good connections, and where his family was taking root. That's why this game today means so much. He thought, I want this game as much as I've ever wanted a game in my life, player or manager.

Barney dressed, said goodbye to his wife and daughters, and drove to the ballpark. There were two or three thousand fans shuffling on the sidewalks to the ticket windows or standing in clusters, tickets in hand, hashing out the day's chances. There was showdown in the air, as there was before big games. The fans knew.

He crossed the street, smiling but not pausing, as the throng of autograph kids came running. He passed out cards with his printed picture and autograph and kept walking through the clubhouse door, which the guard opened for him and closed upon the clamoring fans. Barney noted that the recreation room to the left was unoccupied. To the right, in the training room at the end of the corridor past his office and past the shower room, he could see the black hands of Dandy Crum rubbing oil into his old legs on the whiteness of the training table. He eased down the hall and identified the voice of Dee Wilkins. The two Negroes, the old man and the boy star, were talking.

"Can Adams throw past me?" Dandy was saying. "Yeah, he can throw past me—once. Twice he hums me, man, I'm old, I know I'm old, but he better not hum me twice like I'm some scared kid he can impress. He got a curveball. Let him impress me with his curveball. He show me Big Charley. Let him come again with Big Charley, I impress him."

"I like to bunt on him," Dee said. "He crossfire me, I bunt him down first base for a hit."

"This Adams, you bunt him, bunt him down the third-base line, make him work that weak knee, throw his weight on it. If I got your speed, my bat, I do nothin' but bunt him down the third-base line. Some day, I hope Ol' Massa, I hope he calls me, like last night, all he needs is a bunt down the line, I hope he calls me. He think of me for the long ball, which I got in my bat, but sometime I hope he calls me when all he need is a little bunt down the line."

"Here's Ol' Massa now," Barney said, interested that word of Adams' seventh-inning knee had got around the baseball world since the trade. On the Blue Jays, not more than two or three of his closest friends had known that Jerry's knee gave him trouble toward the end of a hard game when he had to keep on throwing hard.

"Morning, Skip," Dandy said.

Barney sat down on the rubbing bench beside Dandy. "What do we do to make a hitter out of Wellington?"

"You gave him the ball, Skip. You told him you're my leftfielder. It's all up to him now."

"I can't hit for him."

Dandy was rubbing his legs with the oil of warmth. "Wellington, he comes up with a idea he not to take a back seat on the diamond or off the diamond. He wants to show them. Man, it eats him, he want to show them. But he don't see the fun of showing them. He's too serious. He's so serious, he can't swing that bat."

Barney sat in his compact office, stripped himself of his other-world clothing and reduced the problem of winning today's game to the problem of destroying Jerry Adams before Jerry Adams destroyed him.

It was 10:30. He wanted to get set on his lineup in the next half-hour. Jerry would be coming out contemptuous of Barney's righthanded batters and confident he could pitch carefully enough to the lefthanded power to stay out of trouble. He was expecting in the first inning to face Brooks, Wade, and Wellington. If one of them accidentally got on base, he would be pitching to Big Don Norman with two out. Why not let Jerry look at Big Don as the first man up? The object was to destroy Jerry Adams early; maybe there was a way to get him out of there before he got wet under the arms.

He began to get excited as he thought of a different lineup, a beautifully radical lineup; it made him excited and confident to look at it as he wrote it out. But he wanted to keep it secret until just before game time. If he didn't, Adams would have a chance to think; Briscoe, the manager, would have a chance to think. Briscoe and Adams must not know of his starting lineup until game time. The way to keep a secret was to keep it to yourself.

There was a tap on the door, and it was Wellington.

"Sit down, Bill, and stretch your legs. Are you and your family getting settled?"

"We've got an apartment, not where we want to be. We're looking for a house, but I guess we won't find anybody to sell us one in any neighborhood we want to live in."

"Things are changing, Bill. We've come a long way since Jackie Robinson. Do you go to church, Bill?"

"My wife and kids go, but the church we're going to, it's only got one service on Sunday, and that would bring me here too late for batting practice."

"If you had asked me, I would have excused you from batting practice today, Bill."

"Because you're not starting me today anyway," Bill said.

"I'm not starting you today in left field, Bill," Barney said. He lit a cigar and leaned way back in his chair and put his spikes on his desk. "I'm starting you in right today. The wind is strong toward right, and I'm starting Crum in left, which means Wilkins will have to take more of left center, which means you will have to play toward center and still get to the line. You got the speed to do it."

"You're giving me another chance?"

"I gave up too much to get you to give up on you, Bill."

"I haven't been playing good ball for you, Skipper."

Barney nodded and sucked at his cigar and blew the smoke out in little puffs without inhaling. "I didn't sleep too good last night, either. One of the things I thought about was you and me, Bill. How we both had the same troubles. When I came up with the Blue Jays, it was in 1942, the year before I went into the Army, and I couldn't hit nothing—not lefthanders, righthanders, fastballs, or curves. I went zero for 14 before I got a scratch single. Old Mr. Dudley was manager in those days, and one Sunday, a day pretty much like today—we were trying to battle out of a losing streak and stay in contention—Old Dud called me into this very office, like I've called you in, and he gave me this." From his drawer Barney, leaning forward, fished out a coin. "And Old Dud said, 'Barney, you're still my shortstop, but you've got to help me prove it. Now take this quarter and go out there and give me at least two bits' worth today.' That day I got a double and a single, they walked me once, and I flied deep to center for an RBI. So I say the same to you. Take this quarter and go out there and give me two bits' worth today, and you keep this quarter until some day, some kid will need it as bad as I needed it then and you need it now."

Bill opened his hand, and Barney put the coin into it. Bill closed his hand and lowered his head. Barney could not see his eyes.

"Maybe it won't work for you, Bill," Barney said. "You're not superstitious like me. You've got a good education and all. I know a lot about Jerry Adams, how he works and how he thinks. I may give you some take signs when you don't expect them, and be ready to bunt at any time, even with two strikes."

Bill was clutching the coin. Now he raised his head. "I didn't hear all you said, Skip. Tell me that again."

Barney told him again.

"I'll give you two bits' worth today, Skip."

It wasn't even 11 A.M., and Barney had his lineup made up and most of his thinking done. He walked out to the field to watch the orderly chaos of pre-game practice. Nordstrom, the batting-practice pitcher, was throwing to the pitchers, who were being watched by both Bill Tate, the pitching coach, and Jinx Moore, the batting coach. Granny Wolf was hitting fungos to the extras. He eased himself to his height and walked slowly, kicking at dirt clods along the way, down the third-base line to Granny. He and Granny had made more double plays in their time together than any other shortstop-second-baseman in the history of the game—without any affection between them. They had showed each other the ball—and nothing else.

"Whattaya say, Gran?"

"He's gonna be rough today, Barney. What kind of meeting did you call?"

"How we're gonna play Adams."

"You got a lineup?" Granny's eyes were deep-set and a cold blue-white under his black brows.

"I'm gonna try something—we haven't tried before," Barney said and went down the line, kicking at clods, toward the batting cage, feeling Granny's cold eyes in his back. He returned to his office.

He looked at the lineup he had made out in secret over an hour before. He had to make use of Granny Wolf in the destruction of Jerry Adams. Granny Wolf was a destroyer. If Granny Wolf helped destroy Jerry Adams, he would destroy himself as an agent of the destruction of Barney's team. Granny Wolf was as simple as fire; he was for you or against you. "I've got to have Granny with me today," Barney said aloud. He leaned back in his chair. He did not have to count upon Granny's loyalty to the team. Granny was a baseball man; in a baseball situation, he could respond only as a baseball man.



With Granny in the lineup in place of Brooks, the club would be weakened defensively. Wolf was merely reliable at second; Brooks was reliably brilliant. Sandowski could not make any of the tough plays at third that Tuffson made look easy. Crum was an old black joke in left field. But Barney could not win without destroying Jerry Adams. Wolf, Sandowski, and Crum, with Norman and Slater, could destroy Adams with their lefthanded power, and his three righthanded batters—Wilkins, Wellington, and Wade—could run over the pieces.

With Wolf in the lineup, he changed his batting order. He got out a triplicate of fresh line-up cards. Firmly, slowly, and finally, he printed the names.

He put the packet in his back pocket and buzzed for Hurry Harry and asked him to bring a carton of milk and a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich. He stretched out on his couch and relaxed until the food came. He sipped and ate slowly, knowing that his people were waiting. They had been beaten nine games in a row by ordinary opposition; now they must believe they could beat Jerry Adams.

All his players were in their chairs in front of their lockers, facing the aisle and their leader. Some were in full uniform, and some were nearly naked. Some leaned back, hands clasped behind their necks; some leaned forward, elbows on their knees. There would be no need to say anything twice.

Barney stood at his end of the aisle. "I didn't post the starting lineup as usual this morning, because there was no way to post it for you without posting it for Briscoe and Adams. There are some surprises in it for them. It is a lineup that will weaken us some defensively. It is designed to get Adams out of there in four or five innings. If we can do that, we will tighten up defensively and take it home from there." He walked slowly up the aisle and stopped and dropped his hand on Big Don's shoulder. "Hitting first today is Don Norman. He'll give Adams something to think about coming out, and it may give Big Don another time at bat today."

Hitting behind you, Don, is Dandy Crum." And he walked the few steps to him. "Dandy has hit three pinch homers off Adams, two when he was with the Pirates and grand-slammer for the Cubs. Dandy, you're starting in left field."

"Hitting third today is a lefthanded hitter who battles a pitcher as tough as anybody in baseball." He walked to the end of the aisle and put his hand on the shoulder of Granny Wolf. "Granny will start at second." There was a momentary glint of fire from beneath the black brows before Granny nodded impassively. Barney glanced at Brooks, who had expected to start. The boy took a deep breath and blew it out against his folded hands and nodded at his shoes. "Hitting in fourth place, starting at third base, is another of the greatest lefthanded power hitters in baseball." He walked to Sandowski.

"That's what he means by weakening us defensively," Sandowski said with his quick grin.

"I'm not worried about anything getting through you, Sandy."

"Not through me," Sandy admitted. "Past me."

"Hitting fifth is another dose of lefthanded power. Red Slater."

"I always figured I was a fifth-place hitter, Barney," the catcher squeaked out.

"We aren't letting up on him with the lower end of

the lineup, either," Barney said. "Wilkins will hit sixth. Wellington will play right field and hit seventh, and Wade will hit eighth. Once the innings turn over, their job is going to be to get on base ahead of our power. I expect to call on Wilkins, Wellington, and Wade to bunt down the third-base line in any situation, and they're going to run when they get on base. When Adams isn't worrying about lefthanded power, he's going to be worrying about fielding his position and holding the runners."

The player who did not smile was Ted Jones, a member of the Old Line who had been a sure starter in the outfield before Barney had come up with the fleetier and stronger young Negroes. He was a switchhitter who could bat left against Adams; he could cover almost as much ground as Wilkins and Wellington; he had an arm; he was the only Old Liner on the bench for today's game.

Barney looked into his eyes. Each, but no one else, saw the anguish of the other. Somewhere there are nine guys, Barney thought, going out to play ball on a Sunday afternoon for the fun of it, but that ain't us.

Barney reviewed Adams' style of pitching, then he reviewed the Warriors' hitters. Afterwards, in the full light of the clubhouse, Barney felt this mysterious contact with his players. They expected a final word from him. If what he said was true, they would take it with them into the game. "There are only nine of us who are going to start this game," he said, "but there are 29 of us here with numbers on our backs. Everything that every one of us does and says and sees can be a factor in this game. Every one of us has got the other 28 with him. We all got a job to do. Winning this game may be more important to me than it is to any of you. But nobody here is ever going to forget this game. What we give ourselves to remember of this game will depend on how well and how hard we play it. Let's give ourselves a good memory to take with us, wherever we go from here."

He turned and walked to his office and closed the door behind him, certain of himself and his men and their destiny this day. What am I, he asked himself, a yo-yo that goes up and down on the string of my own feelings?

The contest began as a personal struggle between two of its meanest and most skilled antagonists. Baxley, a cornfield farm hand, pulled his cap down tight over his forehead and raised his head slightly in compensation for the low brim to glare down at Hochstein, an intellectually and muscularly tense Jew from the brick and stone jungles of the Bronx. Barney understood their hatred of one another. Baxley particularly enjoyed his natural advantage as a lefthanded pitcher over Hochstein, a lefthanded batter, and took full advantage of it. His tactics against him were nearly invariable and almost invariably successful: make him back away from high, tight fastballs and get him with a sinking curveball away or a quick, deceptive slider. Hochstein, a man of temper, did not like to be thrown at by anyone, but it made him wild with rage to be thrown at by an anti-Semitic fundamentalist.

Scraping the dirt with his spikes until they were firmly but not comfortably set, Hochstein waited for the first pitch. Just before Baxley dipped into his wind-up, the malignant voice of Granny Wolf cut shrilly but privately across the diamond to remind Hochstein that he could expect a ball at his head: "Stick it in the Horn's ear!" Hochstein glowered out toward his new

tormentor, and his lips cursed him. Baxley's full wind-up was a graceful swooping forward and down; then back up and down with the pitch, his invisible eyes never leaving their target. The pitch was high and in on Hochstein, who leaned away and toppled a step backward. The ball, a slider, took a quick dip in and caught the inside back corner of the plate. Shaughnessy thrust his arm high in his dramatic strike call. The crowd cheered the strike and the beginning of action. Hochstein picked up a handful of dirt and threw it down angrily while protesting the injustice of the call. "You gonna have another blind day, fish-eater?"

Baxley threw his second pitch at Hochstein's head, a fastball that hopped in toward the batter. Hochstein was obliged to duck and fall ignominiously away into the dirt. Baxley, peering down, confirmed Slater's signal for the next pitch, pumped elaborately, and came in with a beautiful slow curve. Hochstein lunged forward, swung deliberately over the ball and with no effort to hit it, and the gleaming bat slipped from his hands and spun like an ancient weapon at his enemy on the mound. Baxley made a leaping dive. The bat whizzed across the mound where his leg had been. Up, Baxley charged Hochstein with cocked fists. Hochstein advanced a stride and squared to meet his enemy. Slater, wise in the situation, sprang past Hochstein and ran with outstretched arms to smother his pitcher's charge and to protect him, not so much from Hochstein's fists as from getting thrown out of the game. Barney, the same thought in mind, bounded up the dugout steps and sprinted to the vortex of action.

Shaughnessy also stepped between Hochstein and the claving Baxley, as players from the field and both benches converged on the scene, looking for trouble. Barney grabbed Baxley's other arm. "Get back and simmer down," he told him, patting his rump. Slater, an arm around his pitcher's shoulder, calmly walked him away from the milling players, who were being shooed to their rightful places by the umpires.

"We'll play it from here," Shaughnessy said. "You know I mean it."

Ahead two strikes and a ball, Baxley fired another high fastball to the inside of the plate. Hochstein swung hard but undercut the ball, and it popped straight up. Slater caught it, standing on the plate.

Tony Black, next up, was a strong, skinny Negro who batted righthanded and looked at the world and pitched balls for whatever they were, without joy or complaint. Slater signaled for a low fastball to the outside edge of the plate. But Baxley, feeling his cunning, shook him off and served up a high curve that broke in on Black's swing. Black, leaning slightly away, got the bat to the ball and hit it sharply to center field. Barney judged it in for a single, but Wilkins, dutifully shallow, charged it unhesitatingly at his great speed and made the catch at knee level.

Johnny Shepley, a stocky Negro with quick wrists and the speed of a sprinter, the Warriors' most consistent hitter, crouched lefthanded against Baxley. His task, with no runners on base to move along, was to get on base ahead of the power of the Big Cheese, now at rest on one knee in the on-deck circle, like a boulder in a field. Shepley, sure of the strike zone, would test Baxley's control—unless he tried to push a surprise bunt past him or swung hard at the first pitch to his liking. How could you figure Shepley? Baxley's best pitch against him was the sidewheeling low fastball away from him,

which he was most likely to hit on the ground for an infield out. Baxley fired it, but missed outside. Respectfully he tried again and missed again.

Behind on the count, Slater signaled for a curve, and Baxley missed with it, low and outside. Barney involuntarily got to his feet in irritation, stepped forward, turned around, and sat down again. A peculiarity of Baxley's was that he had an unlikely but deep respect and admiration for the physical prowess of Negroes; "God made them like He made me an' you," he sometimes said. "Only better." Whatever the root and nature of this feeling, Baxley pitched against good Negro hitters fairly, cautiously, and almost fearfully. Now, with a count of three balls and no strikes, he had to throw strikes. They would be fastballs, his strength against Shepley's.

But Barney flashed a different signal to Jinx Moore. Jinx cupped his hands and bellowed out to Baxley, "Blow it past him, Rube." The use of his nickname told Baxley his bench wanted him to throw a curve. Baxley twitched his fingers in his glove in confirmation and decided on a compromise pitch, a slider. As the ball, thrown with care but without real confidence, darted shoulder-high toward the outside of the plate, Shepley swung mightily and connected solidly, driving the ball high and far into the opposite, or left, field.

Barney thought, Why couldn't Baxley hate Negroes instead of Jews? There are more of them in baseball.

On another day Shepley's drive would have been a home run, but the ball, slightly sliced, its spin carrying it toward the foul line, lost its force in the heavy air moving against it, and it died and dropped easily in the sure glove of Dandy Crum, who had been given plenty of time by its long flight to get under it almost against the wall near the Warriors' bullpen. Barney clapped his hands, and the crowd thundered its relief.

Jerry Adams was a handsome black-haired, white-skinned man, Black Irish somewhere in him, who did his best work at night. He did not like the sun and good things of the day. He was a man who liked to sleep late in the cool of the morning and ease into a day toward its evening and darkness, loosening his muscles and gathering strength and spirit for the work and adventures of the night. Night baseball was to his liking; there was no hot sun burning into the thin layer of fat over his smooth, easy muscles; a gulp of night air was refreshing and soothing in his lungs; the black of darkness above the bright arena of the game seemed to be like his own deep calm and confidence surrounding his intense concentration on the batters and the sudden crises of the game; the batters could not pick up the nuances of his assortment of pitches as well as they could in the more pervasively illuminated daytime.

Barney, kicking at the lines and tufts of grass in the rectangle of his pilothouse, the third-base coaching box, studied Jerry's right knee as it came around in the follow-through of his warm-up pitches. He could not be certain, but he was inclined to believe the slight bulge inside the red and white stocking was a tightly wrapped elastic bandage. Occasionally he raised his eyes to study Jerry's face—calm and intent, as usual. Even though he faced Barney directly for a moment as he set himself in the box for each pitch, Jerry looked through him as if he were an invisible presence. There had been no recognition between them since the day Barney had told him he had been traded for Wellington and Jerry had walked away without shaking hands.

There was an enormous roar of welcome for Big Don Norman as he stepped out of the dugout and advanced toward the plate, swinging two bats to flex and try his

muscles. With the welcome in the crowd's thunderous greeting was the recognition of the boldness of the strategy in beginning the attack with the Blue Jays' mightiest hero. Barney felt the crowd's excitement in himself.

Big Don was in the box, standing comfortably still without distinctive mannerisms. Jerry Adams was leaning forward, reading his catcher's signal. Barney was aware, as a moment of baseball, that the two greatest stars of the game, perhaps the only two players now in the National League who would be automatic and unanimous selections for the Hall of Fame when they became eligible, were facing each other as enemies for the first time in their years of baseball. This classic frieze came gracefully to life as Norman swung his bat easily and returned it to cocked position while Adams dipped into his wind-up.

It was an overhand fastball in on Norman. The big man stepped back, turning away to his right. The ball, thrown with purpose, hit him on his left elbow. It fell, spent, at his feet. Big Don, who was a standard-setter of major-league behavior, looked dumbly at his hurt and then, not recognizing his enemy with curse or glance and ignoring the instinctive temptation to ease the pain of his broken bone with his good hand, trotted majestically to first base.

In the enormity of the disaster he suspected and feared, Barney sprinted across the diamond to his stricken star. Hank Boller, the chubby white-shirted trainer, was there in an instant. "It hit bone," Big Don said to Barney.

Hank's knowing fingers confirmed the seriousness of the injury. He bound the forearm and elbow with an elastic bandage. "We gotta take him to the hospital for X-ray," he told Barney. "Hold it tight against your chest," he said to Big Don.

Hank on one side, Barney on the other, escorted by the entire squad, Big Don walked slowly toward the dugout, unmindful of the valedictory applause of the standing crowd.

Barney put his hand on Big Don's shoulder. The injury was a direct result of the tactics Barney had chosen to destroy Jerry Adams. There was nothing to say. Big Don was out of action for this game and perhaps for many games to come.

"Running for Norman and entering the lineup at first base for the Blue Jays," came the field announcer's voice, "Number Eighteen, Messengale." Twenty-year-old Dave Messengale was Barney's new first-baseman.

Dandy Crum had one of the more elaborate stances in the game; feet rather narrowly spread, he leaned forward from the waist and then sank into a deep crouch. From this position, he was able to take a big stride and a hard level swing at pitches in the lower part of the strike zone and still, using his knees as elevators, come up to swing level at a fast, high curve ball or, his favorite cripple, a high fastball to the outside of the plate. When he swung and missed, the momentum of his attack spun him around one and a half times.

Adams, unruffled by the anger of the crowd, fired a fastball in and on him, the same pitch that had hit Big Don. Dandy stepped back and turned away to his left from the ball. It hit him behind his right shoulder, a glancing blow off the strong neck muscle. Dandy showed his contempt for Adams by ignoring the pain and by pausing to toss his bat back toward the on-deck circle before ambling cheerfully to first base.

Barney stood poised. At first base Jinx checked with Dandy and gave Barney a sign that Dandy was not injured. Messengale trotted down to second base. The players in both dugouts and on the field were ready to charge, but, sensing that the game itself was in jeopardy, held their positions. Shaughnessy "warned" both Adams and Baxley, which meant automatic fines of \$50 for each of the pitchers.

The two managers looked squarely into each other's eyes.

Barney had spent seven hours coming up with a lineup to shake up Adams coming out, and to destroy him. Briscoe and Adams had looked at the lineup card and, recognizing the soundness of Barney's strategy, had decided to play their own game, not Barney's: we will throw to hit both Norman and Crum (hit, not maim—both pitches were behind the batters, but not at their heads), and we will risk putting two men on base, and we will go on to get the side out; then, our contempt for you and our confidence in ourselves established, we will go on and get everybody out, and pick up the runs we need off your Rube Baxley and a defense that leaks like a sieve.

Okay, Barney thought, and you picked up a bonus by getting Big Don out of my lineup, so now what I'm going to do is get these two runs home and go on from there, according to my plan.

Granny Wolf, the next batter, moved from the on-deck circle, swinging his bat, to the edge of the batter's box. Barney motioned, and they came together, the two whose dislike for each other had never stood in the way of championship play. "I'll move 'em along," Granny said, knowing the situation demanded the bunt.

"Yeah," Barney said, "down the third-base line, make him start putting weight on his bad knee."

"I wanna go the other way," Granny said with his cold and evil grin, "and walk up his back."

Barney considered. Granny intended to bunt down the first-base line and, if it dropped right, crash into and spike Adams when he came over to field the ball. Why not? Granny was the man that could do it, and Granny wanted to do it. "Okay," Barney said. "I'll give you the bunt sign so Crum and Messengale will know that it's on."

The Warriors' infield, obliged to play for the bunt, edged in. Adams threw a shoulder-high fastball, a pitch that a bunting batter is more likely to pop in the air than tap to the ground. Granny got the bat down on the ball and drifted it down the first-base line, a good bunt, but not close enough to the line to give Granny a chance to crash into Adams, who was over quick to field it. He picked the ball up bare-handed, took a look, and threw to second in time to get Dandy out. But Messengale was on third, and Granny was on first.

There was not a man on his club that Barney would rather have seen go to the plate against a righthanded pitcher with a man on third and less than two out than Sandowski. The danger—and Adams' purpose—was that Sandowski of the ponderous legs would hit the ball on the ground into a double play. Adams would pitch him low and away. But his first pitch, a low, sharp curve, broke over the plate instead of over its outside corner, and Sandowski hit it hard on the ground down the first-base line. Amacito lunged back at it, but the ball caromed off the bag and skittered, a fair ball in foul territory, toward the Warriors' bullpen for the first hit of the game. Messengale trotted home, and Granny, running

with the hit, slid safely into third under Shepley's strong throw.

Now Slater, another Old Line hero who also took more than four seconds to get to first base, had a chance to score the run with a flyball or a hit that would keep the rally going. But Barney, moving down the box, gave him the bunt sign. The first pitch was a low screwball, breaking over the outside corner. Slater squared away and tapped it down the line and went lumbering off toward first. Wolf, starting with the pitch, was across the plate before Adams picked up the ball near the line. Adams stopped his lunge and threw to first ahead of Slater.

With two out and Sandowski on second, it was up to Wilkins, the first of the Blue Jays' righthanded batters, to keep it going with a base hit. Wilkins went after the first pitch, a low crossfire fastball, and fouled it off. He took two pitches for balls before he got his bat on the ball squarely for a hot grounder that McStay came up with and threw to first for the third out.

Baxley got the side out on three pitches but Barney was worried. Baxley was a low-ball pitcher but his breaking stuff was hanging high. Under and over the stir that ruffled the crowd when Adams and Wellington stood poised against each other for the first time since the trade were boos of derision from those fans who took the occasion to express their opinion that the trade stank. A few players in both dugouts shifted their places or stepped forward, the better to see every fine point of this personal battle in the developing struggle.

Wellington was a batter who, when going good, got himself set, feet rather widely planted, and waited easily for the pitcher to throw. Now he betrayed the intensity of his desire by scraping his spikes to find a more secure place in the dirt and by swinging his bat to loosen his muscles. Adams, rubbing the ball, turned his back and looked out over his defense before, with easy nonchalance, he looked down and in.

Barney had given Wellington the bunt sign.

The first pitch was a low inside fastball. Wellington made no move except to glare briefly at Shaughnessy when he called it a strike. Adams threw again to the same spot. Wellington watched it go by, just inside. Bear Anderson, the Warriors' catcher, said something to Shaughnessy when he called it a ball. Wellington looked to Barney, who gave him the bunt sign again. And again Adams pitched a low crossfire fast ball and again Wellington watched it. Two strikes, and Wellington could not now risk a bunt attempt, since a foul bunt with two strikes is a third strike and out.

Sorenson and Amacito moved comfortably back to normal depth. Barney clapped his hands encouragingly to conceal his disappointment. Adams had challenged Wellington three times, and the kid had not taken the bat off his shoulder. Now Adams had him set up to take him at his pleasure. His pleasure was a high, wildly motionless forkball that came in looping downward with its seam showing. Wellington, suddenly in motion, chopped the ball downward, a swinging bunt, and was three strides toward first base before the surprised defensive players could make a move. As he ran out his bunt single, the crowd howled its delight for Wellington's successful daring and speed. Adams, up fast (but with a grass stain on his right knee), called an angry word at his dumb catcher and stalked firmly back to the mound. Barney, as exuberant as a fan at

the play's success, began to think out his next move.

Wade was coming to the plate. Barney, guarding against a pitchout, gave Wade the take sign. Adams got his sign and threw high and wide where his catcher, pouncing out, could fire to first or second to catch Wellington if he broke from first. Wade took the pitch as if he were ready to swing. Wellington trotted back. Ball one. I got an idea Adams's got so much confidence in his control, he'll try me with another pitchout, Barney thought to himself. He gave the sign for another take. Again the pitch was high and outside, and again Anderson was in front of the plate with the ball and no place to throw it, except back to Adams.

Adams was ready. Wade was ready. Adams threw quickly to first. Wellington dove his body's length back to the bag, got up, and took another long, dancing lead. Adams fired his low, hopping fast ball. Wade, around to face the pitch, let his bat push the ball up the third-base line and, in the same motion, was off toward first. Adams charged the ball and took a look when he got it. Wellington was streaking to second and Wade to first. Adams calmly threw to first to get Wade.

Baxley believed in his ability to hit, and he went to the plate with a vision of himself as a pitcher who could win his own ballgame. He swung hard and fouled off four pitches in a row before lifting a little fly that Hochstein took back of second.

Messengale, at the plate for the first time, waited and fouled until the count was three balls and two strikes. He hit a low inside pitch (which might have been ball four and given Dandy Crum a chance to drive the runs home) sharply on the ground. It darted between Hochstein and Amacito. Wellington, flying with the pitch, picked up Barney windmilling him home, and raced to try to score ahead of Shepley's hard straight throw from right field. The ball was in Anderson's mitt as Wellington slid hard. Shaughnessy's arm was cocked for the out sign when the ball trickled idly out of Anderson's grasp. The run was home on the error. The crowd cheered Wellington as he trotted to the dugout. Adams angrily turned his back on his faulty catcher and picked up the resin bag. He still had Crum to get out.

Adams cut loose with the fastest pitch he had thrown. Dandy took it for strike one, but he touched off the next fastball and hit it into deep center—but it died as it flew, and Tony Black with a good jump sped back and took it in.

Two innings were over and Barney was ahead, 3-0.

Baxley shut out the Warriors in the top of the third, and Granny Wolf came up for the Blue Jays. Granny Wolf had no friends in baseball. A friend today is an enemy tomorrow, but just a player on your team today is just a player on an opposing team tomorrow. Keep it that way. As lead-off man, he had no obligation except to get on base and sweeten his batting average. He chose, however, to continue and to try to complete the destruction of Jerry Adams. To him this had become the game.

So Granny bunted down the third-base line. Adams stumbled as he picked it up and fell to his knees. But he was able to right himself and throw hard to Amacito to nip Granny by half a stride.

Sandowski doubled and Slater doubled. But Sandowski was thrown out at the plate. Wilkins doubled and Slater scored.



Now Wellington was at the plate to complete the destruction of Jerry Adams.

But Briscoe came rumbling out to see how it was with his pitcher. From the dugout steps he motioned to his bullpen, and two righthanders—Jack Massucci, the Warriors' regular long man, and young Terry Wilson, an occasional starter—got up and began to throw. Why two righthanders? Against a strong lefthanded hitting lineup, why was Briscoe warming up two righthanders? Barney could not see to the bottom of Briscoe's mind on that move.

Wellington hit a fastball squarely but on a line to Sorenson for the third out.

The rally and the inning were over. Three doubles had produced only one run. Adams was three runs down but still alive.

Baxley pitched his best inning in the fourth. He struck out Hochstein and got Black and Shepley to hit on the ground.

The field announcer's voice calmly told the crowd that the X-ray showed that a bone had been chipped in Don Norman's left elbow and that he was expected to be out of the line-up for two weeks.

The crowd greeted Adams, coming out to pitch the bottom of the fourth, with hatred.

Wade singled and Baxley fouled off his first two attempts, but Barney persisted even with two strikes, and the Rube dropped a beauty bunt down the first-base line. Jerry was slow getting to it, and he had no chance to get Wade going to second, so he was obliged to throw to first.

Messengale wanted to be the one to kill the tiring old man. He felt he had him, and he would not be fooled by his cunning. He laid off the first pitch, a low outside fastball, and was rewarded when Shaughnessy called it a ball. He expected the next pitch in the same spot

and that's where it came for ball two.

Messengale was now the big out for Adams. If he could get him, he had a good chance for an easy inning. With an easy inning behind him, he could hang on and hope the Warriors would get him some runs. He could survive.

This pitch or the next pitch could decide the game. If the kid knew what to do, he could get Adams out of there. If not, he was an easy ground out to second or short. Barney signaled for a conference and met the kid halfway.

"He'll throw a strike," Barney said, kicking the dirt.

"Yeah." The boy nodded.

"Most likely a fastball low and away."

"You want me to bunt on him?"

"If he pitches you low, it's your best shot."

"High?"

"Touch it off."

"Okay, Skip."

Adams fired a low fastball and Messengale tapped a darting bunt between Adams and the third-base line. Adams leaped to make the play. Stretching to reach the ball, his right leg caved beneath him, and he fell forward.

On his belly with the useless ball, he saw the way to make the play that there was no way to make. He tossed to Sorenson, and Sorenson, his bright Swedish eyes glittering in instant recognition, stepped in to pick it out of the air barehanded and fire it on a straight line across the diamond to Amacito, who took it for the out by half a step without knowing how it got to him. Wade came on to third.

Jerry's fall had plunged him almost at Barney's feet, but it was not Barney's place to offer a hand. Jerry got up quickly. For a moment, once, they looked into each other's eyes. Jerry walked back to the mound. He



had got his big out. If he got Old Dandy Crum, he could walk to his dugout still in the game. He looked down and in for his sign.

But young Dave Messengale's bunt had finished Jerry Adams. He tried a forkball on Dandy, but it was in the dirt. He missed outside with an imitation of his fastball. He came in with a curveball for a strike and followed it with a slower curve. Dandy hit it on top of the right-field stands.

"He Big Charley me once," Dandy said as Barney took his hand going by, "I Big Charley him."

Every fan in the stands and every Blue Jay on the bench was on his feet to applaud the old man as he trotted loosely to the dugout.

Jerry Adams was through. Briscoe came out, signaling for his young righthander. Why a righthander? With a six-run lead and Adams out of the game, Barney had been about to make his defensive substitutions. But if Briscoe was coming in with righthanders, Barney was going to stay with lefthanded power.

Wolf got his first hit on the youngster's first pitch, a flyball single to right that Perdowski could not quite reach. Sandowski hit a 2-2 fastball into center that rolled to the wall and would have been a triple for a faster runner. There was no effort to keep Wolf from scoring. Wilkins grounded out to Hochstein to end the inning, but the Blue Jays went out to the field leading 7 to 0, with Adams out of the game, and with Baxley still working on his no-hitter.

Looking back, Barney saw that his effort to win had been successful. Looking ahead, he saw an unfinished ballgame.

The Warriors scored once in the fifth. They scored without a hit because of defensive weaknesses. The run bothered Barney more than a run scored with base hits. It was symptomatic of his weakness up his left side and middle. He could plug the hole in a hurry by

moving Wellington to left and putting Jeff or Ted Jones in right, Tuffson at third, and Brooks at second. If Briscoe had come in with a lefthanded pitcher, Barney would have made the changes immediately. He was nagged by the fact that his unbalanced original lineup left him with an unbalanced bench. Aside from Ted Jones, a switch-hitter, the only lefthanded batter (except for pitchers) that Barney had on his bench was young Len Michaels, the third catcher who had got only two singles in twenty times at bat. He was nagged too because he was not able to track with Briscoe's thinking in coming in with righthanded pitching against his lefthanded power.

Briscoe made his next move by sending Shassere, never a star but an established major-league outfielder, up to hit for his kid pitcher. Throwing in the bullpen, though, was Massucci, another righthander, so Barney held to his decision to take a chance with his present defense and give his old lefthanders another inning at bat.

Shassere, a righthanded batter, singled. Against Hochstein, whom he had learned to intimidate and infuriate, Baxley fired his customary brush-back pitch. It was tight but not on him, and Hochstein ripped into it with sudden and vengeful savagery—a low line drive headed for right field. Messengale knocked it down and, trying for a force, threw wildly into left field. When Dandy Crum got to the ball, Shassere was going into third and Hochstein into second, on a hit and an error on Messengale's throw.

Barney called for action in the bullpen.

First base was open, and Tony Black was up with a chance to drive in two runs. Baxley walked him on five pitches.

Now the infield was back, and Baxley was looking in at Shepley with Cheese Sorenson on deck. The Rube was not intimidated. He blew a low fastball right

through Shepley's swing. Shepley was not intimidated, either. He hit the next pitch on top of the right-field roof, about where Dandy's drive had gone, for four runs. The six-run lead was a two-run lead, and there were no outs in the inning.

Barney called Gringo Pasquale in from the bullpen. Pasquale was a mean Mexican. He had been playing professional ball for ten years, and he was only 24 years old. He was born old and strong and mean, and he had developed those qualities with age. Pasquale knew the hitters.

Barney gave him the ball and followed Baxley to the dugout, four steps back so as not to seem to share in the applause that went up for his retiring pitcher.

Now that the game was again in issue on every pitch, Barney returned to his corner and watched calmly. Pasquale missed low and outside, threw a high one that Sorenson had to dive under, and then got him to chase a dropping curve. Sorenson's quick wrists got the bat on the ball, a bouncer up the middle. Granny Wolf, whose sure hands could handle anything they could reach, did not get his glove all the way down, and the ball went between his legs and into center field. It was an error Granny did not make once in five years.

There were still no outs, and Amacito was at bat. He was no problem for Pasquale. He hit a comfortable grounder on an outside pitch to Sandowski's left at third. The big fellow made a nice play and threw accurately and in good faith to second base. Wolf, running to his left, intercepted the ball over the bag to force Sorenson. His job now was to leap to avoid Sorenson's take-out slide and, in the same motion, throw the ball with power across to first base to complete the double play. Granny was up and in the act of throwing a split second too late. Sorenson's slide cut him down. His throw went wild past Messengale.

So here we are, leading by 7 to 5 in the sixth inning, one out, Barney thought. He stood at the dugout rail and reminded his entire team that there was one out—with Amacito, not a fast runner, on second base, and Perdowski, a righthanded batter, at the plate. Pasquale threw his fastball by him on the inside. Perdowski fouled the next pitch, also an inside fastball, and was called out on the third pitch, a low outside fastball.

Barney began to feel that he had a pitcher out there. There was only McStay to get this inning, and Briscoe would have the bottom of his line-up to start the seventh.

Pasquale curved a low strike in to McStay and followed it with a low fastball that McStay hit as a bouncer to Wade, who had a choice between charging the hop or stepping back to handle it high. He stepped back, and the ball hit the heel of his glove and got past him for another error. So the Warriors were still alive with Amacito at third and McStay at first. Now the lead run was at the plate in Bear Anderson, who hit 12 to 15 home runs a year.

Pasquale calmly pitched over Wade's mistake and got Anderson to hit a routine fly ball to left. Dandy, playing a few steps in as instructed, had to go back a few steps for it. On the way back, somehow or other—the way things go in a bad inning—he stumbled, one foot tripping the other, and fell, and the ball dropped behind him. Both runs scored, and Anderson was on second.

The record of the game would show that Crum, whose defensive inabilities and mistakes had contributed most

to the collapse of the Blue Jays' defense, had played errorless baseball. His home run would be a star in his crown forever. Some players get the breaks in the book, and some do not.

The Warriors had batted around in the inning, and Briscoe now was able to send up another pinch-hitter in the pitcher's position, to try to drive in Anderson with the lead run. Barney glanced at the roster card. Briscoe was not in much better shape for righthanded batting strength on his bench than he was for lefthanded. Barney guessed he would send up Fisk, his reliable utility infielder and a good clutch hitter. He did.

Pasquale—now aggrieved angry, grim, mean, and confident—dizzied Fisk with two slow curveballs, the second as slow as a girl's toss at a Sunday-school picnic, and then let him see the third strike after it blew past him.

The inning of disaster—six runs on only three hits—had created a new game. Getting up to go forth into it, Barney counted his blessings, as people do after they have lost their fortunes; one, Pasquale, pitching at his best, would have the support of the Blue Jays' best defense, as tight a defense as there was in baseball; two, the Warriors had three innings at bat left in a nine-inning game, while the Blue Jays had four; three, in this inning coming up, Barney's lefthanded batting power would have another shot at Briscoe's righthanded pitching. So Barney, with a clap of his hands for his heroes, went forth.

But the pitcher Briscoe sent out to the mound was not Massucci, the righthander; it was Fat Willie McDonald, the lefthander with the dippy-doodle knuckleball.

Barney saw too late to the bottom of Briscoe's mind. The simplicity and power of Briscoe's strategy hit him harder than Shepley's grand slam home run. He had been fooled out of his fat lead, his game, the end of his losing streak—perhaps everything.

Briscoe had put his righthand pitchers up as bait to tempt Barney into keeping his lefthanded hitters in the game. Briscoe had known he could not reasonably hope to overcome the big lead against the Blue Jays' best defense; his best chance for enough runs to get back in the game was to take advantage of the defensive weakness of Barney's power lineup. Briscoe had risked—and given up—two additional runs by coming in with righthanded pitching against the lefthanded power. But he had reckoned correctly. Barney had waited an inning too long before making his defensive changes.

Barney had had the game won. With a seven-run lead and his best defense, he could have locked it up. He had failed.

I've got to play over this mistake, Barney told himself. That is what there was to it. He clapped his hands and took a look at his game. Should he let Crum, who was coming to the plate, hit for himself or should he send up Jeff Jones, the righthanded batter who would replace him in the field? (Now that Briscoe had gone with lefthanded pitching, Barney would keep Ted Jones on the bench against the need for a lefthanded pinch-hitter.) No, let Crum hit for himself: he deserved another shot at a fence.

Fat Willie's ball was a jumping bean in the heavy air. Crum struck out. Wolf grounded out. Sandowski struck out.

Barney called for Jeff Jones to go to right field, with Wellington moving to left; for Brooks to take second, and for Tuffson to take third base.

Gringo Pasquale got Hochstein to ground out.

Gringo pitched to Tony Black. He hit the first pitch, a good fastball, to right center. Jeff Jones ran hard and dove and slid twice his length, trying to get his glove under the falling ball, but it was too short, by an inch or two.

The ball bounded past him. Wilkins, in on the play, swung around to back it up. Black, going for second when he saw the ball get by Jones, saw Wilkins' quick low throw and knew he was out at second unless he could knock the ball out of Brooks' grasp with a hard slide. Brooks caught the ball at bag level and swung to ram it into Black's spikes. Black was out, and the crowd cheered, but Black's spikes had torn a gash across the knuckle of the index finger of Brooks' right hand. He stood looking at the blood.

Barney felt the calamitous nature of the injury in his heart and belly as he ran out, followed by Hank, to look at the boy's hand.

"It may not be as bad as it looks," he said as Hank examined the wound.

"It's cut to the bone," Hank said. "Needs a stitch or two. The knucklebone could be cracked."

Barney called his coaches into a conference around the bag.

"How about Wilkins at second," Barney said, "and Ted Jones in left and Wellington to center?"

"I don't see we could do better," Granny said.

"Okay?" Barney asked. They all nodded. "Get the lineup straight with the umpires," he told Cronkite.

"I remind you," Barney told his players as they huddled, "that all we got left on the bench is pitchers and catchers. You better last."

Pasquale still had Shepley to get out. Shepley hit sharply on the ground toward right center. Wilkins got in front of the ball, fumbled it, picked it up quickly, and threw to Messengale—an instant too late. The pressure of baseball had burst Barney's infield at its only untested place. Wilkins had kicked his first chance; Shepley was safe at first; the Warriors were still alive in the inning; Cheese Sorenson was at the plate.

Pasquale rubbed the ball and turned to Wilkins. "No harm done, kid." Having eased the tension of a teammate, Pasquale turned to increase it in an enemy, Cheese Sorenson.

Shepley was prancing off first, eager for the jump that would give him a chance to score on any long ball the Big Swede might hit. Sorenson expected a ball at his head. Seeming to ignore Shepley's dancing lead, Pasquale threw quickly at Messengale, whose swooping tag caught Shepley in his dive back. Abruptly the inning was over. "You still got yours coming, Cheese-head," Pasquale called to Sorenson.

The crowd, cheering the play, rose for its seventh-inning stretch and applauded Wilkins as he ran to the dugout. With a good word from Pasquale and a hand from the crowd, the only thing Wilkins could think was that he'd better get a hit and not kick any more ground balls.

The Blue Jays loaded the bases with only one out but Pasquale the pitcher, was the batter, and Barney had no bench. Barney gave the bunt-and-run sign. Gino Massucci, the Warriors' new pitcher, fired in high, as Pasquale squared around and popped it gently and directly into Massucci's glove. A leisurely toss to McStay, covering third, completed the double play. The inning and the Blue Jays' best hope for victory were stamped

into the past. Barney walked to the dugout, and the boos of the crowd were on his head. Seven innings gone. A 7-7 game.

Caluga went in to catch.

Sorenson lined out, Amacito grounded out, Perdowski flew out. As the Blue Jays trotted in for their bats, the fans applauded the three fine defensive plays that had cut down the Warriors. Then they chanted for action from the top of the Blue Jay lineup.

Barney told himself the game could still be won. He had more than a chance, more than a good chance. He could feel it in his bones: they were going to win this one and they were going to keep on winning—win two for every one they lost—and they were going to sweep right on to the pennant. They were a team. He had a team. They were going to win, and this was the inning.

He clapped his hands and called to Messengale to get started. The kid got behind on the count and lifted a high foul to the first-baseman.

"Up to you, Jeff. Up to you. Get it started."

But Jeff, swinging for a fence, topped an easy roller to Sorenson.

"C'mon, Ted, get a hold o' one."

Ted, batting lefthanded against Massucci, swung at the first pitch and lifted a soaring fly to right center. It hung way up there and drifted in the wind. Tony Black was against the wall, waiting for a ball that never came down. It landed on the roof for a home run. The Blue Jays were ahead 8 to 7. The crowd was no more jubilant than Barney and the Blue Jays' bench, which was waiting to pound Ted when he came in.

So it was up to Pasquale to hold the lead against the Warriors in the ninth inning, their last chance to tie it up or go ahead.

The first batter, McStay, swung away and drilled the ball on a line to left field, where Ted Jones was waiting for it. One out and two to go. Only two more.

Briscoe sent Higgins, a pinch-hitter, to the plate. Pasquale missed with two low fastballs, got the third one in there, missed with a low curve, and walked him with another fastball. With his tying run on first, Briscoe sent up Brandstadt, the fastest man on his squad, to hit for Anderson. The hit-and-run was on. Trying to pull a low outside fastball, Brandstadt met the ball squarely and drove it through the hole over second for a ground single. Wellington was in fast and kept Higgins from going to third. But the tying run had moved like doom to scoring position. Still two outs to go. The air was too heavy to breathe.

Briscoe came in with his power hitter, Nick Costello, a veteran who had come through with as many clutch hits as any man in the game. Briscoe had the right man at the right time.

The Gringo Kid, poised like a killer, studied him calmly, accepted the sign from Caluga, and brushed him back with a fastball. Then he dropped his lollipop curve in on him. Hitting the ball too close to his fists, Costello stroked a sinking liner back of second. Wilkins, who could go back, went back and brought it down with a leaping catch.

Now only one to go. C'mon, Gringo, only one. They let you get this close, they gotta let you in. Not in baseball. In baseball the hero can be the other guy. Hochstein the Horn, an avenger with a long cry of injustices, stood at the plate.

Pasquale walked him and the bases were loaded for Tony Black.

Kerwin and Kunz were warmed up and ready to go. Kerwin was a fastball pitcher and Tony was a fastball hitter. Kunz was a lefthanded knuckleballer, and Tony lived on lefthanded pitching. Barney needed Pasquale and his curveball in there to get the last out.

The first pitch was a low fastball into the dirt. Tony watched the next pitch, a high curve, float in and down for strike one. And he watched the next one float by on the outside for ball two.

Pasquale called for a new ball, rubbed it carefully, and dusted his fingers with the resin bag. He had to come in with a strike—and a strike with something on it. He came in with a quick slider that caught the outside corner at the knees.

Shaughnessy called it ball three.

Barney looked at Pasquale, standing slumped like the last Indian. Was he relaxed or defeated? There were three balls and one strike on Tony Black. Could he count on the Gringo Kid to fire a strike, two if necessary? He could not. Kunz, his knuckleballer was ready. But you can't risk a knuckleball when you need a strike. It had to be Joe Kerwin. Joe was a fastball pitcher. Tony was a fastball hitter. But it had to be Joe.

He walked to the mound and raised his right hand as the signal to Joe.

"It's my game, Skip," Pasquale said. "Let me keep the ball."

"We'll let Joe wrap it up for you, Gringo."

Joe Kerwin was a loner. Who knew him? He was tall and skinny. His hands were big and his arms hung loose and long. He was homeless. Whatever club he belonged to, he lived in a cheap rooming-house or efficiency apartment as near to the park as possible. He liked to walk to work. On the road, he was always in his hotel room when he was not required to be with the club.

He did not have a third pitch, and his second pitch, his curve, was unreliable, but he could throw strikes like seeds all day long.

The way it works in baseball, sometimes everything rides on a man you never saw before and may never see again, a man without a beginning or an end, a man of one moment of your time, to be able to do the right thing.

"You know the count?" Barney asked Kerwin.

"Three and one, ain't it?"

"If you throw low, it might go too low. Fire it down the middle."

"He'll be waitin' for it."

"Maybe he'll hit it at somebody."

"Maybe he won't hit it at all."

Barney gave him the ball and left him out there alone.

Joe took his warm-up tosses easily, more with the idea of warming up Michaels than getting himself ready. He was always ready. That was his business, and he would be working at it for a long time, with one club or another.

Joe took his warm-up and was ready. He went through all the motions—looking in, getting the sign, getting set, checking the runner on third. . . . Then he fired it in there.

Tony Black swung, and the sound of bat on ball rang with the solid connection of the mighty drive to left center.

Wellington turned and fled with the flight of the ball. It was over his head when he and it reached the wall together. He leaped, twisting, high against the wall and fell heavily back with the ball tightly in his glove in the moment of silence.





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